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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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The Despairing Optimist

RENÉ DUBOS

Most discussions about energy deal with shortages of it, the cost of it, and ways to increase supplies of it; the general tendency is to accept as an obvious truth that the more energy we have and can afford to use, the better off we are. Yet the evidence is far from convincing that a greater consumption of energy always results in a betterment of human life, or in a more interesting civilization. Even granted that this was the case in the past, there are many reasons to think that we are now reaching a point of diminishing returns. We may even be at a point of negative returns, where the more energy we use, the worse off we are.

In the United States, the average consumption of energy per person is today approximately double what it was thirty years ago and double also what it is now in Europe. Does anyone really believe that this difference is reflected in more happiness, less suffering, greater longevity among present-day Americans? Or in a more rapid progress of American civilization toward more desirable goals? I realize that the questions posed by the relationship between energy supplies and human life are so vague when presented in this form that they hardly deserve an answer. If I raise them nevertheless, it is because many persons in influential positions, and also many scholars, have made public statements implying that the answer is known and that a good life depends indeed on the availability of more and more energy.

In an article published as recently as 1971, an illustrious professor of engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology stated that "An abundant supply of energy . . . is essential to civilized society." This learned professor knew of course that many societies reached a very high level of civilization long before the electric age and probably experienced levels of happiness as high as ours today. What he meant was simply that an abundant supply of energy is essential for those forms of civilization, particularly ours, which measure success by the production of the kinds of goods and the kinds of enterprises that electricity makes possible. But there are other criteria. If one judges on the basis of civic virtue, sophistication of thought, quality of writing, charm of landscapes, architectural styles, and perhaps even of average comfort, it is by no means certain that our present form of civilization is superior to that of preelectric America.

Having spent my youth in villages where electricity was scarce and did not reach my home, I am in a good position to know that life is not necessarily miserable and brutish in its absence. But I hasten to acknowledge that I enjoy as much as anyone the greater comfort and new experiences that electricity and other forms of energy are now contributing to modern life. What I question is not the usefulness of energy but the wisdom of assuming that a further increase in its consumption would have desirable effects.

✪ RENÉ DUBOS, microbiologist and experimental pathologist, is professor emeritus at Rockefeller University. His most recent books are *Beast or Angel? Choices That Make Us Human* and *A God Within*.

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One reason for my skepticism is that both the production and the utilization of energy create environmental disturbances—some of which cannot be avoided and may become disastrous. Another reason is that excessive use of energy tends to repress, as I shall explain later, some of the most desirable manifestations of human and natural systems.

I had intended to begin this essay with a review of the ecological disturbances that would be caused to the earth as a whole, and to our local environments, by a further increase in the use of energy. But I need not consider this aspect of the energy problem because it has been presented more competently than I could, and to my full satisfaction, by Dr. George Woodwell in the October 1974 issue of *Natural History*. I agree with him that "We have reached a point in the development of our civilization where further increase in the flow of energy through technology will cause a significant reduction in the capacity of the earth to support mankind. The world cannot use more energy safely." To put it more bluntly, another doubling of energy consumption in the United States would almost certainly result in local disasters, and a world-wide doubling is an ecological impossibility.

Granted that techniques will almost certainly be developed to produce as much energy as we need or want, we shall nevertheless reach a ceiling in energy consumption by reason of ecological imperatives—the result being that we cannot maintain much longer the kind of technological growth that has been identified with progress during the past two centuries. Any thought of limit to technological growth is now commonly associated with gloom and even with a sense of panic. But while any social change results in painful disturbances, a limitation in energy use could have beneficial effects in the long run.

It goes without saying that the energy problem differs from one country and one social group to another. The following remarks do not apply to people, wherever they live, for whom deprivations of all sorts are a daily experience; they are meant only to delineate the absurd consequences that can derive from the overuse and misuse of energy. I shall limit myself to a few dogmatic statements concerning physical and mental health, architecture and urban planning, agricultural production and the rural landscape, to illustrate the thesis that, as far as the prosperous industrialized societies are concerned, the surest way to a better life is through less consumption of energy.

In all countries where the average economic level is high and energy is abundant, a large percentage of the population tends to avoid physical effort as much as possible and to adopt objectionable dietary habits. In the United States, for example, the average food intake is extremely high, even among many poor people, and includes a large percentage of animal fats and sugar; in contrast, other populations that have to expend more physical work than we do in the course of their daily lives, consume fewer calories and these in the form of a great deal of starch instead of meat and sugar.

Clinical experience, epidemiological surveys, and experiments with animals concur in showing that longevity and health usually benefit from a rather frugal alimentation and also from vigorous physical exercise according to a more or less regular rhythm continued throughout the life span. In this regard, it is of interest that the regions that have the largest percentage of centenarians and where many people seem to remain physically and sexually active into old age are those in which food intake is rather restricted and where continuous physical work is the rule for both men and women. In contrast, the so-called diseases of civilization are to a large extent the consequences of excessive use of energy, in the form of food intake and of effort-saving mechanical devices.

Many people in the prosperous industrialized countries could readily decrease their energy consumption and thereby improve their health by limiting their consumption of meat and sugar and becoming less dependent on machines for work, transportation, leisure, and other occupations of daily life.

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Mental health is also probably undermined by the fact that the unwise use of energy impoverishes in a thousand ways our contacts with the external world. In most situations, the intensity and quality of the living experiences are increased through the physical and mental efforts required of the persons who are active participants rather than passive recipients. In contrast, any experience is likely to be weakened and distorted when it occurs more or less passively and indirectly with the help of a machine—for example by watching the pageantry of nature through the windows of a motorcar or participating vicariously in the urban human encounter by sitting in front of a television screen.

"Energy is Eternal Delight," writes William Blake in "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." The energy that provides the delight comes, however, not from outside sources but from the person himself who has the experience. Again in William Blake's words, "Energy is the only life and is from the body." In principle, energy from external sources can enlarge and diversify our contacts with the world, but in practice we tend to use it chiefly to minimize effort, thereby impoverishing and even eliminating altogether our living experience of reality.

Until the beginning of this century, the design of human settlements had to take into consideration the climate, the topography, and other physical characteristics of the region. The dependence of design on locality resulted in a great variety of architectural and planning styles. As any world traveler knows, the fitness of design to local constraints accounts for much of the charm and interest—as well as comfort—of regional styles. The practical and aesthetic quality of this "architecture without architects" was a product of the necessity to cope with local environmental conditions.

To a large extent, planners have now become independent of such constraints. They can practically ignore the intensity of the sun, the coldness of winters, the impact of snow or rain on buildings, the necessity to adapt the steepness of the roof slopes to environmental forces. The distance separating houses and the distance between home and work likewise are of little significance in so-called "modern" planning. Instead of being concerned with local conditions, architects and planners put their trust in the use of more and more energy to heat and air-condition buildings, to shelter people from unpleasant stimuli, to help them move from one place to another, and to bring utilities wherever needed.

Neglect of local constraints has many objectionable aspects. It generates much higher costs of operation, especially as energy becomes more expensive. Most important perhaps, it destroys values with regard to aesthetic quality and human relationships. Buildings become stereotyped, landscapes become spotted with tacky houses, their occupants lose contact with other people and with the environment, communities disintegrate.

If industrial energy became really scarce and expensive, architects would learn once more to create buildings adapted to the natural landscapes. Planners would design clustered settlements that would make social contacts easier and that would probably contribute to a revival of community spirit. The clustering of habitations in suburban and rural areas would decrease the load on such public services as roads, water, electricity, sewage; it would also release land for agriculture, forestry, and even for wilderness areas.

Modern agriculture is increasingly dependent on multiple forms of industrial energy for the production and use of farm equipment, of chemical fertilizers, insecticides, and herbicides, also for irrigation and drainage. Much of scientific farming can thus be regarded as a complex technology which, so to speak, converts fossil fuels into crops that are further transformed into foods, fibers, and other materials useful to man. In most situations, it takes at least five industrial calories (chiefly from fossil fuels) to produce the equivalent of one calorie of crop. The successes of modern farm technology are obvious; they are expressed in the phenomenal increases

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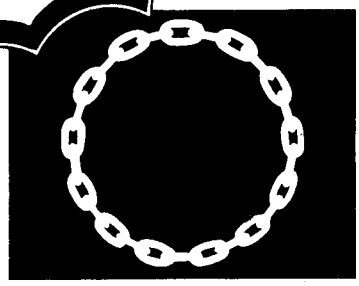

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of agricultural production, and in the conversion of low-cost calories (fuels) into much more valuable calories (foods, fibers, and other agricultural products). But there is a dark side to this picture. All technologies have indirect costs.

The more agriculture depends on industrial energy, the smaller are its true yields, if these are measured in terms of numbers of calories needed to produce one unit of crop. For example, the 34 percent increase in food production that was achieved between 1951 and 1966 was accompanied by a 146 percent increase in the use of nitrates and a 300 percent increase in the use of pesticides. Further developments of agriculture are likely to require even more disproportionate energy expenditures as less fertile lands are put into production. Paradoxical as it may sound, agriculture is becoming less and less efficient when judged from the viewpoint of energy cost. Nor is there much hope that this situation can be improved if one accepts the conclusions reached by the agricultural experts who met recently to discuss the role of science and technology in the fight against inflation. According to their report, few savings can be made in farm production because the substitution of fossil-fuel power for human labor and the use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides have made farming just about as efficient as it is going to get. In this light, it seems inevitable that the production costs of agricultural products will increase with the cost of energy.

What is called modern scientific farming, however, may not be so scientific after all because it neglects certain environmental and biological considerations. In fact, one can anticipate that shortages of energy and its high cost will encourage beneficial changes in agricultural practices. At present much damage is done to soil and waterways by the massive and often undisciplined use of heavy equipment, chemical fertilizers, and synthetic pesticides; soils become compacted and lose their humus, waterways are contaminated by erosion and chemical effluents. The necessity to limit energy consumption will probably foster the development of techniques designed, for example, to protect soil humus, to favor the nitrogen-fixing microflora, to create greater biological diversity, to control undesirable vegetation by grazing.

One can thus envisage a new agricultural revolution, based on biological and ecological principles, that would create scientifically the equivalent of the empirical techniques through which the peasants of old maintained soil fertility generation after generation. Such new techniques might have the additional merit of increasing the picturesque quality of landscapes through better adaptation of land use to the geology, the topography, and other natural characteristics of each particular region. Land use could become more efficient and could also generate more pleasing landscapes if agriculture were based on scientific ecology rather than on the lavish use of energy.

It is commonly assumed that saving energy will inevitably have unpleasant effects and therefore should be a last resort solution, acceptable only because real shortages would cause social disasters. In contrast, I have emphasized the damage done to human health, and to the environment, by the thoughtless use of energy. I have claimed that with some ingenuity and minor changes in the ways of life, a progressive reduction in the use of energy would have long-range beneficial effects—especially in the prosperous industrialized countries.

All the examples I have mentioned to illustrate this claim have one aspect in common. They correspond to situations in which energy is used to decrease the efforts that any organism—individual, society, ecosystem—has to make in order to remain functional and healthy. Most of the energy we use today is not for really creative activities but for reducing the effort of adaptation by eliminating, or at least minimizing, the obstacles and challenges presented by the total environment. This protective philosophy may help to make life easier, but in most cases it impoverishes the living experience.

We have carried to the point of absurdity the practice of injecting into human and

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Life and Letters . . . . . .

A Literary Mafia?

ARISTIDES

Is there a Literary Mafia in America, an organized mob devoted to controlling literature, to dividing up the spoils of fame, money, and power, and above all to taking care of its own? That claim has indeed been made from time to time, usually by those who feel themselves closed off from literary rewards, but not by the excluded alone. A few years ago Truman Capote charged that there was such a Literary Mafia operating in America, adding that it was, specifically, a Jewish Mafia. Mr. Capote's literary efforts have been amply rewarded by money and fame, but he has been denied critical approval—or at least critical approval of the kind he apparently requires, which is evidently total. One might think money running into the millions and fame equal to that of a movie star would be sufficient, but when it comes to the appetites of the ego, literary men in America have not been notable for the ease with which they remove themselves from the table.

More commonly, though, the charge of a Literary Mafia comes from younger, less well-situated writers. Having knocked politely on the door and for one reason or another been refused admittance, they return with a book of matches and kerosene in hand, determined to burn down the house. They will blow the whistle, expose everything in and out of sight, demonstrate in devastating detail how the deck is stacked. Stacked against whom? Against youth, against talent, against of course themselves. In the current century there are honorable precedents for such endeavors: the young Van Wyck Brooks attacking the genteel tradition of his elders, or the even younger John Dos Passos, fresh out of Harvard, writing in the *New Republic* an essay with the title "Against American Literature." Along with the precedents, there is a rhythm to the process: Van Wyck Brooks grows old and is attacked for his fogeyism; John Dos Passos grows old and is neglected because of his politics. Thus do the sons slay the fathers and in turn are themselves slain.

But it is one thing to attack traditions and trends; quite another to cry "conspiracy." Surely it is the notion of conspiracy, of immense power shadily wielded toward shadowy ends, that has propelled the rumors of a Literary Mafia and made them fit for public consumption. In fairly recent times, at any rate, the public has been fed two tales hinting at intellectual and literary foul deeds. The first was an article by Merle Miller in the *New York Times Magazine* entitled "Why Norman and Jason Aren't Talking"; the second a longish piece in *Esquire* by Philip Nobile that later appeared as a full-blown book entitled *Intellectual Skywriting*. Both items took up the subject of the civil war in the intellectual community of New York City, at least as it centered on the ideological battle between two journals, the *New York Review of Books* and *Commentary*. As

✪ ARISTIDES will comment from time to time in this column on matters of cultural and intellectual interest. He is not, nor is he in any way related to, that same Aristides whom the citizens of Athens were supposed to have ostracized because they grew tired of always hearing him called The Just.

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scenarists, Miller and Nobile each separately cast the two principals—Jason Epstein, a senior vice-president of Random House and one of the founders of the *New York Review,* and Norman Podhoretz, the critic and editor of *Commentary*—as, respectively, Citizen Kane versus Duddy Kravitz, bad prose leading to bad casting. As for the battle between the two journals, one might best imagine it as that between two ships, the *Merrimack* and the *Monitor,* firing off a few volleys at each other, then returning safely to port. By the time Mr. Nobile's book on the subject came out, chronicling the skirmish at a length that must have tired even the two captains, it was roundly greeted with well-deserved yawns.

Literary gossip, like gossip of other kinds, is good, if not always clean, fun. Literary gossip may even be better than other kinds, since literary men and women, trained in the use of language, are more skillful with the verbal stiletto. In his book, Mr. Nobile, to take a delicious example, reports that Saul Bellow called Barbara Epstein, an editor of the *New York Review* and wife of Jason Epstein, a "contrast gainer," implying that, next to her husband, she looks good. Still, reading Mr. Nobile, one comes to appreciate the genius of form that is the gossip column; such stuff, even at the subtlest level, is best in short takes, in bits and squibs. Enough very soon becomes enough.

If Mr. Nobile's book is headed for its just reward in "Marboro Country"—as the remainder bookstores have been called—another book of the same order, though of more ambitious intent, has thus far not even made the slight ripple that Mr. Nobile's has. That book is *The End of Intelligent Writing* by Richard Kostelanetz, a work that, as its author by now must sense, is being accorded the silent treatment. This is, in a way, a shame. In various fields every so often a book comes along that drives out all other books of its kind, making them unnecessary, redundant, utterly superfluous. *Portnoy's Complaint* accomplished this task for a certain kind of Jewish fiction. After *Portnoy,* nothing further need, nor could, be said about the stereotypical middle-class Jewish home. A caricature to end all caricatures, it used up all the mental oxygen allotted the subject. One might despise Philip Roth's novel, but one owes him a debt of gratitude nonetheless. He made successors to it impossible.

The End of Intelligent Writing is another such book, a work of energy and invention in the service of a series of stereotypes. It takes a thin notion and pushes it to and up the wall, and in the process allows for no successors. It is a book interesting above all for its false assumptions, its misperceptions, and its grand swerves away from reality. It exerts a strange fascination, though reading it requires a jaded connoisseurship of the kind that loves, say, a terrible movie or a piece of camp sculpture. One is curious to know where each of Mr. Kostelanetz's fresh false assumptions will lead him. One delights in watching him hang wallpaper over huge holes in the logic of his various arguments. One is struck by his continually finding treasure where none is buried. One wonders, watching him travel everywhere over the cultural terrain, whether he won't stumble upon a truth or two; and when he does, one smiles as he kicks it over by egregious overstatement or mistaken concatenation. It is quite a spectacle.

What are Mr. Kostelanetz's assumptions? First among them is that there is a Literary Mafia in the land. The mob, as he frequently refers to it, is located in New York, is predominantly Jewish, and comprises mostly older men and women. Although its true seats of power are a handful of magazines—the *New York Review, Commentary,* and *Dissent* are mentioned most prominently—its influence does not stop there. Like the telephone company, it has lines leading everywhere: to other magazines, to the *New York Times,* to publishing, and to the media generally. Its reason for being is the accretion of power, the accumulation of profit, and the exclusion of the fresh and experimental in literature. Pernicious doesn't begin to describe its doleful influence on American life and letters: it is "spiritually stultifying, humanly corrupting, anti-literary, anti-young, and anti-new." Its members play rough. One defies

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them at one's peril. Who can say but that the column you are now reading is retribution for Mr. Kostelanetz's courage in speaking out?

Speak out Mr. Kostelanetz most assuredly does. In the tradition of the bold exposé, he names names. As befits a literary man, he goes further and constructs a metaphor around which to range the names he names. The Literary Mafia, in this metaphor, is an onion, with a core and inner and middle and outer leaves. If one has ever written for, or worked upon, or in any way been associated with any one of a number of journals or publishing firms or literary agents, one is likely to qualify for Mr. Kostelanetz's Mafia. One finds an extraordinary lineup of names among the leaves of his onion, not all of which have anywhere near the same smell. Among others, there are—ironies courtesy of the alphabet—the late Alfred Chester and Noam Chomsky, Candida Donadio and Theodore Draper, Louis Kronenberger and Alan Lelchuk, Martin Peretz and V. S. Pritchett, Michael Walzer and Edmund Wilson. At the onion's core are four figures: Jason Epstein, Irving Howe, Norman Podhoretz, and Robert B. Silvers. All of the four were born no later than 1930, all are New Yorkers, all are Jews. Although Mr. Kostelanetz does not refer to them as such, these are his Mafia dons.

Interestingly, of Mr. Kostelanetz's four dons, only two seem to be on good terms with one another. At last sounding, Don Podhoretz of *Commentary* and Dons Epstein and Silvers of the *New York Review* were still mortal (for intellectuals, read "ideological") enemies, while Don Howe, who hasn't written for the *New York Review* for several years, has been rather sedulously attacking the reigning ideas coming out of *Commentary* in his own magazine, *Dissent*, at sufficient length to make a book (*The New Conservatives: A Critique from the Left*, edited by Lewis A. Coser and Irving Howe). What kind of Mafia are we dealing with here, where the reputed dons of two of the three leading families are probably not on speaking terms?

No, Mr. Kostelanetz's onion won't fry. Part of the reason it won't is that his theory of an American Literary Mafia is untouched by any intelligence about intellectuals as human beings. He appears to be wholly ignorant, for example, of their extreme disputatiousness, a fact that partly explains why the country's three leading art critics have nothing to do with one another. He seems to know nothing about the intense rivalries that go on as regular business between intellectuals of the same generation as well as between intellectuals of different generations. While attributing omnipotence to his literary mafiosi, especially to their power to control reputations and distribute prizes among themselves, he neglects to mention that perhaps no other book of the past decade took so thorough a critical shellacking as Don Podhoretz's *Making It*. Mr. Kostelanetz announces at one point that Philip Roth is the youngest man (b. 1933) allowed in his Mafia's inner circle, implying in the process that much of the enormous commercial success of Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* is due to its having received the mob's imprimatur, yet he chose not to discuss the critical devastation visited upon Roth's work generally by Don Howe. Saul Bellow and William Phillips, both of the inner leaves of Mr. Kostelanetz's onion, have been at loggerheads—Mr. Bellow, a dangerous man to fool with in such matters, having not long ago capped a quotation from Mr. Phillips with the comment: "One of the nice things about *Hamlet* is that Polonius is stabbed." Mr. Kostelanetz cites Philip Roth as a mafioso of the inner leaves and Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, the *New York Times* daily reviewer, as of the middle leaves. How, one wonders, might he explain that Mr. Roth, in the letters column of the *New York Review*, has recently requested that Mr. Lehmann-Haupt's employers fire him? Given Mr. Kostelanetz's notion of a monolithic Literary Mafia, it seems an extraordinary thing for Mr. Roth to do—unless, going along with Mr. Kostelanetz's notion, we assume that Mr. Roth has been made head of mob personnel.

All this, though, is what the late Isaac Rosenfeld called "social history," a term he used with great good irony to denote gossip or trivial information when raised to the level of seriousness. The word mafia, ap-

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parently, like the words genocide, establishment, and racism, doesn't care who uses it. Certainly Mr. Kostelanetz doesn't seem to care how he uses it. The late Dean Acheson, when sent a book by a publisher for blurbing, is supposed to have responded: "Everything in this book that is true is not new; and everything in this book that is new is not true." One wishes one could say as much for Mr. Kostelanetz's notion of a Literary Mafia, but the best that can be mustered is, "Very little in his account is new and almost all of it is untrue." But what of his other charges?

What of his charge of corruption rampant among his alleged Literary Mafia? Professor Charles Kadushin, in his recent quantitative study of American elite intellectuals, sets their median annual income at $35,000; the average age of these men and women, meanwhile, was fifty-five in 1970. Mr. Kostelanetz cites both these facts from the Kadushin study, but, characteristically, at a distance of several pages apart, and each for his own distortedly polemical purposes: the first to illustrate that his mafiosi are rolling in green; the second to prove that they are old fogies who refuse to make way for youth. (He also specializes in quoting someone in support of one of his own arguments at the moment, and then, a hundred or so pages later, attacking the same person as just another mafioso. The novelist and essayist George P. Elliott, for one, gets this treatment.) But is an annual income of $35,000, roughly the salary of a top civil servant in the United States, so extraordinary a sum for people, even intellectuals, to earn toward the end of their careers? Is it proof of corruption?

The facts seem to conspire to a different conclusion. Involved in that $35,000 figure has been the recent rise in professorial salaries, which, unless he is being misunderstood, Mr. Kostelanetz is not for revoking. Involved, too, has been the strange rise to prominence of intellectuals and writers—as guest lecturers, as editors and authors of textbooks, as (in some instances) television personalities. Why the stock of intellectuals should have risen so over the past decade or so and at what costs to themselves, are interestingly complex questions but scarcely proof of corruption. In one notably wrongheaded instance, Mr. Kostelanetz singles out Irving Howe, among his especial bêtes noires, as another of the "no-less-than-forty-grand-a-year ex-radicals." Without having checked Mr. Howe's W-2 forms, it is difficult to argue against Mr. Kostelanetz's financial characterization, but it does seem worth mentioning that, apart from being a very productive critic and writer and teacher, Mr. Howe has for more than two decades edited, without fee, the magazine *Dissent*. He edits it because he is a socialist and it is a socialist magazine. Whatever else one might think of socialism, surely it can be agreed that as a get-rich-quick scheme for an intellectual it is not much of an idea.

Mr. Kostelanetz's most sustained charge of corruption, however, comes against Jason Epstein and what he takes to be the conflict of interest between Mr. Epstein's position as a senior vice-president of Random House and his wife's position as a principal editor at the *New York Review*. Mr. Kostelanetz sees interlocking directorates everywhere, which tends to lessen his credibility when he comes upon the real thing, and in Mr. Epstein's case he does appear to have come upon the real thing, though he is not the first to call attention to it. Specifically, his charge is that the *New York Review* printed a disproportionate number of reviews of books by Random House authors and used a correspondingly disproportionate number of Random House authors as reviewers. A regular *New York Review* contributor, in other words, was likely to have his own book published by Random House or one of its subsidiaries (Knopf, Pantheon, Vintage); and, the other way round, the author of a book published by Random House or one of its subsidiaries was likely to have it reviewed in the *New York Review*. Especially was this so of books of radical political ideology.

That this is true seems on evidence indisputable. How corrupt it is is less clear. The *New York Review* in the period Mr. Kostelanetz discusses was in an intensely radical left phase, as anyone interested in these matters knows, its chief concern being to push the country off in a leftward direc-

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tion. The journal simultaneously rode and helped create a radical mood in the nation at large. Its reviewers, correspondingly, rode a wave of popularity. If their books were not published by Random House, they would doubtless have found other publishers, most publishers being more interested in sales than in politics. Yet Mr. Epstein, a founder of the *New York Review,* had the inside track on their books as a publisher—commerce and politics in this instance making comfortable bedfellows. The question of collusion seems finally less interesting than the quality of politics involved; that Mr. Kostelanetz, an avowed anarchist and hence a man of the left, is not inclined to criticize or even discuss these politics greatly weakens his charge.

He directs similar charges against the late Hiram Haydn, editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. He points out that Mr. Haydn was also an editor in the firm of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., and claims that the SCHOLAR ran a disproportionate number of pieces by Harcourt authors. But again—and here minus the political question, which has no bearing on the matter—it seems a case of someone having the inside track. Surely the only useful criticism that might be made of Hiram Haydn, if it could be proved, would be that he turned down better manuscripts to make way for his Harcourt authors, which Mr. Kostelanetz does *not* try to prove. Two connected facts do not a conspiracy make. In one of my favorite phrases from *The End of Intelligent Writing* Mr. Kostelanetz speaks of "that highly deceptive summer of 1967." What happened that summer, it seems, was that Willie Morris became editor of *Harper's* and Theodore Solotaroff became editor of *New American Review,* Mr. Kostelanetz's supposition being that both men were solidly in the family of one of the four dons, Don Podhoretz (a false supposition, as "social history" reveals). At another point, he mentions that Midge Decter, Mr. Podhoretz's wife, became executive editor of *Harper's*—proof positive, for Mr. Kostelanetz, of further collusion. And it might well be but for a single disrupting fact: that Miss Decter is one of the best magazine editors in America. But Mr. Kostelanetz never allows questions of quality—that someone might have achieved success because he is talented or intelligent or hard-working—to interfere with his theories of conspiracy.

Mr. Kostelanetz contends that under the current organization of literary enterprise the real losers are those writers and artists who work in what he takes to be the avant-garde tradition. Especially the young among them: "No friend to the young" is one of his severest epithets. His own culture heroes among "older" artists are William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, and John Cage, men who have scarcely gone without recognition. But Mr. Kostelanetz suffers great cultural impatience, which is exacerbated by his belief in a perpetual avant-garde—an avant-garde that, he assumes, is always pushing forward the boundaries of consciousness and always having to fight the philistinism of the established order. Both assumptions seem wrong. For one thing, the tradition of the avant-garde, of modernism, is the established order of the day; for another, it is by no means so clear as Mr. Kostelanetz contends that there is a straight line of progress in the arts, pushing consciousness ever forward, ever onward and inward.

Mr. Kostelanetz's real grievance, though, is the neglectful treatment of young writers —those under thirty-five, among whom, at thirty-four, he clearly numbers himself. Apart from the fact that he has been the recipient of four fellowships (a Woodrow Wilson, a Fulbright, a Pulitzer, and a Guggenheim) and has written or edited or compiled no fewer than twenty-seven books, he still sees the young as cut off from literary opportunity in America. He speaks of "the vehemence of the establishment's attack upon the literate young." Although he deplores the rise in ethnic writing that has been acclaimed for its ethnic content alone, he nonetheless treats the young as if they were another ethnic group. At one point he goes so far as to compare them to blacks, a comparison intended to convey all possible overtones of young writers living under a similar state of oppression. He attempts to convey the impression that there are hundreds of young writers in this coun-

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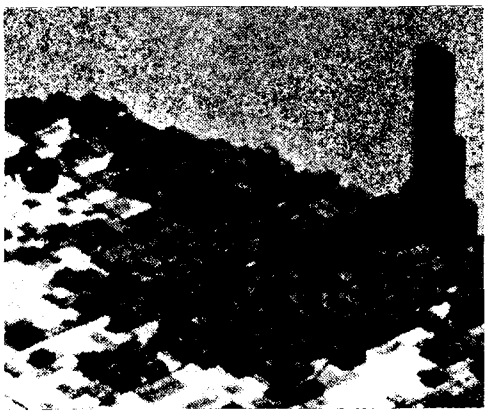

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try of enormous talent who are being frustrated, indeed starved, for recognition. He himself writes something called "concrete poetry" whose virtues, though he extols them at considerable length in *The End of Intelligent Writing,* are not, to put it gently, highly evident.

The fact is that just as the avant-garde is by now an honored tradition in America, so is the tradition of wanting youth on one's side. One question worth asking about any literary journal, after all, is "What has it done to foster new talent?" And is there an editor now at work who wouldn't be mightily pleased to have a fine stable of young writers to call upon? Mr. Kostelanetz insists "there could have been (and probably still is) enough unpublished but first-rate intelligent writing to fill a new literary monthly as creamy as the *Dial* (1920-29) or a quarterly as awesomely excellent as the *Little Review* (1914-29)." But where are these writers? Why do they not come forth?

Mr. Kostelanetz would have no trouble answering these questions. The Literary Mafia of his perfervid imagination is holding them back. He even speaks of a "literary-industrial complex" and later of an "editorial-industrial complex," both ghostly machines functioning chiefly to suppress the new and the young in the realms of intellect and art.

If Mr. Kostelanetz is simply wrong about there being a ruling Literary Mafia in America, how, then, does a writer achieve success as a literary man in the United States? One might begin by doing away with conspiracy theories. If an analogy is wanted to the way literary power is organized, perhaps a more apt one is to that of small business. As with small business, so with literary business: people prefer to deal with those they feel most comfortable with—in literary matters, with people who, to a rough and reasonable extent, share their own intellectual values, commitments, and view of the world. Age is certainly less significant here than common beliefs—the beliefs, say, that literature is more important than film, high culture than popular, democratic values than revolution, reason than experiment. But common beliefs are only part of it. The question of talent enters in, and decisively. As in small business, so again in literary matters: a writer must be able to deliver the goods. The competition, moreover, can be furious; successes must be won constantly, and constantly consolidated by fresh successes.

Although some writers do rise meteorically, for most the climb is slow. Traditionally, a writer who is not primarily a novelist or poet begins with book reviews, going on to essays and articles, working his way up to books, gaining his education all the while in public (or in print). Connections are made along the way—once more as in business. The former supplicant, who requested to take on things, is eventually supplicated to: asker becomes asked. Yet again as in business, one becomes known for doing certain things well—specializing, if not in an established field (art criticism, say, or politics, or film criticism), then as a certain kind of writer. Possibly he becomes known for his candor, or hatred of cant, or openness to the new, or subtlety, or solidity, or stylishness, or wit, or vigor on the attack. Like it or not, the writer becomes in many ways a known quantity, his opinions or lines on some subjects being, at least within a certain range, predictable. Becoming a known quantity has some disadvantages but also some advantages. The chief disadvantage is the danger of drying up, of having had one's say early on, then spending the remainder of one's days repeating it. Among the advantages is that one can rely upon a certain amount of work, though the chief advantage may lie with the editors of intellectual and literary journals.

One of the reigning myths about such journals is that they are, or even are supposed to be, open forums, completely receptive to everything new and fresh even when it conflicts with the contents of their previous issues. The best journals do keep as open as they can, and especially do they foster controversy, but their openness always has its limits. In the realm of ideas, democracy has no bearing: some ideas are better than others. The most interesting journals in recent decades have been for-

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tunate enough to have interesting lines to push. The now-defunct *Kenyon Review* had the New Criticism; the *Partisan Review* of the 1940s and 1950s had the promotion of modernism and the importation of European writers for an American audience; the *New York Review* had radicalism and the impetus given it by Vietnam; *Commentary* had the refutation of radical ideas. It was always thus, and probably always will be. In his autobiography, T. S. Matthews, then a junior editor at the *New Republic,* tells how Edmund Wilson, then that journal's literary editor, would "aim" him. By that he meant Wilson's instructions to him on how to review various books: deflate an overinflated reputation here, promote a neglected talent there, and generally promulgate his, Wilson's, ideas about what was important and unimportant in contemporary writing. There may be some comfort in the fact that a man as well educated and as catholic in his tastes as Edmund Wilson was doing the aiming. But aim he did, and the aiming goes on today, and always will.

What saves the situation from becoming barren and closed off is the disputatiousness of intellectuals and writers, who can be depended upon not to remain in agreement about very much for very long. For reasons of ideology or ego or both combined, they regularly split off. To return to the small business analogy, they open new shops across the street. Sometimes, when disputes do not bring about change, the dwindling appeal of a journal's chief product will accomplish the same thing. Thus the rise, prominence, and decline of the *Kenyon Review* can be seen to coincide almost exactly with the rise, prominence, and decline of the New Criticism.

The old Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times," is not at all, as it turns out, a curse for intellectual or literary journals. Interesting times make for confusion and controversy, and the two together make for good copy—the lifeblood of such journals. Intellectually, we have been living in extremely interesting times over the past ten or so years, though literarily they have not produced much of great interest. In this period there seem to have been more old ideas worth defending than new ideas worth advocating. W. H. Auden once spoke of "Our intellectual marines landing in Little Magazines," yet few such magazines that have come into being over the past decade have the look of durability about them. Few new novelistic or poetic or dramatic talents have emerged. Much talk, and print, has been expended upon the movies—the "now" art, as they have been called—but after all the talk and print one is hard pressed to come up with the names of any American directors the equal of the major European directors. The so-called New Journalism flashed briefly in the pan and is now gone from sight. In criticism there has been something known as the "post-modernist sensibility," most notably publicized in the work of Susan Sontag.

Taken together, these various developments have not added up to much; and perhaps for this reason a scapegoat, someone to point the finger at, has seemed necessary. The notion that there is a Literary Mafia is a prime choice. An established order of older writers joined together systematically to impede new talent and fresh ideas may have a certain cogency for the frustrated and the talentless of high ambition, but as an explanation of how we have arrived at our current state it is wholly inadequate. It ignores all the difficult issues: the mechanics of modern publicity in literature, the influence of modernism on contemporary writing, the changed nature of the audiences for fiction and poetry, the complicated relationship between literature and the university. Insofar as the notion of a Literary Mafia deflects attention from these issues, it is not merely foolish but obfuscatory as well. It takes the mind off more pressing business. It is an idea whose time, far from having passed, never was.

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Models of the Educated Man

WILLIAM J. BOUWSMA

THOSE OF US WHO ARE TROUBLED BY THE CONFUSION in contemporary education, perhaps especially if we continue to believe in a liberal or general education, are sometimes tempted to look to the past for guidance. But the lessons of history are rarely unambiguous. For one thing, its messages are various. Like Scripture, it can generally be made to support what we want it to support; and in the case of education, the Western cultural tradition incorporates not just one but a whole series of educational ideals, which rest on quite different assumptions and point in different directions. Beyond this, however, it is not always clear just how the present learns from the past. If history can help us, it will not be because those apparently ideal moments in the past which appeal to our nostalgia can simply be recalled under our own very different circumstances. It is these difficulties surrounding the relevance of history to education that this essay seeks to examine.

At the outset, it may be observed that the conventional contrast between general and specialized education appears, in historical perspective, less than absolute; the earliest hints of a general education ideal were the products of professionalism. Particular occupational groups, notably warriors and scribes, developed high standards of competence; and, in doing so, they exhibited a tendency to idealization that seems regularly to accompany the formation of a professional ethos. Indeed, only at the stage of idealization have these groups first come to our attention: warriors through the competitive heroism of the Homeric epics, scribes through the Old Testament book of Proverbs. This idealization may be partly understood as a response to social need. Warriors were more effective if their brutality was restrained and if they

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were not only good fighters but also loyal and congenial comrades; scribes, if they were honest, fair, and consistent in their administrative duties. But a more personal impulse was also at work, a profound aspiration to personal excellence and social respect, a desire for recognition as the most admirable warrior or scribe. In this way, professional roles were elevated into ideal human types, with implications extending far beyond the professional group.

We may first see this aristocratic ideal in the evolution of the ancient warrior from predator into hero and, when the fighter again became prominent in the Middle Ages, of freebooter into knight and eventually courtier and gentleman. Each may be seen as a variant of the same general model of the educated man, which may conveniently be described as aristocratic. Warrior, knight, courtier, and gentleman have in common a concern with conspicuous achievement, prestige, or leadership. Each, as an ideal type, implies that education should be directed to the formation of effective men who, through their independence, ambition, initiative, and personal strength can take a prominent role in the world. For such men, both self-respect and the ability to maintain the respect of others are essential; an important aim of their education must therefore be a sense of personal honor. But the ultimate test of their education is the ability to perform great deeds, a concern that led to an emphasis on the educational value of examples of glorious achievement in the past. This was why Greek aristocrats studied Homer, medieval knights listened to the *chansons de geste,* Rabelais included chronicles of chivalry in Gargantua's curriculum. But preparation for achievement also required practice, whether in the use of arms or, at a later stage in the development of this ideal, in more refined kinds of virtuosity. It is also obvious that the ideal was highly elitist; its essence lay in the ability to rise and to remain above other men.

But although such education was professional, the leadership for which it prepared was peculiar in that it demanded not specialized formation alone but the development of all dimensions of the personality. It called on a man to excel simultaneously in bodily strength, skill, and stamina, in vigor of personality, social gifts, reliability, and good sense. It was concerned at once with

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physical, moral, and social development. Chaucer's knight had learned not only the use of arms but music, which he could compose as well as play, dancing, drawing, the arts of speech, even carving at the table. In addition, the aristocratic ideal has always been unique in its careful attention to shaping and refining the erotic impulse.

Yet in its earlier stages, this ideal did not quite provide for the development of the whole man because of its neglect of, even contempt for, learning and intellect. It required a wide variety of personal skills, but it was largely indifferent both to substantive knowledge and to the value of a disciplined mind. But by the sixteenth century, the aristocratic ideal proved flexible enough to make room for literary education, increasingly important for political leadership in a more complex world. Books were needed now, especially histories, because the variety in the modern world was exceeding what a man could learn from his own experience. Thus the aristocratic ideal of the educated man as one who has *become* something was at least partly transformed into one who has *learned* something. But learning, like personal skill, was still subordinated to great achievement and retained its elitism: even this enlarged general education was exclusively for rulers. As time went on, the aristocratic prejudice against learning did not disappear; rather, it survived in the aristocrats' attitude toward universities. From the beginning they had disdained the university because it was the domain of "clerks" and not primarily concerned with forming gentlemen. And although aristocrats sometimes felt the need to attend universities, they retained a deep conviction of the difference between formal schooling and education for life in the world, an education that only the world itself could provide. Indeed, since the universities in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries remained clerical institutions in an increasingly secular world, they were not attractive to men of talent. They could not fit any man for a life that put a premium on civilized manners, sociability, urbanity—in short, the worldly arts.

So in the eighteenth century the aristocratic ideal was transmuted once again into the conception of a person at ease in the world, whose mind was polished rather than trained, who might know very little beyond the arts of getting along, and who learned

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them not in the universities (which could not teach them) but in public assemblies, private clubs, and drawing rooms. Thus the aristocratic ideal grew socially more comprehensive. It seems least admirable in the degree to which it remained narrowly tied to the old aristocracy, as witness that most curious of educational documents, Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*. It is most impressive in the extent to which it permeated the ambitious bourgeoisie; its breadth and flexibility are illustrated in the English novel of manners. In the end, the ideal of the gentleman as formed by the world did not stress the dissimulation and self-seeking urged on poor Philip Stanhope, but something more like the generous civility of Tom Jones—a quality not unrelated to civilization and capable of extension to new social groups.

A rather different emphasis came out of the educational ideal of ancient scribe culture—the scribe ideal. The distinction of the scribe was his literacy, which not only differentiated him from the warrior but also elevated him above peasants and manual workers. Literacy, therefore, meant social superiority, a circumstance not irrelevant to the perennial notion that things of the mind are higher than those of the body. The literacy of the scribe associated education with books and led eventually to the notion of education as familiarity with a standard literary corpus, the classics. Hence scribe education, in contrast to aristocratic education, pointed to the need for schools, and eventually universities, which could supply bookish learning. Books also made possible the accumulation of substantive knowledge; thus scribe culture suggested that education might consist in the acquisition of a body of knowledge and that the educated man is a learned man.

Scribe education aimed to produce a human type significantly different from the aristocratic ideal. It sought to form not heroes but practical men whose ability to manage their own affairs and those of a complex society would ensure for themselves good health and long life, material prosperity, and the respect of others. Its moral ideal included such useful but equivocal virtues as prudence, calculation, and foresight, economic enterprise and thrift, vigilance and reticence. While the aristocrat displayed himself to the world, the scribe gave it wary service. But the literacy of the scribe also

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imposed on him the higher responsibilities of the teacher, and the wisdom books of scribe culture often transcend mere worldly wisdom to teach a lofty ideal of honesty, justice, loyalty, temperance, charity, cheerfulness, and personal stability. The educational ideal of scribe culture had, therefore, a strong ethical component, not altogether different from, but more complex and less heroic than that of the aristocrat.

It differed, however, on one crucial point. Scribe culture is important for introducing into educational thought a primary concern with intellectual formation. The education of the scribe advanced from proficiency in the use of language to the higher arts of verbal and rational discourse, and its concentration here was in sharp contrast to aristocratic concern with the shaping of the total personality. There is, in the scribe ideal, no interest in the body or in the dramatic and aesthetic presentation of the self. For the scribe, the intellectual faculties are preeminent; all other dimensions of the personality must be subordinate to them. Only when the intellect is sovereign can man be freed from the limitations of a merely material existence or from enslavement to the bodily passions. Thus, in scribe education, concerned with the liberation of man by cultivating his "higher" mental faculties, lies the origin of the idea of the liberal arts that shape and free the mind, and hence of a liberal education. The scribe ideal is preoccupied with what can be planted in the mind, and even the scribe ethic is secondary to scribe intellectuality, in the sense that it is acquired by precept rather than by practice, from books rather than from direct experience. Thus the ideal scribe, whose duties required that he be a model of social responsibility, became an authority first on the virtues, then on virtue itself, and finally on the uses of the mind—which, as the highest faculty in man, might provide him access to the highest powers in the universe and the highest way of life. From the scribe ideal comes the attenuated idea of the educated man as philosopher and sage. The philosopher-king is thus a kind of hybridization of the aristocratic and scribe ideals.

The aristocratic and scribe ideals obviously touched each other, and the transformations of the aristocratic ideal can be understood partly as a result of their interaction. A courtier had

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to acquire some of the verbal skill of the scribe, and the worldly culture of the eighteenth-century gentleman exhibits some of the worldly wisdom of the more mundane kind of scribe culture. But the assimilation of the two types was never complete: central elements in the aristocratic ideal survived among the ruling groups of the West, notably its concern for great achievement and the persistent suspicion of bookishness reflected in the worry of eighteenth-century parents over sons who pursued their studies with excessive diligence and, within the memory of some of us, the idea of the gentleman *C*.

Both these early ideals entered into the formation of a third major conception of the educated man which has, nevertheless, some claim to discussion as a separate type—the civic ideal. The idea of the educated man as citizen appeared first in the Greek polis, reappeared in Rome and again during the Renaissance, and has remained a prominent strain in modern educational discourse. In this conception, education *civilizes* men, in the root meaning of the word. It is based on a notion of man as a political animal whose potentialities are realized in the degree to which he is effectively socialized and a participant in the life of his community. This ideal immediately appears to subordinate individual talents to collective needs and sees the educated man as one who understands and performs his social duty; the state thus becomes the essential force in education.

Aristocratic elements may be discerned in the civic ideal. It was concerned to develop the whole man, not only intellectually but physically, emotionally, and morally, for honorable achievement on behalf of the community; hence its devotion to poetry, on the ground that poetry alone could reach the deeper levels of the personality. The exploitation of aristocratic competitiveness to identify excellence also kept this educational tradition solidly elitist. At the same time the civic ideal relied heavily on literacy—first because written laws replaced imitation as the primary vehicle of instruction in civic virtue, and then because civic education depended on literature to transmit collective ideals. Hence it relied on a standard body of written classics to provide a common culture that was eventually seen as the bond uniting all civilized

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men, a perennial justification for a classical education. So, in this conception, education is no longer the possession of a particular professional group; it becomes, for the first time, fully identified with general culture. Yet along with its balance, the civic tradition obviously stressed the moral ends of education, an emphasis expressed in the French ideal of the *honnête homme* and the Victorian concern with character. Its educated man is first of all a good man.

But this moral emphasis generally rested on the assumption, frequently unexamined, that virtue is a function of enlightenment; it assumed that virtue can be taught because it can be planted in the mind. Hence in practice the civic ideal, like that of the scribe, gave primary attention to the development of the intellect. It regularly emphasized the importance of disciplining the mental faculties, a conception already present in the sophistic idea of the arts as purely theoretical studies that exercise the intellect and give it ineradicable powers. Thus the idea of the educated man as the man of virtue pointed to the notion of the educated man as the intellectually disciplined man. But this tradition also found a place for emphasis on the values of substantive learning. Renaissance thinkers saw learning as vicarious experience that enabled the individual to transcend the limits of his own existence and thus prepare himself for all the contingencies of life. Bacon saw learning as a source of perspective. Newman appreciated the well-stocked mind almost as much as the well-formed mind. Such a mind, he wrote, testifying to the comprehensiveness of this ideal, "is almost prophetic from its knowledge of history; it is almost heart-searching from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity from its freedom from littleness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres." But knowledge, Newman made clear, could assume such significance only to a disciplined mind.

The social emphasis in this view of education did not, however, always signify conformity to conventional ways of thought and behavior. This is apparent in Bacon's emphasis on the critical

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powers of the trained mind, one of whose responsibilities is to expose the fraudulent idols of the tribe. Bacon's educated man was not only the civilized and socialized, but also the independent man, whose mind is always "capable of growth and reformation." Thus this conception also contains the germ of the notion of the educated man as one who, though still working for the benefit of society, stands apart from it in order to expose and remedy its errors: the autonomous rational man of the Enlightenment, whose education has freed him from the superstitions of the past, who has indeed a duty—again we sense the moralism of the civic ideal—to oppose the collectivity when it is wrong.

The notion of such detachment of the educated man from society suggests the possibility of his alienation from society and thus another ideal, that of personal self-cultivation. This ideal, though it draws on some elements in the civic ideal, severs man's bond with the social world and makes the pursuit of individual perfection an end in itself. This ideal has tended to emerge when an effective role in the world's affairs is foreclosed to educated men by historical conditions, as in the Hellenistic world with the decline of the polis, during the earlier Middle Ages, and in the later Renaissance with the loss of civic freedom. Under such conditions, general education lost its social value, and the ideal of the educated man was narrowed to include those human qualities, chiefly intellectual, most appropriate to the cultivation of private excellence. This could mean, in its more trivial modes, the formation of taste and refinement, aesthetic and intellectual snobbery.

It could also find loftier expression. Plato suggested this in his disillusioned advice to the wise man to renounce politics and turn instead "to the city he bears within himself" and there "to cultivate his own garden"—the conclusion also of *Candide*, the most readable educational novel of the eighteenth century. Education in this sense sought to produce an isolated sage who devotes himself to higher things, perhaps, because he knows the world so well, even a misanthrope. Learning here is no longer seen as a resource with which to manage the world but as a private consolation for the sufferings inflicted by the world and a means to escape from it. Thus Seneca recommended the avoidance of public affairs

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in favor of "sacred and sublime studies which will teach you the substance, will, environment, and shape of god, what destiny awaits your soul, where Nature lays us to rest when we are released from our bodies." He prescribed such an education as an antidote to the urgency, complexity, and confusion of life: "Everyone accelerates life's pace, and is sick with anticipation of the future and loathing of the present."

Seneca still paid tribute to the disciplined mind and to the virtue stemming from it, but now as resources for transcending the ordinary human condition. His kind of education is no longer the development of powers for use in the world, but rather of the defensive strategies of the personality to avoid contamination by it. His ethic is all control; his educated man is the man who refuses full engagement with life through a perfect *apatheia.* Such self-discipline is still intended to serve human freedom, but freedom now in an entirely private definition. Its proper use is the contemplation of the eternal verities. Liberated from all earthly bonds, the soul of the educated man "makes its way to the heights," where its freedom is at last complete.

This conception of the educated man is, of course, quintessentially elitist; Stoics of every age have taken pride in their distance from "the crowd." Here, however, the elitism is that of the scribe rather than of the aristocrat. It is likely to recur with some regularity among scholars who, although they are generally regarded, and above all regard themselves, as the custodians of education, live sequestered from men in more active careers, by whom they vaguely feel despised. There is, at any rate, a slightly familiar note in a letter of an eminent Cambridge don written in 1871: "For me it is one of the great happinesses of the happy life here that one can live with such men, not with men who are starving their minds or making their moral natures hopelessly ugly in order to be millionaires or, as the crown of their career, expectant baronets. Here, at all events, there is a true and refined republicanism; for there is no rank except what culture gives; and the society is composed of people who have foregone the pursuit of wealth or rank because they preferred prizes of another kind . . . they are bound to each other by the ties of interests which can never become slack, and which no self interest can dissolve." The author of this

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sentimental—and to one experienced in the ways of universities today somewhat implausible—tribute to Cambridge life was the distinguished classicist Sir Richard Jebb. If Jebb's vision of the educated man had been nourished by his knowledge of antiquity, he had evidently exploited it rather selectively.

The Christian-secular ideal, the traditional Christian conception of education, borrows from several of the ideals so far described but differs from them all in one crucial respect. This is, paradoxically, its secularity. Christian education is necessarily secular because, for the Christian, the most important capacity of man is his ability to respond to the love of God; and since this response depends on grace, it is beyond the power of education. This circumstance makes possible a way of approaching education radically different from those so far described. At the same time, the Christian view of education illuminates a dimension of the other conceptions to which we have not yet given sufficient attention. The pagan culture originally underlying these other ideals was not secular, in the sense that it sought to understand every dimension of human experience—physical nature, politics, and anthropology—within the context of a single holy and cosmic order governed throughout by a uniform set of rational principles. Thus the same patterns of order, the same subordination of low things to high things, supplied the model of perfection for the larger cosmos in which they were obviously realized, for society, and for man; and this meant that politics and human nature were seen as perfectible in the degree to which they were brought into conformity with the divine order of the cosmos. From this standpoint, education was the process of bringing man into harmony with nature by strengthening the sovereignty of his higher faculties and, *ipso facto,* making him harmonious within himself. In this sense, the educational ideals of antiquity were generally religious.

Christianity took issue with this notion of the sacred character of education. For the Christian, education could neither make man truly virtuous nor unite him to God, and any claims to the contrary were perilous to the soul. The heart of the Christian position was thus a distinction between the aims of education and the end of man. This explains the "almost" in Newman's celebra-

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tion of knowledge and sets him somewhat apart from other champions of a liberal education. "Knowledge is one thing," Newman declared, "virtue is another; good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justice of view faith. Philosophy, however enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles." Here the intellectuality central to classical anthropology has given way to a different estimate of man.

Accordingly, Christian thinkers valued education, drew heavily on the resources of other patterns of education, but assigned it more limited goals. Though they denied that it could endow men with the holiness demanded by God, they recognized its capacity to civilize. They valued this lesser species of excellence, for it was both humanly convenient and pleasing to God that men who nevertheless remain sinful in the sense that they are full of potential sins should be restrained, through the internalized disciplines of a sound education, from the commission of overt sins. Christians also valued the knowledge conveyed by education, only stipulating that it must not be confused with sacred wisdom and that, in Augustine's pregnant phrase, it was used rather than enjoyed. Thus Christianity did not so much repudiate earlier ideals of education as reinterpret them along more utilitarian lines. This humility was also reflected in a more democratic understanding of education. Besides the standard subjects of a literary education, Augustine recognized the place of "teachings which concern the bodily senses, including the experience and theory of the useful mechanical arts."

In addition, the secularity of the Christian ideal was liberating. For it implied that man is not compelled to adopt an authoritative (and authoritarian) model of education imposed on him by the abstract order of things, that he is not a slave to forces outside himself but can freely choose the kind of education best suited to his needs, as he defines them for himself in the particular and concrete circumstances of his existence. At the same time this existential dimension of the secular ideal has often imposed such a burden on man's resources for deciding how to use his freedom that he may be tempted to escape from it into new kinds of naturalistic determinism.

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This dilemma may help to explain the emergence, since the end of the eighteenth century, of still another educational ideal: the romantic-naturalist ideal. Like the secular ideal, it differs radically from most of what has gone before, but now through the idea that the task of education is to protect and aid human nature to unfold according to its own innate principles of development. The models so far treated, however various in other respects, at least agree that the human personality is basically malleable and that the task of education is to shape it in accordance with predetermined ends. But the *telos* of man in the naturalistic model is no longer derived from social, ethical, or religious sources and imposed on human nature, so to speak, from the outside; it is immanent in man. Thus, while other conceptions find their justification and explanation in history and anthropology, in ethical and social philosophy, or in cosmology and theology, this model looks to biology, developmental psychology, and learning theory. Its ruling principle is not some ideal of the mature person but the nature of the child.

A mark of this conception is that it seeks to restrain the teacher from interfering with the development of his pupils: he is not to beat them, an injunction with more than humanitarian significance, in order to shape them to his own preconceptions, but to encourage them by gentleness and understanding. They are to enjoy education because education, properly constructed, should be consistent with the obvious needs of their own natures. Nor, in this conception, does the teacher decide which human faculties to develop or in what order. Every capacity for personal development is seen as equally worthy of encouragement, since each is by definition natural. And each unfolds in a natural order in which—another significant feature of the conception—the rational powers are last to emerge; that is why Rousseau's Émile did not learn to read until early adolescence. In this ideal, intellectual development is secondary—not only in its order in the curriculum of nature but also in the values it represents—to the perfection of the body, the life of the senses, the feelings, the imagination, and adjustment to all the circumstances of daily life. At the same time, there is more room for individuality, since reason is a common possession of men while their other potentialities tend to differ-

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entiate men from one another. In important respects, therefore, this model suggests a less social idea of man, although, by its indiscriminateness and its lack of objective norms, it is also singularly democratic.

Meanwhile, the idea of an educated man has also been deeply affected by the "knowledge revolution," out of which has emerged the conception of education as preparation for research. As long as knowledge was limited, relatively simple, and not very technical, education could be fairly eclectic. Although it regularly emphasized the formation of character, it could attempt at the same time to discipline the mental faculties, provide a common culture, and supply a minimum of substantive knowledge. Yet obviously the sheer bulk of the knowledge now deemed necessary for an educated man has squeezed out of education—and for the most part even out of our understanding of it—everything but the acquisition of knowledge in some manageable form. One result has been a broad decline in the idea of a general education, which for all practical purposes has become little more than a nostalgic memory. Indeed the body of requisite knowledge has become so vast that no one can hope to master more than a small segment of it. So, in the popular mind, an educated man is now some kind of specialist; and in a sense we no longer have a single conception of the educated man, but as many conceptions as there are learned specialties.

Yet even in this situation, which seems to preclude a common educational ideal for man, we may discern a development somewhat analogous to the evolution of the aristocratic and scribe models. The need for knowledge, and above all for new knowledge, seems to be pointing to the formation of still another ideal. For the proliferating new specialties have at least this in common: that all are supposed to expand indefinitely through research; and a new conception of the educated man seems to be emerging precisely from this circumstance. It is closely related to the changing conception of the university, whose primary task is certainly no longer the formation of virtuous men nor the study of inherited learning, but the discovery of new knowledge. In this context, an educated man is above all a man who is open to new knowledge and able to advance it.

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Once again what immediately presents itself as only the narrowing of education into specialized training for the scholar, and more specifically the scientist (the scientific conception of scholarship having invaded, with mixed results, even the humanities), points to a modification in the idea of the man best suited to the broader service of a changing society. Training in research is thus perceived as a moral force, as forming men who are bold, critical, imaginative, industrious, innovative, independent, and active. Whether these qualities are all the world now requires is, of course, a question worth serious consideration; nor is it certain that the virtues of the laboratory are readily transferable to other aspects of life. And in any case, although the research ideal clearly fits some of our needs, it leaves unanswered the question what we are to do with all our new knowledge. In this respect the research ideal, like the Christian, is fully secular.

The foregoing analysis may be of some interest to the historian of Western culture; but it remains to ask what, practically, we are to do with it. In earlier periods, history was conceived as a body of examples to be imitated or abhorred in the critical decisions of life, and therefore essential to any educated man. But it is obvious that we cannot exploit history in this way. We cannot choose for ourselves the most attractive among past educational ideals, if only because each was firmly embedded in its own time. Yet the relativity of each ideal to its historical context may suggest at least one "lesson of history": that any fruitful reflection about the purposes of education must now begin with a definition of our own social and cultural condition. We shall need to ask not only what our world is like and what it needs but such fundamental questions as whether it is sufficiently consolidated to permit the formulation of any single educational ideal, whether it is likely to be, or (perhaps the hardest of all) whether we really want it to be.

But the relativity of education to its time has a further implication. It suggests the impossibility of establishing any educational ideal on the cosmic principles that infused some of the most attractive among the ideals of the past. Whether we like it or not, we are, at least for the time being, restricted to a secular conception

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of education, with all the burdens of choice this implies. Even the naturalistic ideal cannot, I believe, relieve us of the burdens of freedom—partly because the supposed orthodoxies of science, especially when applied to man, have generally proved no more stable than other dimensions of thought and just as dependent on cultural change; partly because the very importance of education for the needs of society means that we cannot allow it simply to happen but must continue to define its aims in accordance with changing collective needs.

The rich accumulation of ideals I have here described may also help to illuminate our educational predicament in another way. I suspect that few of us can review these alternatives without the sense that each of them expresses some part of his own deepest assumptions on the matter. For, however little practical influence some of them now exert, all of them linger on in some part of our minds, obscurely clashing with one another and variously challenging, accusing, and confusing us. This suggests that we face a problem not altogether new but now aggravated beyond anything known before: that we have inherited too much and from too many directions to be able to manage our cultural resources. Thus we now have no classics because we have too many classics. To pose our problem in its starkest and most dismal terms, how can an educational ideal bring into focus a culture that Joyce compared to the scattered debris on the field of Waterloo and that only achieved coherence in his peculiar artistic vision? Unlike antiquity, which had the practical advantage of knowing culture but not cultures, in our age we have effectively lost the ability to recognize a barbarian when we meet him. Or if some apprehension of this kind crosses our minds, we may try, with a vague sense of guilt, to repress it. On the other hand, the cultural relativism that is now probably an ineradicable element in our world may itself, in ways I cannot altogether foresee, provide some positive foundation for an educational ideal. It has, at any rate, some ethical content, as our guilt at being repelled by those unlike ourselves may imply. It suggests respect for variety and humility about ourselves, and it may lead us in the direction of an open and pluralistic ideal of education. Whether such an education is likely to meet other contemporary needs, such as the need for a minimal

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sense of community in a large and complex modern society, is of course another, and very large, question.

But perhaps the educational ideals of the past can also be instructive in less portentous ways. They can, in any event, tell us something about how conceptions of education come into existence, how they are related to social and political realities, what requirements a viable educational ideal must meet, and the kinds of assumptions on which it is based. It is evident that the needs of societies for particular kinds of trained persons have been decisive in the development of education and even of ideas about general education. Such needs obviously differ according to whether a society is primitive or advanced, warlike or peaceful, agrarian, commercial, or industrial. Moreover, the specialized training required by specific needs displays a regular tendency to assume a more general significance, and the idealization of a professional type has commonly evolved into an ideal for man in general. Past experience suggests, therefore, that the familiar antithesis between specialized and general education is somewhat misleading. The larger significance of social need for education is also evident if we look at the problem from the standpoint of the individual. The emphasis then shifts from the kind of man needed by society to the kind of education needed by man for survival in society, and this too is likely to suggest something more than a narrowly vocational training.

Along with social need, we may identify another set of variables that has proved crucial to defining the purposes of education. In that process, much has regularly depended on how the human personality is perceived, though this generally remains an unexamined assumption underlying educational discourse; the anthropological presuppositions of a culture are perhaps the least likely elements in it to receive critical scrutiny. Obviously, however, men's notions of what education can or should accomplish depend on the degree to which they consider human nature malleable and in which of its dimensions; on their analysis of the human organism and the value attributed to its various potentialities; and, again, on whether they perceive man as autonomous, unique, and free to determine his own ends or as part of a larger system of reality—metaphysical, cosmological, or biological—that

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determines objectively the proper shape and direction of human development. Some of the superficiality in educational discussion stems from failure to recognize issues of this kind. And since we can generally identify the assumptions of another age more readily than those of our own, reflection on earlier conceptions of education may provide some training in the critical scrutiny of our own anthropological preconceptions.

But here a word of caution about the literature of education: it has been notoriously optimistic. Doubtless because most of it is composed by pedagogues, it has usually stressed the malleability of human nature. One suspects that much of its enthusiasm (especially when it comes from experienced teachers) is chiefly hortatory, or exaggerated for strategic reasons. Still, recent expressions of outrage over the views of Jensen, Herrnstein, *et al.* suggest (among other issues in this controversy) the degree to which confidence in the power of nurture over nature has become a piece of orthodoxy that cannot be challenged without considerable personal risk. But although writers on education often sound as if they consider each individual a *tabula rasa* on which the educator may imprint whatever messages he wishes, it is also worth observing that such enthusiasm has not, historically, been a necessary condition for taking education seriously.

Past experience appears to suggest, then, that any satisfactory educational ideal for our own time must be appropriate to our kind of society and government. If we are to reach agreement about education, we must first agree about the nature of our social and political arrangements, taking into account both their structure and their capacity for change. In addition, an appropriate educational ideal must have some correspondence to our understanding of human nature, its limitations and its possibilities: what it is, what it can be, what it ought to be. These are hard, perhaps impossible, questions. But until they are answered I cannot foresee any solution to our difficulties.

One further troubling question needs to be raised here: the value and practical significance of deliberate efforts to formulate an educational ideal. This is, finally, the knotty question of the relation between social theory and social reality, of the place of ideas in history and of the function of the intellectual. I am far

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more comfortable in raising this question than in trying to answer it. Accordingly, I should like to state it more specifically as well as historically: what has been the relationship between those who have thought most constructively about education in the past and the time and place in which they existed? Are we to understand their reflections about education as descriptive, or prescriptive, or in some way both at once? It may be that no single answer will cover every case and that, like political theory, educational theory is sometimes largely descriptive in a normative sense, sometimes largely prescriptive and idealistic. But it seems to me in general that the educational proposals in the past which have proved most influential have chiefly put into words the values and convictions already implicit, if not in educational practice, at least in the more vigorous cultural movements of their times. Thus the role of the educational theorist may be somewhat like that of a statesman: not so much to create a new ideal for education as to sense what is already present in a latent form. His greatest talent, aside from his articulateness, is his ability to perceive with skill and sensitivity the changing needs of his time; thus he expresses, clarifies, and consolidates perceptions that have remained, for others, still below the level of consciousness. But the ability to do this well, like the ability to manage the tangled affairs of states, requires talent of the highest order.

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Beyond Pigs and Bunnies

The New Animator's Art

JOHN HUBLEY

A RUMOR PERSISTS that the late Walt Disney ordered his body to be placed in a deep freeze and revived at regular intervals. If we can believe this, we are tempted to imagine a scene wherein the restored master returns today and, after a tiring inspection tour of the Enterprises, asks to see some current animation products from other studios. A young aide suggests looking at some shorts shown at the recent International Festival of Animated Films at Zagreb.

Disney winces, but agrees. He sits astonished as the screen fills with abstract, surrealist, Sternbergian imagery, an infinite diversity of styles and ideas. He sees *Diary,* a one-man film by Nedjeliko Dragic, which was awarded the grand prize by the international jury. A harsh impression of the European artist's first visit to America, it delivers sensations of sex, violence, and uncontrolled technology with telling impact. He sees *A Bird's Life,* a sophisticated fantasy about the exploitation of women as housewives. He sees *Tyranny,* a study of the anguish of solitary confinement, a political prisoner's resistance to torture, and the edge of his courage. This is done in strong, evocative black-and-white pen drawings. He sees a first work of Cape Dorset Eskimos, animating animals and figures with grains of sand. He sees another impressionistic vision of a young Briton who delineates Mickey Mouse experiencing a pot high. A film dealing symbolically with global problems, called *Voyage to Next,* is about to be shown, but the projection room is vacant. Disney has returned to cooler places, asking, "What has

✪ Animation films by JOHN HUBLEY and Faith Hubley have been produced for theaters and television, and are shown in schools and libraries. Some have been created in conjunction with a film seminar at the Yale School of Art. Their most recent films include *Dig, Upkeep,* and *Cockaboody,* as well as segments of "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company."

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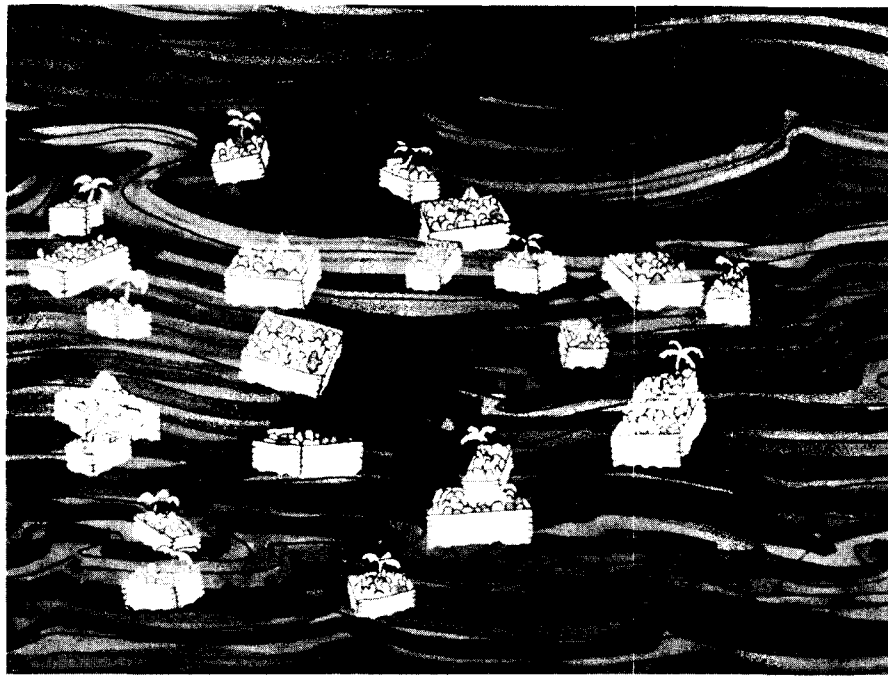
become of the hero-princes, the queen-witches, the pigs and bunnies? What happened to the 'story'? And what is the animator coming to?"

As I see it, the animator is moving into an exciting period of change. From a vaudeville and comic-strip childhood, "cartoons" seem to be struggling toward maturity. The films of René Leloux, Karel Zeman, Ralph Bakshi, and many others are forerunners of what may be a flowering of longer, more personal statements by film artists in this medium. But within the growing aggregate of animated film miles each year, I look for new ideas in certain aspects of the conceptual process. I am concerned with the move away from comic-strip generalities toward the development of individual, specialized, human character. I am also concerned with social criticism; by that I mean the presentation of scenes and problems and dilemmas from ordinary life, and narratives that both please and instruct an audience. These aims seem realizable: to



In *Voyage to Next* human beings have cut themselves off in a system of isolated nationalistic boxes that bump and swamp each other.

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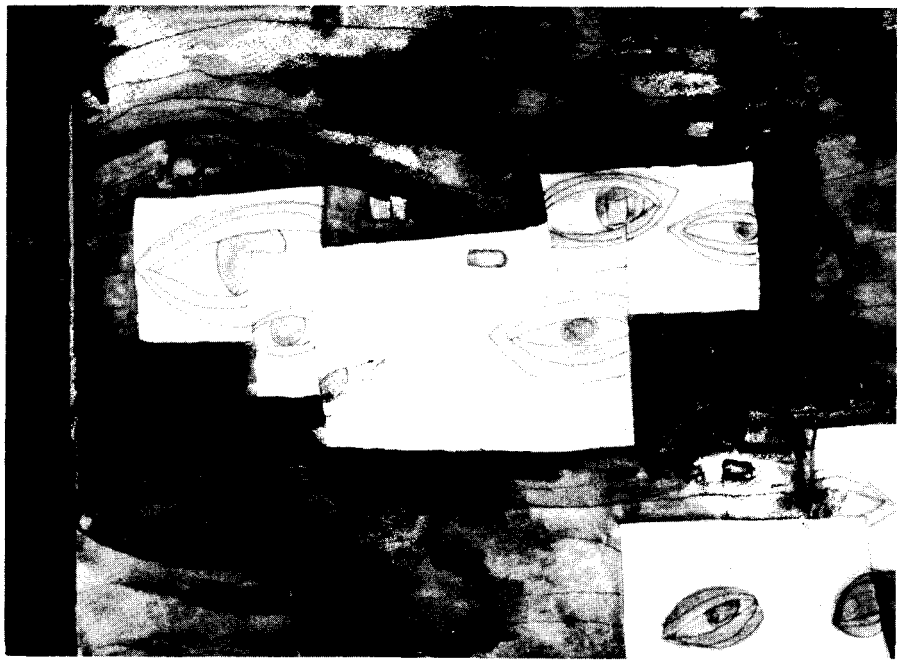
increase awareness, to warn, to humanize, to elevate vision, to suggest goals, to deepen our understanding of ourselves and our relationships with each other.

An example of an attempt to explore human problems in a way that is not dependent on verbal translation is *Voyage to Next*, a short film that Faith Hubley and I conceived and designed in a seminar at the Yale School of Art, collaborating with students there, as well as with scholars from the Institute for World Order. This film undertakes to put into visual images the current state of world interdependency. The attempt to solve global problems such as hunger, population, and war, without an effective global legal structure is a dilemma that is difficult to present nonverbally.

In the film, we see a broad stream upon which float hundreds of boxes filled with people. Human beings have cut themselves off from each other in a system of isolated nationalistic boxes. Each box floats aimlessly, bumping, swamping others, drifting toward



Hope for the future begins with a growing awareness of others.

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some uncertain future collision. Later in the film, some hope is suggested when eyes appear looking out of the boxes to indicate a growing awareness of the others and a faint beginning toward imagining alternative possibilities. Dozens of films based on similar symbolic visual premises, and specifically conceived for instructional purposes, are being made from Calcutta to Zagreb. Animation artists around the world are breaking out of the limitations of the fairy tale to confront contemporary issues.

For most of this century, animators, drawing in simple, circular lines, have created simple creatures that move—animals, birds, monsters, human caricatures. The standard animated "character" of, say, a bulldog, is a linear drawing, round eyed, bulb nosed, with sharp teeth, white and tan color masses filled in, et cetera. This linear mass moves with a strut, or it pounces or scrambles after its screen enemies, which are other shapes that react to the motion. We have accepted these symbolic shapes of creatures as organisms that live.

Observe the standardized Disney tradition of dogs, cats, forthright heroes, and snarling toothy villains. They seldom look, move, or sound like contemporary human beings, and, as caricatures, they are often still modeled on comics or imitations of current show business personalities. This is especially true of television animations. When a show such as "All in the Family" rises to prominence, an animated relative appears with its own Archie Bunker. The source material may be an existing contemporary individual, but the process of commercial television series production turns out laundered stereotypes for mass approval. The drying and ironing is complete when the characters become animated.

But there is in animation a quality that peculiarly distinguishes it from theater or live actors on camera, and makes it possible to move beyond stereotypes, to bring more definition to the drawing of character and more clarity to the evocation of environment. To begin, it may help to examine the character of line drawing. Several writers have attributed to the "line" the central substance of animated action. Physically, a line is a trajectory, a path recording a moving point.

Lines in nature tend to trace preconceived paths of motion,

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whether train tracks, boat wakes, glacial edges, rivers, fences, or earth fault-lines. Thus, a line drawing becomes a complicated trajectory, embodying, in a sense, the motion of an event, the artist's thought. But it is essentially a frozen statement or event. When the course of a line closes upon itself, it becomes something else, a shape. While static in nature, this shape has potential for motion, suggesting activity, weight, thrust, and many life forces. The symbol that the shape creates also has a psychological potential. The physical character of the line plus its symbolic meaning presses for a breaking out of its space into a dynamic image. It has a potential energy that suggests motion—life. To the degree that an artist is sensitive to natural truth and beauty, his "line" will reflect his perception. But a sequence of drawings, when photographed on a strip of film and projected on the screen, transforms the potential motion of the line and shape into a kinetic image in motion. When the entity of time is added, a series of drawings becomes a symbolic transformation of energy.

A dynamic transformation of symbol becomes possible that intensifies and heightens the dramatic content. The fleeing cat, running at extremely high speeds, assumes the shape and sound of an airplane. It is this symbolic condensation of a transformation of energy that I consider to be the primary property of animation. By abstracting and purifying a representation of an object-organism, an artist creates his equivalent of a writer's word. With motion he modifies it. He condenses time to dramatize qualitative change.

The physical growth of a human being, for instance, from birth to middle age, can be condensed to essential climactic points of change. Any aspect of the process of human growth can be symbolized, physically, psychically, emotionally, or otherwise. The same is true of any natural process. What is translatable here is *change,* at whatever rate and to whatever form, and because change is usually a result of conflicting forces, these forces too can be dramatized visually.

Traditionally, the drawing of animated characters has been stylized and frequently insensitive and unrelated to actual life. Animation artists have too often been content with comic-strip simplicity in terms of drawing and, more important, in terms of characterization. Today's artists are exploring means of delineating

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rich and complex human capacities and "character" in animation. Given a technological culture that often depersonalizes and dehumanizes, I think that this new vision of the reality of human beings seen as animation characters presents a most urgent and promising prospect. It demands purposeful extension. One might call it fourth-dimensional characterization. It would mean that the animator-artist would extend design beyond the simple limits of the past, find the means to form a collage, and, in a cubist sense, display multiple facets simultaneously.

How to move toward this new concept? First, we need to reexamine some of the usual visual means that we have at hand when we design animation characters. We have the character's facial features and expressions, body shape, costume, personal effects, and affectations. We have also the fundamental character movements of his body, the manner in which he walks, sits, stands, and talks. We have, further, the specific gestures or idiosyncratic movements and reaction patterns—is he defensive or aggressive, fast or slow? These might be called the common outer visual aspects of the character.

Now consider the more intriguing inner, nonvisual aspects of human character. Consider emotional patterns, ego structure, rational and unconscious drives, physical body systems (the many tracts), the nervous system, and so forth. Consider the Walter Mitty fantasy life that everyone leads. We have complexes and compulsions; we have religious and philosophical beliefs; repressed rages and anxieties exist with microcosmic physical systems operating and biochemical reactions going on; we have aggressive and passive reflexes.

The same holds true for the environment in which a character exists. In addition to the ground plane and the horizon, we see the streets, walls, windows, doors, and whatever planes surround the character; we see buildings, trees, hills, objects, machines, abstract volumes, other characters; we see colors, surfaces, and atmosphere in variable states of motion. Some *non*visual, unseen aspects related to the environment might be air temperature, the molecular or atomic structures of surrounding objects; the processes of growth and decay, the influences of the ravages of past history. Educational film animators have been working for a long time on informative

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images of things that we know exist but that are not photographable. Here especially the legacies of the multiple-vision cubist approach to heighten the reality of the environment are apparent and invaluable.

Imagine our bulldog as a cubist image. His teeth and jaws are enlarged and twisted to a profile. His barrel chest is dissected by planes, exaggerating its metallic volume and sturdy legs. Now imagine this image animating in space and time. His jaws and teeth enlarge toward us independently of his head, symbolizing a subjective overcharge of power and sharpness. The bones within his chest dilate as if x-rayed. His eyes precede his head. The poor victimized cat shreds into a haze of hairlines and scrambles off in nine directions at once. But in spite of imaginative advances in technique, this image still remains within the comic-strip idiom.

Now is the time to consider our "stories" seriously. To deepen character delineation, to probe social meanings for today, to present material that approaches the scope of Swift or Carroll or Kafka, we must push the monodimensional graphic limits of the drawn image into a time-space multileveled realization. I can see the day when characters will be conceived and defined beyond the ordinary outer visual aspects as we presently know them. At any given moment we will see also a portrayal of two or three of the dramatically relevant inner facets of the character and, at the same moment, the nonvisual aspects of the environment.

Previous examples of attempts to delineate the inner self are few. Bretislav Pojar created a film at the Canadian Film Board in which a character is shown living with a miniature duplicate of himself inside. When he is confronted with a traffic policeman's rage, the inner man reacts in various ways that affect the outer man's behavior. Some of Disney's early Pluto the Dog shorts dealt with good and evil impulses in the form of an inner angel (representing "conscience") and a devil that emerged from Pluto's brain and struggled for control of his actions (whether to save the bothersome kitten or let it drown). In each case, the images were simply literal replicas of the principal character. Animation artists today are beginning to find less simplistic ways of showing an emotional conflict or nervous response. It seems increasingly clear that we can exploit the primary property of animation—the symbolic

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condensation of a transformation of energy—to describe with great sensitivity the complexities of the inner self.

Again in collaboration with Yale Art School undergraduates, Faith Hubley and I have prepared a series of three half-hour film dramatizations of the "eight stages of human development," inspired by the work of Erik Erikson. Consulting with Kenneth Keniston and an advisory board composed of Yale psychologists, we are completing the films for broadcast on CBS in the fall of 1975. We shall deal with the growth of the human being through a series of challenges and conflicts that Erikson identifies as trust versus mistrust, autonomy versus shame and doubt, initiative versus guilt, industry versus inferiority, identity versus identity confusion, intimacy versus isolation, generativity versus stagnation, and integrity versus despair.

Our first problem is to show infants as they interact with their social environment, gaining inner strengths that become the core of their lifetime personalities. We begin, then, with an infant laughing and crying, feeding and sleeping. The figure is seen in silhouette, white against a background suggesting a nursery. We hear disconcerted whimpers. A nervous wavy pattern appears on the baby's stomach, representing a hunger pain. The baby reacts, winces, proceeds to cry in anguish. The background, the crib, the ceiling, simultaneously change focus; we see these objects from the point of view of the crying child, blurred and meaningless. The cry attracts the mother, who feeds the baby; the inner pain subsides and the lines of anguish animate into the benign smile of a kitten fleetingly moving from the stomach to the face of the now-contented infant.

With musical support, the juxtaposition of the kitten symbol and the baby's emotional contentment expresses and affirms the concept of *trust,* a sense of confidence that the environment will somehow take care of one's basic needs, that it will be a safe place. Later, when the hunger pains return and the mother does not arrive immediately, a symbol of *mistrust* appears. This spurs further efforts for attention and becomes a necessary cautious polarity for trust.

The multiple effect of these inner images, reacting and counteracting with the "real" events of the baby's life, is an exploratory reach in the direction of joining so-called visual and nonvisual

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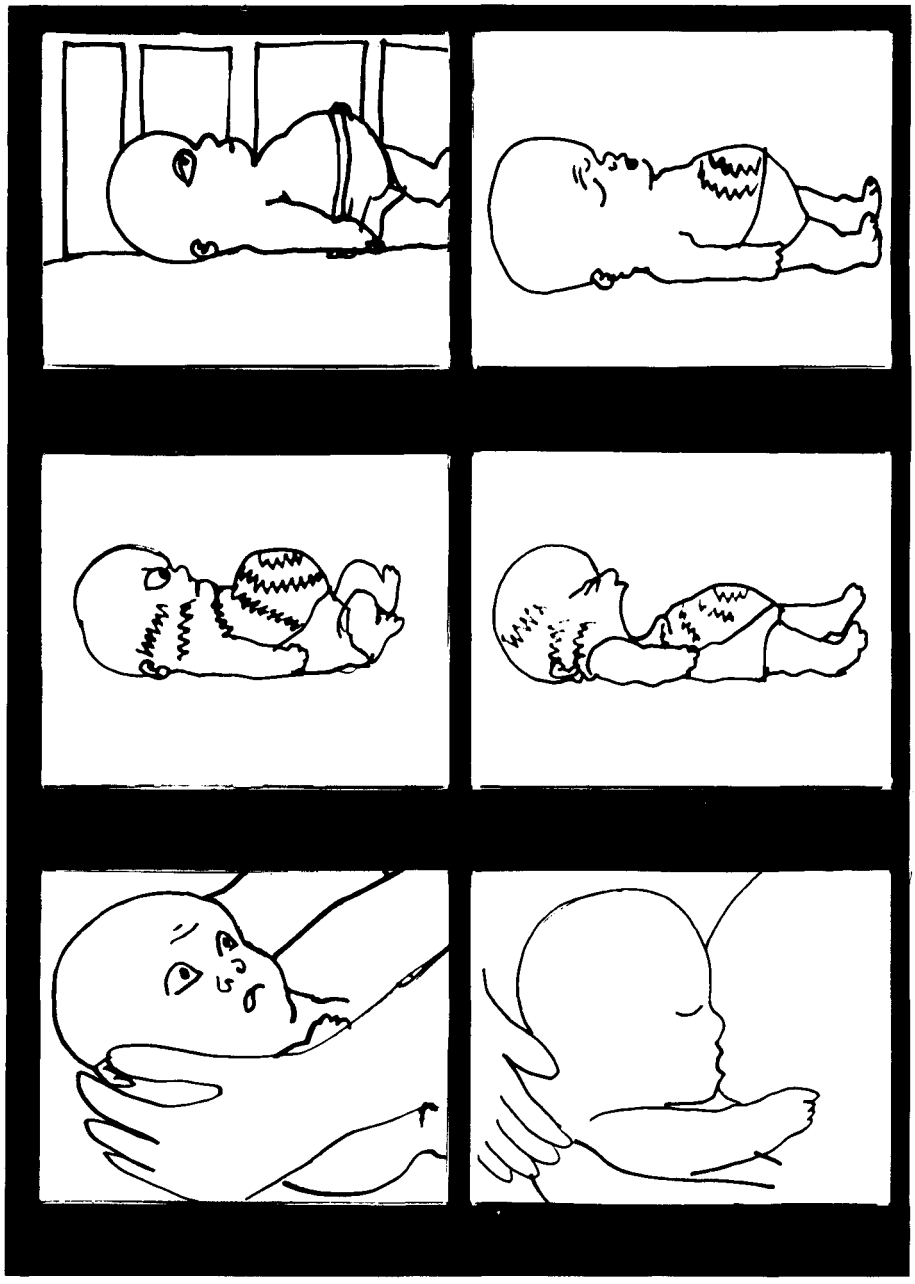

The beginnings of trust: the cry attracts the mother.

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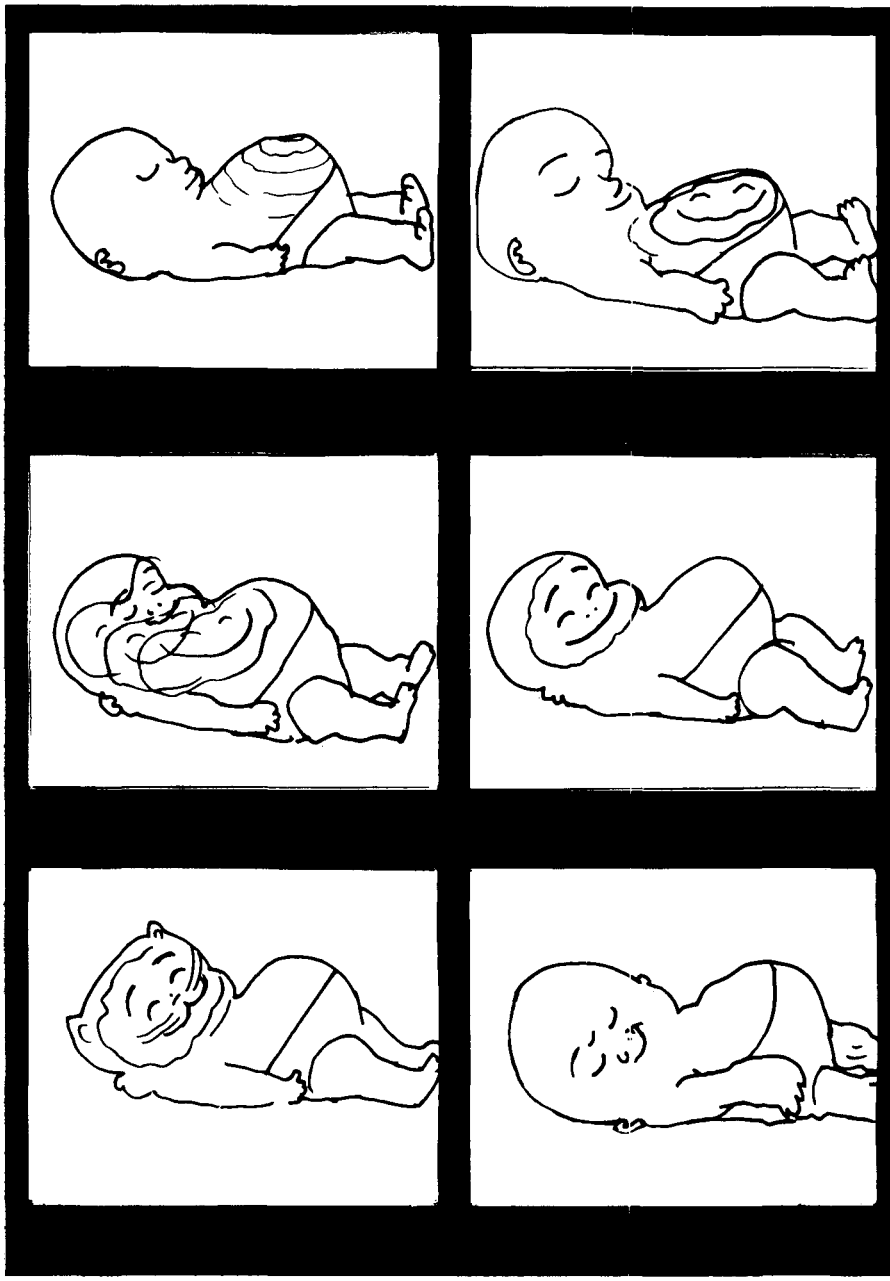

Lines of anguish animate into the benign smile of a kitten.

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aspects of reality. Later in the film we must deal with the combined and increasingly complex interrelations of adult crises and growth through changes in perspective.

In the sequence dealing with intimacy versus isolation, it becomes clear to a couple that their relationship is moving toward a deeper commitment to each other. Each must be prepared to share identity with the other. Each feels threatened, their faces turn inward, and masks appear. The masks continue a superficial relationship while the real faces, still turned inward, voice thoughts and feelings about the conflict. They drift apart, unable to remove the masks. When the two do away with their masks on a second try, and make real efforts at intimacy, they succeed in sharing. They reach maturity; the figures become abstract, Matisse-like. The enactment is a ballet—a series of arms, legs, torsos, and heads flowing in a dance of love. A literal love scene at this point would be cartoon-like in the old sense, and would therefore present not realism but a flat and ineffective caricature.

Another experimental element of the "eight stages" film which is vital to the capturing of a sense of both outer and inner realities is the sound track. Instead of using a script of word-for-word dialogue, we are working with actors' improvisations. These are taped and edited to an effective statement of feeling and conflict. The visual images are then designed to fit the dialogue.

To deal with the search for identity in the adolescent stage, we are visually transforming the characters (two teenage couples) into the roles they imagine for themselves as they test the environment of the adult world. A girl becomes a singer, a revolutionary, an executive, and a princess, at will—totally acceptable behavior as she walks down the street with her peers. A boy deprived of his identity and, assigned a number, explodes with rage and violence.

Artists around the world are defying the old "linear shape" order in graphics. Let's hope they also defy the limitations of the fairy tale and confront contemporary issues. May we be fortunate enough to see the development of visuals that are generated by dramatic and psychological imperatives—to continue to reveal human vulnerability and to increase the understanding of human relationships.

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Playing Skittles

HOWARD NEMEROV

No matter how dull your soul, you cannot help
But fill these skittering wooden dervishes
With spirit and will as you lean over their box
To watch them skip and weave and stagger among
The dumbbell pins. You even urge them on
Their drunken courses, cursing them when they miss
With what looks like purposeful malevolence,
Although you know they are like two blind men
Shut in invisible revolving doors—

With spirit and will and, yes, with mind as well:
They seem to go where they've a mind to go,
Sometimes intent, sometimes indifferent,
Until they stutter out of energy
And tumble over on their side to die.

You know they know no mind and cannot mind
Either your prayers and curses or the pins.
And yet this matter of mind's no simple matter:
If not out there, then how in the world in here?
Agelong these tops concealed the gyroscope
Whose insane energies stabilize the earth.

✪ HOWARD NEMEROV, professor of English at Washington University, is the author of many books of fiction, nonfiction, and verse. His newest works are the forthcoming *The Western Approaches* and *Figures of Thought*.

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Mme de Staël and the Woman of Genius

ELLEN MOERS

I am not used to Hope—
It might intrude upon—
Its sweet parade—blaspheme the place—
Ordained to Suffering—

It might be easier
To fail—with Land in Sight—
Than gain—My Blue Peninsula—
To perish—of Delight—

—EMILY DICKINSON

OF ALL THE BOOKS THAT HAVE HAD A SPECIAL MEANING for gifted women, Mme de Staël's *Corinne ou l'Italie* is the most important. There is ample testimony from George Eliot, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Sand, Kate Chopin, and many others to the place Mme de Staël's myth of the woman of genius held in their own adolescent unfolding. I cannot imagine a revival of the myth of Corinne in modern times, any more than I can imagine a revival of Manfred or Childe Harold. But that Mme de Staël did for women what Byron did for men—dramatized the romantic ego in all its extravagance, pain, and glory—was quite clear to her nineteenth-century readers, including Byron. Thanks to Lady Blessington, we have a hilarious record of the debate between Mme de Staël and Byron over which of them had done more harm to their generation with their heroic creations.

Published in 1807, *Corinne* of course preceded the Byronic

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myth and in at least one way affected it. The farewell to Rome that Mme de Staël's heroine pays in reckless and dramatic fashion by visiting the Colosseum by moonlight became a *locus romanticus* for Byron, then for Lamartine, then for Italian tourists in general. Appropriately enough, the most famous literary reworking of the scene dramatizes the independence of the American girl on tour in Italy. "Well, I *have* seen the Coliseum by moonlight!" cries Daisy Miller. "That's one good thing."

Corinne is not, properly speaking, a feminist work. Like most people of genius, Mme de Staël was concerned more with demonstrating the pride and penalty of the elite, the special case, than with widening the options or diminishing the inhibitions that affect the average woman. Her Corinne is superspecial: the superheroine of genius who writes poetry, improvises, sings, paints, lectures, dances, acts, has a wider range of talents and a wider audience for their display than any woman before or after her. The public component of her genius, what Mme de Staël called *la gloire,* is the nub of the myth of Corinne; for the achievement of wide public fame, which in a man's story (at least in fiction) is normally rewarded by private happiness in the form of a woman's adoration, in a woman's story makes equivalent happiness difficult or impossible. *Corinne* is a very old-fashioned, in some ways a very silly novel; but from what I see around me, and from what I read, modern times have still not resolved the woman's dilemma of reconciling enormous public success with private romance.

Corinne first appears to the reader at her moment of greatest public triumph. Through the ringing of bells and the cannonades, through processions and ceremonies, through the odes of poets and the shouts of the populace, she is carried in a chariot drawn by four white horses to the Capitoline Hill, there to be crowned with the laurel wreath of genius. This fantasy of a woman's glory, which no writer has ever surpassed in extravagance, is filtered to the reader through the eyes of a British tourist, Oswald Lord Nelvil, who is surprised, shocked, fascinated, then transfixed by love for the woman of genius. He proves to be a serious, earnest, and adoring lover; but finally, out of the highest motives, and to no one's surprise, he leaves her for another.

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All the critical discussion I have seen about Corinne's love story centers on its sources in the life of Mme de Staël (a biographical approach particularly common when the writer is a woman). Certainly Mme de Staël did tour Italy—she was then a widow with two children—shortly before she wrote *Corinne,* and she did, while traveling, suffer the joys and sorrows of an *affaire du cœur*—but which affair? Various biographers, for a hundred years or more, have been certain that Oswald is a portrait of a Portuguese nobleman, or a Swiss diplomat, or an Irish soldier of fortune. I myself can find no compelling biographical reason not to identify Mme de Staël's Lord Nelvil—who is little more than a pattern of an English nobleman constructed to make an ideal husband (for someone other than Corinne)—with the great original pattern of such a figure, Samuel Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison, who was much in Mme de Staël's mind. I rather suspect that she intended to retell Richardson's story: that of an Englishman who loves an Italian woman, but finally exchanges her—out of the noblest motives—for an English bride. But Mme de Staël retold the story from the Italian woman's point of view —and made the woman a Corinne.

One of the oddest things about *Corinne* is that it is as much a guidebook to Italy as it is a guide to the woman of genius. Mme de Staël called the novel *Corinne or Italy* to signify its double usefulness, and there is a puzzle about her priorities. Did she plot the movement of her love story across the map of Italy in such a way as to cover the principal monuments—the catacombs, St. Peter's, Pompeii, Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples, the canals of Venice? Or did her idea of Italian culture evoke the spirit, and shape the destiny, of her mythic heroine?

And why Italy? Mme de Staël was Geneva-born and utterly French. She had written extensively about England and France in *De la Littérature* (1800), the work for which she was known around the world. She had traveled to Germany in 1803, and was already at work on *De l'Allemagne.* She interrupted her ambitious, epoch-making study of German culture to tour Italy in the winter of 1804–1805 with the definite intention of finding the materials for a novel. Why Italy? may seem a foolish question,

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for what northern European needs an excuse to go south in search of sun—to know the land of *Mignonslied* where lemons grow? But this question, like so many others, poses itself differently for a literary woman (like Mme de Staël) than for a literary man (like J. W. von Goethe). If *Corinne* did at least as much as *Wilhelm Meister* to arouse the passion for Italy among the English Romantics, and if *Corinne* played as large a role in the making of Victorian Italophilia as would appear from the writings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Margaret Fuller, who were deeply affected by Mme de Staël's ideas about Italy as *the* place for the woman of genius, then Richardson's share in the making of those ideas would indeed be remarkable.

Richardson never set foot in Italy. The "data" on which he drew for the sizable Italian sections of *Sir Charles Grandison* consisted of the fact that it was a Catholic country, that Ariosto's marvels took place there, and that people there were somehow different from the norm. He divided his huge cast of characters into "Men—Women—and Italians." Grandison's Clementina, met on his Grand Tour, is a romance heroine of the highest social and moral class; she seems Italian only in that she grows a bit more hysterical, has a few more mad scenes, and altogether suffers more dramatically from the griefs of love than would her English equivalent. Clementina is no Corinne, except in her passionate attachment to her Italian homeland and her Catholic faith, which are the grounds for her rejection of Grandison's proposal of marriage. Neither, though, is a barrier to Grandison, who proposes that she spend half her years in Italy, half in England, and that their male issue be raised as Protestant Englishmen, while their girls may be Catholics. Nothing could be fairer—and it appears that Richardson was animated primarily by a spirit of toleration (a religious toleration unusual for his age) when he introduced the Italian matter into the novel. Richardson keeps *Sir Charles Grandison* going through thousands of pages of epistolary sensibility by fanning Grandison's scruples, and by sending him on journeys to Italy to try to change Clementina's mind and allay any suspicion among his English friends that he has merely trifled with a lady of foreign fascination encountered on his travels.

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That such suspicions were both natural and commonplace Corinne herself points out. "Listen to me," she says to Lord Nelvil on the eve of his departure from Italy:

> When you get to London they will tell you, the men about town, that promises of love do not engage a man's honor; that all the Englishmen who have ever lived have fallen in love with Italian women met on their travels and forgotten upon their return; that a few months of happiness tie down neither the woman who bestows, nor the man who enjoys it; and that, at your age, the whole future course of your life cannot be determined by whatever delight you have found, for a brief period, in the society of a foreign woman. And they will appear to be right, right as the world sees it; but you, you who have known this heart, known how it loves you, will you find the sophisms to excuse, . . .

Oswald protests his troth in all sincerity, for he is not a mere man of the world—an *homme léger*—but a Grandison; that is why Corinne loves him in preference to all the brilliant Italian and witty French noblemen who surround and court her. It is, however, Oswald's British morality that parts him from Corinne, with a cultural irrevocability that makes their final separation an affair of state.

The story of Oswald's past—which he divulges to Corinne halfway up the slope of Mount Vesuvius, where "all that has life disappears, you enter the empire of death, and only ashes shift beneath uncertain feet"—centers on his worship of his dead father, repository of the wisdom of his native land and faith. Detained in revolutionary France during his father's last illness by an entanglement with a scheming Frenchwoman, Oswald had hastened his father's death through grief over his son's unwise love and apparent disloyalty to his native land—France and England then being enemies. Now a guilty and melancholy man, Oswald is resolved to fulfill every wish of the dead man, especially in regard to his own marriage; and he knows that his father wished him to marry Lucile Edgermond, the young daughter of an old family friend, and did not want him to marry Corinne. The reasons for this preference are far more interesting to Mme de Staël (and to us) than are the tricks of plot whereby Corinne is enmeshed in

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Nelvil-Edgermond family affairs, without ever having met Oswald until the day she is crowned on the Capitoline as the most celebrated of Italian women. It seems that Corinne is only half-Italian; that her father was the same Lord Edgermond, by his first (Italian) wife; that she is a half-sister of Lucile and a rejected first choice by Oswald's father for his son's bride.

"Will you forgive me, my friend," the senior Lord Nelvil had written to Lord Edgermond (in a letter that Oswald travels home from Italy to read)

> if I propose a change in our plan for a union between our two families? My son is eighteen months younger than your older daughter; it would be better to make his destined bride Lucile, your second daughter, who is twelve years younger than her sister. But since I knew the age of Miss Edgermond when I asked her hand for Oswald, I owe to our friendship a frank statement of my reasons for wishing that their marriage not take place. . . .
>
> Your daughter is charming, but I seem to perceive in her one of those beautiful Greek women who enchanted and subjugated the world. Don't be offended—of course your daughter has been brought up to possess only the purest of feelings and principles; but she needs to please, to captivate, to impress.
>
> She has more talent than she has self-love; but talents of so rare a kind necessarily inspire the desire to develop them; and I do not know what stage can contain that activity of mind, that impetuous imagination, that ardent character which one senses in every word she speaks. She would of course take my son away from England, for such a woman cannot be happy here. Only Italy would suit her.

Why Italy? Because Italy is a country (I am now following the cultural analysis Mme de Staël spreads through the novel) where one lives openly, in the open air and the sun, and where the populace is always at hand to cheer artistic genius. The Italian past was glorious, the Italian future may be so as well, but "in the present condition of the Italians, artistic glory is the only kind they are permitted"—one of numerous offhand social commentaries to infuriate Napoleon, whose empire had included most of Italy since 1804. Life in Italy is free in a way unknown to more advanced, more politically liberated nations, and therefore most

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suited to women of artistic talent. For in Italy there is no hypocrisy about morals, as in England, no malicious gossip as in France, no false modesty or artifice, no obsession with rank or convention, but only spontaneity in love and art. If a woman can give delight with her dancing or reciting, she does so at once, without being begged, without simpering; if a woman loves a man, she can tell him she does so—"a terrible fault in England, but so pardonable in Italy." For married happiness and domestic virtues, England is undoubtedly the place, but for love outside marriage, go to Italy.

There is simply no way to "compromise" a woman's reputation in Italian society, as Corinne tells a nervous Oswald: women are expected always to be in love in Italy, always to speak of love and their lovers. "Thus, in this country, where no one thinks of anything but love, there isn't a single novel, because love is so rapid here, so public, that it doesn't lend itself to any kind of development; to give a true account of love Italian style, you would have to begin and end on the first page."

The result of these special conditions of Italian society, as far as Corinne is concerned, is not the possibility of attaining perfect happiness in love (no heroine ever felt herself more doomed to suffering through her heart) but that of leading an independent life as a woman of genius, and developing all her talents to the full with the open encouragement, rather than the shocked disapproval, of society. And in fact, beneath all her ranting and posing, her lyre strumming and drapery shaking, Corinne does illustrate a way of life for women of such novel fascination (perhaps even today?) that it turned the heads of young women from Paris to Yorkshire to New England, and gave them "a wild desire for an existence of lonely independence," as Fanny Kemble put it, along with "a passionate desire to go to Italy."

Corinne lives alone on her own money; she maintains her own establishment, is waited on by her own servants. She uses her own name, an invented one, and never refers to her family or even her true nationality. She goes into society without protector or escort; she has friends and lovers of her own free choosing. She does her own work—publishes, exhibits, performs—and is famous in her

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own right. She travels everywhere, alone or with a man as she chooses; she guides her own life.

So does George Sand's Lélia, and so, more remarkably, does Aurora Leigh. The scenes in Mrs. Browning's novel-poem which present Aurora's life in a London flat, writing and publishing her own poems and enjoying her own social existence in the best circles, are among the most delightful, the most modern, and apparently the most realistic (though how far they were from real experience, anyone who knows Elizabeth Barrett's life with father up to the age of forty will quickly recognize). Swinburne, whose passion for *Aurora Leigh* almost equaled Virginia Woolf's, assumed that its heroine was "in all essentials a conscious and intentional portrait of the author by herself," and protested against this fantasy material. "The career of Aurora in London," he wrote (in 1898!), "is rather too eccentric a vision to impose itself upon the most juvenile credulity: a young lady of family who lodges by herself in Grub Street, preserves her reputation, lives on her pen, and dines out in Mayfair, is hardly a figure for serious fiction."

"Genius cannot do everything," Swinburne apologized for Mrs. Browning in conclusion; but female genius very much wanted to act out that fantasy of the independent woman's life called *Corinne* which Mme de Staël first located in an Italy of dreamland, the feminine Somewhere-else, where people were Men, Women, and Italians. For Emily Dickinson that land was simply "My Blue Peninsula" of hope and dreamed delight, one of several images which (as Rebecca Patterson has convincingly demonstrated) she derived from Mrs. Browning's Italy in *Aurora Leigh*.

As far as Mme de Staël was concerned, neither Geneva nor Paris, the places of her young womanhood, was any sort of Italy. In spite of the drama and independence of her mature life (greater than any woman had achieved before), she knew perfectly well what it was like to be Germaine Necker: that is, to be raised as a proper young lady in a strict Protestant family, to be laughed at and criticized in society for her mannerisms, and to be married off, at the age of nineteen, to a man chosen by her family for his title (from the very restricted field of available Protestant aristocrats). She carried her heroine's story back to childhood, and I believe

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this was another important originality of her novel; for when, before *Corinne,* had the sufferings of the gifted girl been told in fiction? The young Corinne more distinctly foreshadows the young Maggie Tulliver than does Fanny Burney's Evelina.

Corinne postpones the revelation of her early life to Oswald until she can give him the full tour of Naples and its environs, and pose with lyre in hand on Cape Misena (see the Vigée-Lebrun portrait of Mme de Staël). There, inspired by the nearby tomb of Vergil, Corinne makes one of her famous improvisations. The poets, the heroes, the women of Greece and Italy come to her mind, those whose genius flowered and whose suffering climaxed on these storied shores. O Fate! she cries, why has it always pursued the exalted spirits, the poets whose imagination derives from their power to love and to suffer? Cruel Destiny, of which the ancients spoke with such terror, means nothing to ordinary people (*"les êtres vulgaires"*) who simply follow the course of the seasons in the habitual round of their peaceful lives. But the elite *(le petit nombre des élus)* are of another sphere, removed from the influence of the Universal Good; some unknown force drives genius toward misery. Protect us, O Sublime Creator: we hear a music of the spheres not caught by ordinary mortals, we feel stronger passions, think higher thoughts, are doomed to greater suffering, et cetera, et cetera. This is the extravagant prelude to Corinne's story, a tale of childhood wholly recognizable to middle-class Victorian women.

She was born in Italy, her mother a Roman, her father an Englishman, Lord Edgermond of Northumberland—a province as close to the edge-of-the-world as Mme de Staël could imagine and to which he was deeply attached. There he returned when his wife died, leaving Corinne behind in Florence with memories of a mother who "spoke of nothing from my infancy but the misfortune of not living in Italy." Until the age of fifteen, Corinne was raised by an Italian aunt who kept warning her that she would be damned if she lived in a Protestant country, and reminding her that "it was the fear of leaving her native land that had made her mother die of grief." Nevertheless, Corinne did have to leave Italy, and, *"avec un sentiment de tristesse inexprimable,"* she went to

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England to live for the next six years—explanation of the mystery that most puzzles Oswald in the first half of the novel—Corinne's faultless English accent.

Corinne was right to grieve. Her father had married again, and the second Lady Edgermond, a dignified, cold woman, cared for nothing but English provincial life and domestic virtue, and hated nothing so much as the Italian spirit, and language, and style of womanhood represented by Corinne. In spite of the single gleam of happiness provided by her darling little three-year-old stepsister Lucile, Corinne suffered terribly in rainy and gloomy England, full of teacups and boring neighbors. These last much resemble, when due allowance is made for Jane Austen's genius, the good ladies of Highbury in *Emma*.

Corinne's conversation is censored and silenced; her Italian expansiveness and spontaneity are simply squelched. One night at a gloomy formal dinner she attempts to enliven the atmosphere by quoting a few lines of Italian poetry which refer, in all delicacy, to the subject of love. So shocked is her stepmother that she enforces much earlier than usual that dreadful English custom, the after-dinner separation of women from men. (Mme de Staël's contemporaries saw in this material only a reflection of her discomfort when in exile in England in 1793; but Victorian women clearly perceived, what today we know to be the fact, that Lady Edgermond is a version of Mme de Staël's own extremely strict mother.)

All of Corinne's nascent talents—for music, recitation, literature—are repressed and despised, not through active malice or cruelty but because her stepmother adheres to a cultural standard different from her own. When Corinne spends more and more time by herself, in her own room, studying and developing her native gifts, Lady Edgermond protests:

> "What is the good of all that?" she asked: "will it make you happy?"—and the question plunged me into despair. For what is happiness, I asked myself, if not the development of our faculties? Is not mental suicide as bad as physical? And if I must repress my mind and my spirit, what's the use of preserving the miserable rest of my life, which begins to drive me wild?

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But there was no use saying these things to my step-mother. I once tried to, and she had answered that a woman was created to take care of her husband's household and her children's health; all other ambitions led only to trouble, and I should conceal any that I had. And these words, in all their commonness, left me absolutely speechless; for emulation and enthusiasm, those motive forces of genius, require encouragement, or they fade like withered flowers beneath a cold grey sky. . . .

. . . Narrow spirits and mediocre people attempt in the name of Duty to impose silence on talent, to get rid of enthusiasm, of genius, in short, of all their enemies. . . . But is it true that Duty prescribes the same rules for all? . . . Every woman, just like every man, must forge her own path according to her character and her talents.

Little wonder that Harriet Beecher "felt an intense sympathy" for Corinne. "But in America," she wrote, "feelings vehement and absorbing like hers become still more deep, morbid, and impassioned by the constant forms of self-government which the rigid forms of our society demand. They are repressed, and they burn inward till they burn the very soul."

And little wonder that Elizabeth Barrett invented for Aurora Leigh a Florentine mother, an English father, and an Italian homeland to mourn throughout her years of oppressive upbringing in England by her spinster aunt.

> I broke the copious curls upon my head
> In braids, because she liked smooth-ordered hair.
> I left off saying my sweet Tuscan words. . . .

For the Corinne that we first encounter riding to the Capitol behind four white horses was not to triumph born, but to the sufferings of the gifted girl in a strict home and a conventional society. Italy was in her soul—a quality of spirit more than an actual heritage; to Italy she dreamed of going, there to live the independent life of the woman of genius. And Corinne in fact runs away—from home, stepmother, neighbors, England. What happens between her flight to Italy and her crowning on the Capitoline, Mme de Staël does not tell us, except that in some marvelous way it all

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works out in Italy—the training, developing, publishing, applauding of the woman of genius. For "Italy," as Mrs. Browning wrote in *Aurora Leigh,* "Italy/Is one thing, England one."

It will be noticed that Harriet Beecher's reaction to *Corinne* led her to comment on "the rigid forms of our society," not on the strict New England stepmother who, in actual fact, had soured her own childhood. (And Miss Ophelia in *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* the New England spinster whose efforts to tame, without love, the wild black spirit of Topsy, provides a subtle criticism of New England values, and a comedy, rather than a running sore of remembered childhood pain.) In the same way, Miss Leigh, the spinster aunt in Mrs. Browning's novel-poem, is drawn with witty malice but no bitterness to represent English cultural attitudes toward the raising of women:

> she owned
> She liked a woman to be womanly,
> And English women, she thanked God and sighed
> (Some people always sigh in thanking God),
> Were models to the universe.

Among Mme de Staël's legacies to literary women was the ability to generalize social value and cultural law from domestic fact.

The curious split in form, part novel and part guidebook, that puzzles readers of *Corinne* suggests on a small scale the problem that all students of Mme de Staël must face when attempting to fix her place in the history of thought. Her principal contribution was the extension of the central point of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*—that political systems grow out of, and are inseparable from, social custom and national tradition—to other fields than politics, and most of all to literature. In the history of literature and its study, Mme de Staël's influence has in fact been enormous. Her analysis of European literature as made up of two separate but equal cultural traditions, the northern Anglo-Germanic and the southern Franco-classical, made way for Romanticism, a term she was the first to use. She introduced German Romanticism not only to France but to England, for it was the reading of *De l'Allemagne* that led Carlyle to study German and to pay a most un-

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characteristic tribute to intellectual womanhood: Mme de Staël, he said, had "the loftiest soul of any female of her time."

Irving Babbitt later saluted her as founder of the study of comparative literature, and in our own time no less a critic of the novel than Ian Watt has honored her as a precursor. But "Madame de Staël was not really a belle-lettrist or a literary critic, nor even a literary historian," as Morroe Berger observes; "today . . . we should call her a social scientist, since she sought to find in social institutions the influences that shaped the ideas and forms of literary expression."

Mme de Staël does not argue as a feminist; *Corinne* is hardly propaganda for an adjustment of marriage to female requirements. Instead, Mme de Staël's point is to demonstrate that regional or national, or what we call cultural, values determine the female's destiny even more rigidly, even more inescapably than the male's. For as women are the makers and transmitters of those minute local and domestic customs upon which rest all the great public affairs of civilization (that perception, as Susan Tenenbaum makes clear, had been in Montesquieu), so women suffer more than men in their daily and developing lives from the influences of nationality, geography, climate, language, political attitudes, and social forms.

Oswald's father is quite right. Corinne really is not a proper wife for a Lord Nelvil, or for anyone else. She belongs on the open, sunlit stage of Italy, and he in the retired domestic privacy of rainy England. Corinne is a wild spirit, and England, as Mrs. Browning puts it, is a tame place:

> All the fields
> Are tied up fast with hedges, nosegay like;
> The hills are crumpled plains, the plains parterres,
> The trees, round, woolly, ready to be clipped,
> And if you seek for any wilderness,
> You find, at best, a park. A nature tamed
> And grown domestic like a barn-door fowl

—and like the clucking, strutting, pecking, barnyard women who are as much a part of the English landscape as are Aunt Pullet and Aunt Glegg in *The Mill on the Floss.*

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George Eliot, in her scrupulous attention to the domestic habits of rural England; Charlotte Brontë in *Villette,* a novel which in its title, as in its every scene and event, is concerned with the power of place; Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the wide geographical and socioeconomic sweep of her novel on slavery; George Sand, in her thousand brilliant pages on the clashing values transmitted by the women of her own family; Willa Cather in "Old Mrs. Harris," the most delicate cultural study that we have in fiction of the ages of women—all are worthy descendants of the tradition of *Corinne.*

I hesitate to name in this connection the distinguished women anthropologists, for fear of suggesting, as I definitely am not, that anthropology is a woman's field. The reason for Ruth Benedict's and Margaret Mead's success in the new profession, which clearly emerges from their memoirs, was economic opportunity: there were jobs for women in anthropology in the 1920s because half the field work, that half concerned with investigation of female customs in remote societies, simply had to be done by women. (If such assignments had not come their way, both Mead and Benedict might have gone on writing the poetry and fiction that they wrote in college.)

Nor will I affirm the cliché that the delicate sensibility of women to the little ways of home makes them preservers and, in their literature, celebrants of conservative and local values. In some writings by some women, of course, just as in some writings by some men, there can indeed be found conservative views and regional affections, but these are hardly the hallmark of the tradition of *Corinne.* For what Mme de Staël passed on to her disciples was a heady sense of cutting loose from custom, an intoxicating awareness of the possibility of otherness in the human condition, resting on a thoroughly unsentimental perception of its various forms in varying societies. As in anthropological writing at its cautious best, *Corinne* provides no easy choices, no simple prescriptions for ideal happiness under the blue sky of Italian culture.

Indeed one of the most remarkable things about the novel, and the one that most justly infuriated Napoleon, is Mme de Staël's enthusiasm for England, the enemy nation of women as

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well as of France. For the kind of literary treason that in our barbarous times means imprisonment or death, Napoleon punished her by forbidding her residence in Paris. " 'I leave you the universe to exploit'," the Emperor remembered telling Mme de Staël. " 'I abandon the rest of the earth to you and reserve only Paris for myself'—but Paris was all she wanted." Paris, its salons and its enlightenment, was her center and the source of all her own values: her personal culture as well as the historical and geographical cultures that were being undermined, as Mme de Staël well knew, by the north European and romantic values that sift through the pages of *Corinne*.

In the person of Oswald, Corinne herself worships the English ideal of *home,* a word Mme de Staël used without translating (there is no French equivalent for what is more a value than a place). And for such an ideal of life and of manhood, the ideal woman is in fact not Corinne but her blond rival—ideal of English womanhood, English culture, and English Romanticism. Lucile is young, pale, innocent, and silent. She has no personality, no education, no talent, no society but her mother, no thought but for Oswald; but her very nullity as a person is the source of her charm—a mysterious and subtle charm that Corinne, with all her demonstrative brilliance, does not provide. Lucile is Oswald's *princesse lointaine à la tour abolie,* his "still unravish'd bride of quietness," as Mme de Staël had neither the poetry nor the romantic sensibility to say. But she did turn her remarkable analytic powers on Oswald's reflections:

> Lucile was on her knees beside her mother, and it was Lucile who was reading first a chapter of the Bible and then a prayer adapted to domestic and rural life. . . . Tears fell from her eyes . . . she covered her face . . . but Oswald saw them. . . . He studied that air of youth which is so close to infancy, that glance which seems to preserve a recent memory of heaven. . . . Lord Nelvil reflected upon her austere and retired life, without pleasures, without the homage of the world. . . . Corinne delighted the imagination in a thousand ways, but there was nevertheless a species of thought [*un genre d'idées*] and, if one can use the expression, a musical sound which went only with Lucile. Images of domestic happiness were more easily combined with her Northumberland retreat than with Corinne's triumphal chariot. . . .

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He fell asleep thinking of Italy; yet during his sleep he thought he saw Lucile passing gently before him in the form of an angel. . . .

Patterns of contrast fill the conclusion of the novel. Lucile is pale and blond, with white plumes in her hat; Corinne is dark, and covers herself with the black Venetian domino. Lucile is the quintessential virgin; Corinne, in spite of Mme de Staël's sporadic efforts to clean up her past and order her present, is clearly a woman who has lived. Lucile in her extreme youth "presents the innocent image of the springtime of life"; and Corinne, while not precisely the spirit of autumn—for Mme de Staël was only a woman—is very ripe.

Lucile has no existence apart from her family, and Corinne has no family. Lucile is a Protestant who prays at home, and Corinne honors all the public rituals and ceremonies of the Catholic church. Corinne is open, spontaneous, talkative, bold, talented, famous; Lucile is silent and shy—a girl for a man to dream of, for a man to worship, for a man to marry. Corinne is the city and civilization, is art and joy; Lucile is melancholy, country retirement, and boredom. For as the epilogue points out—Mme de Staël was only human—Oswald is dreadfully bored by his marriage to Lucile, which, the reader feels, is just what he deserves. As for Corinne, much as she grieves for Oswald, much as she yearns for domestic happiness, all she gets is what she deserves—Italy.

I rather like the way Mme de Staël ties up the novel without attempting to resolve any of the cultural dilemmas that face the woman of genius. On the arm of a frivolous French count, who turns out to be a good sort of chap to have around in time of trouble, Corinne staggers back from Scotland to Italy, after managing to release Oswald from his troth to herself and free him for marriage to Lucile. In Italy she finds that love has destroyed her talents as well as her happiness, and she retreats from the public eye. Years later, Oswald and Lucile, now man and wife, make a trip to Florence and search out Corinne. She stages a final public triumph in the Academy, and then expires (finding time, however, to coach their little daughter to be a Corinne of the future and a terrible handful, one assumes, for her strict mama).

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All this takes place in northern Italy, the one region of the country not already covered, guidebook style, by the novel. Perhaps Mme de Staël felt that Florence was the only possible locale for the finale of the woman of genius. What she actually drew upon in the last chapters, as we know from her letters, were memories of the start of her own Italian tour. The surprise and disappointment that she then felt, travelers from the north, both before her time and after, have shared. For northern Italy is cold, cold as the rest of Europe, "and winter displeases more there than anywhere else, because the imagination is not prepared for it." The skies are leaden and grey; the snow falls, the fog thickens, the rivers flood; even the architecture (at least of the Cathedral of Milan) is Gothic. One might as well have stayed at home.

"*Où donc est votre belle Italie?*" Lucile asks her husband. " 'So where is your beautiful Italy?' 'I don't know,' Lord Nelvil sadly answered, 'when I shall ever find it again'."

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Serendipity and the Changing Face of the Earth

ALLISON R. PALMER

SLIGHTLY MORE THAN TEN YEARS AGO, the idea that major earth features such as continents could be moving relative to each other, and that oceans could be widening through a process termed sea-floor spreading, was so radical to North American geologists and geophysicists that its proposal was considered "geopoetry." Although a few European and southern hemisphere geologists had believed for several decades that some form of continental drift had taken place, no convincing geophysical evidence had been produced to show that such movement was possible, and many theoretical calculations showed it to be highly improbable.

Today, the great majority of earth scientists, led by the geophysicists, have enthusiastically accepted the idea of a dynamic crust of the earth, composed of units that have been more or less constantly in motion at rates of a few centimeters a year throughout nearly all of the earth's history. The story of this conceptual revolution is a dramatic example of serendipity in slow motion.

The roots of the revolution reach back somewhat more than a century to a time early in the development of the geological sciences when a few imaginative individuals noted the remarkably similar coastlines on opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean, which caused them to speculate that early in its history the crust of the earth had fractured and the continents had somehow moved to their present locations. Presented with very little scientific support, these speculations were largely ignored, while other, more obvious geological problems received attention.

As information about the surface of the earth accumulated, geologists became increasingly interested in explaining the origin

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of its great mountain systems. The highest mountains, such as the Alps, Himalayas, and the American Cordilleras, were shown to be the geologically youngest mountains. All mountain systems, including the much older Urals, Caledonides, and Appalachians, were found to contain accumulations of many thousands of meters of rocks formed either by volcanic activity or by consolidation of predominantly marine sediments. In contrast, the low interiors of the continents had dramatically thinner sequences of rocks of predominantly marine origin that spanned the same ages. Most of the rock sequences in the mountains showed strong evidence of colossal compressional events that had squeezed the entire mountain systems. Many of the rocks had been so strongly folded and fractured, and in some cases subjected to such high temperatures and stresses, that their entire appearance was dramatically altered. In areas where this metamorphism was strong, there were also many large bodies of granite. The coarse crystalline texture of the granites showed that they had formed by slow cooling of molten material many kilometers below the present land surface. Other evidence showed that this molten material had pushed its way upward through the surrounding rock. Thus, not only had many of the rocks of the world's great linear mountain systems been formed beneath the sea, but they had at one time been deeply buried in the earth, where they were subjected to intense heat and pressure. Subsequently, these rocks were uplifted to high elevations and deeply eroded.

From these observations, the concept of geosynclines arose in the latter part of the nineteenth century. According to this concept, great linear depressions, several hundred kilometers wide and thousands of kilometers long, had formed on the surface of the earth at various times in the past. As they formed, they were flooded by the sea. Finally, when thousands of meters of sediment had accumulated in a depression, and its base had subsided to great depths, the sides had collapsed, causing the observed deformation, metamorphism, and granite intrusions. Uplift resulted from the fact that the rocks in the geosyncline were lighter than the materials into which it was depressed. With geosynclinal collapse and cessation of accumulation, this mass of material now "bobbed" back upward until it was in equilibrium with its surroundings.

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At the turn of the twentieth century, the geosynclinal theory seemed to explain most geological observations about the origin of mountain systems, and the history of the earth was described in terms of permanently stable continents and bordering geosynclines. But Alfred Wegener, a brilliant and eclectic young German meteorologist, had been intrigued by the remarkable complementarity of the margins of the Atlantic and by a publication describing some strong similarities among modern and ancient faunas from Africa and South America. He began seriously to consider the possibility that the continents bordering the Atlantic *might* have been joined together at one time. Wegener soon uncovered several strong bits of circumstantial geological evidence. Not only were many major geological trends truncated at the present coastlines, but they seemed to be continuous across the site of the Atlantic Ocean when the continental margins were fitted together. Major similarities in ancient records of glaciation and coal formation were also found among the southern continents, including indications that the ancient glaciers on these continents came from directions that are now the sites of oceans.

Based on the information available to him in 1912, Wegener proposed the idea that the present continents are drifted fragments of a once large single continent, Pangea, that broke up during the time when the earliest dinosaurs were beginning to flourish on earth. Noting that the continents were made of lighter materials than the ocean floors, he viewed them as rafts floating in this denser material. He suggested that the mountain systems reflect compressional stresses either between moving continents and adjacent sea floors, such as the American Cordillera, or between colliding continents, such as the Himalayan Mountains between India and northern Asia. He believed forces inherent in the earth's rotational system to be sufficient to propel the continents.

Although Wegener's idea created considerable interest and some lifelong adherents among European geologists, it did not receive wide circulation in North America until an English translation of the third edition of his book, *The Origin of Continents and Oceans,* appeared in 1924. The theory of continental drift, implicit in the book, offered a major challenge to the prevailing dogma of

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geosynclinal theory and its corollary, the permanence of continents and ocean basins. The battle lines were quickly drawn, with the adversaries led by geophysicists who produced convincing arguments that Wegener's explanation of the mechanism for movement of the continents was wholly inadequate. They argued that the continental crust was much thicker than the oceanic crust, and it was particularly thick beneath mountain systems, so that no conceivable mechanism could permit the continents to "drift" across the ocean basins. Wegener and his followers, the "drifters," were placed on the defensive.

The geophysical arguments convinced most geologists that continental drift was a clever idea but one without a compelling scientific basis. This "stabilist" view of the world was particularly strong in North America, where domestic "drifters" were barely tolerated as eccentrics. Lectures by visiting "drifters" from other countries were the cause for lively debate among graduate students, who were often warned, however, that the lecturers were smooth and superficially convincing, but that they must not let their emotions override the fact that there is no mechanism, nor evidence for a mechanism, by which continents can drift.

In the two decades following World War II, new and important facts about the surface of the earth and some of its properties began to appear. But the extent to which they would contribute to a scientific revolution was still unappreciated.

The earliest of the new observations came from the oceanographers. With the advent of devices for continuously recording sea depths from a moving ship, and with more accurate techniques for determining location at sea—both, incidentally, products of naval research for military purposes—a vast amount of new data began to appear about the morphology of the sea floor. Although the ocean deeps in the western Pacific, and a sunken mountain range forming the mid-Atlantic ridge had been discovered by primitive sounding methods in the late nineteenth century, the new data showed much new detail. Great trenches, hundreds of kilometers long, some of them up to eleven kilometers deep, and only a few kilometers wide, were found at many places around the margins of the Pacific Ocean. In the Atlantic and Indian oceans, however,

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only a few localities in the Caribbean Sea and near Sumatra and Java showed evidence of trenches. Strange, flat-topped hills resembling truncated cones were discovered scattered across the sea floor in most oceans. These hills, termed sea mounts, were sometimes arranged in lines. The most spectacular line extended westward from Hawaii to Midway Island, where it turned abruptly to the northwest and continued to the margin of Asia. Each of the oceans had a great submarine ridge comparable to the mid-Atlantic ridge, and, furthermore, all of the ridges were connected to form a nearly continuous branching ridge system.

Meanwhile, in another area of earth sciences, geochronologists were gathering data about the ages of certain kinds of rocks, particularly those that were formerly molten. When radioactivity was discovered near the end of the nineteenth century, some elements were shown to decay naturally into other elements or other forms of the same element at extremely slow but constant and measurable rates. The idea that rocks bearing even small quantities of radioactive elements could be dated by measuring the ratio between a radioactive element and its decay product—since the *rate* of decay was known—was put forth early in this century. The procedure for chemical analysis was still extremely laborious, and only a few rocks were analyzed until technological improvements by nuclear physicists in the 1940s permitted a greater range of radioactive elements and their products to be identified and measured with increased accuracy. Since then, thousands of rocks have been dated radiometrically, reflecting a history spanning nearly four billion years.

While oceanographers were learning more about the morphology of the sea floor, and geochronologists were accumulating measurements of radiometric ages, some geophysicists were improving their ability to locate and analyze earthquakes, while others independently studied different aspects of earth magnetism or gravity, or flow of heat from the earth's interior. Seismologists developed the ability to determine not only the surface location of the most intense effects of an earthquake, but also the depth of the point beneath the surface where the release of stresses produced the recorded shock. They noted that earthquakes were concentrated in

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great belts that coincided approximately with the world's high mountain ranges, active volcanic areas, and ocean ridge systems. In some places, the points of stress release fell along planes dipping into the earth from the oceanic trenches at an angle of about 45 degrees. These planes invariably passed beneath linear belts of active volcanoes either in the ocean or on adjacent continents.

Magnetism was being studied in several different ways. Physicists interested in the earth's magnetic field knew that the lines of force extend between the poles and thus orient the needle of a compass north-south. In about the middle of the nineteenth century, experiments with lavas showed that their very weak magnetism reflected the orientation of the earth's magnetic field. Further experiments showed that this was the result of orientation of weakly magnetic minerals within the lavas as they cooled. Early in this century a French physicist named Bernard Brunhes made the puzzling observation that some young lavas had their "frozen compasses" reversed so that south seemed to be north. This was confirmed by others, but its meaning remained unclear. A few curious geophysicists began to study the problem of magnetic reversals. They made observations of magnetic polarity on hundreds of lava flows of many geologic ages. Radiometric dating of lava flows with "normal" and "reversed" polarity soon showed that the earth's magnetic field had reversed itself numerous times. Periods of normal and reversed polarity were of unequal length, and a distinctive sequence of times of normal or reversed polarity, ranging from tens to hundreds of thousands of years in length, was established. This sequence has now been extended backward more than 200 million years.

Other geophysicists were interested in the strength of the earth's magnetic field. Theoretical calculations could be made concerning the strength of the field at any point on the earth's surface, but actual measurements often deviated from the theoretical ones. The cause and distribution of the deviations was an important area of research because major deviations often reflected the location of important metallic mineral deposits. Technology made possible a device that could be towed by an airplane and that could continually record the strength of the earth's magnetic field, which permit-

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ted not only much more efficient searching over land, but the first opportunity seriously, and relatively inexpensively, to examine magnetic field strengths over the ocean floor. These oceanic observations showed that over many areas of the sea floor there were alternating linear bands of high and low magnetic intensity. Significantly, in the vicinity of the mid-Atlantic ridge south of Iceland these bands were parallel to the crest of the ridge.

A third area of research on earth magnetism involved the location of the earth's magnetic poles through the millions of years of geologic time. Special instruments for the detection of weak magnetic fields were used to determine not only magnetic declination or polarity, which establishes the direction to a magnetic pile, but also magnetic inclination, which is the alignment of magnetic forces in a plane perpendicular to the earth's surface—essentially a measure of the downward deflection of one end of the compass needle. At the equator, the inclination is essentially zero, and at the magnetic pole it is essentially 90 degrees.

In the course of studying the magnetic fields frozen in lavas, British geophysicists in the 1950s found that lavas about 200 million years old showed both declinations and inclinations pointing to a north pole at a dramatically different location than the present pole. But the cause of the earth's magnetic field was still uncertain, and there was no unambiguous reason why the spin axis of the earth and its magnetic polarity axis had to be closely related. The anomalous position of the magnetic pole was thought to be the result of polar wandering.

When similarly old lavas from other countries were examined, they showed different but also anomalous pole positions. Lavas of intermediate ages showed pole positions intermediate between these old poles and the present pole, and "polar wandering curves" for each continent were calculated. For a while, the lack of coincidence of the north poles for Europe and North America from rocks 200 million years old was thought to indicate the presence of multiple poles in the past. When the margins of the continents facing the Atlantic Ocean were fitted together, much like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, however, it was found that the European and American polar wandering curves coincided. The most rational explanation

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for this exciting observation was that Europe and America had been together about 200 million years ago, just as Alfred Wegener had proposed.

One simple test of this hypothesis was to analyze critically the supposed "fit" of the continents. A computer program was begun to compare the continental outlines along the Atlantic margins, not at their seashores, but at a point midway down the relatively steep margins of the continental shelves—the *real* continental edges. This showed less than 5 percent probability that the apparent fit could be accidental. The major problem of explaining how the continents could have separated remained.

Still another area of geophysical science contributed to the solution of this problem. Theories of the origin of the earth disagree as to whether it originated as a fiery ball that is still cooling or whether it agglomerated from cold cosmic dust that is now hot inside, due to heat produced by compression and by radioactive decay of materials in its interior. A question to be answered concerned the rate at which heat was coming to the earth's surface from the interior. Theoretical calculations could predict the amount of heat that should be reaching the surface at any point, termed heat-flow. Observations of discrepancies would produce either high or low anomalies. As expected, places such as Yellowstone Park have anomalously high heat flows. But probes placed in the sediments of the sea floor to measure heat flow showed that the mid-ocean ridges were also belts of anomalously high heat flow, and that the trenches were anomalously cool.

The stage was now set for the revolution, and the former reactionary party, the geophysicists, ultimately led the way. But the spark came from the geologist who referred to the outrageous idea of sea-floor spreading as "geopoetry," Harry Hess, who now suggested that perhaps slow convection within the mantle beneath the crust created drag against the underside of the crust, thereby causing it to split. The mid-ocean ridges were probable areas of splitting. Their frequent earthquakes and high heat flow reflected rupturing of the sea floor and new material coming up from deeper areas to heal the rupture. In a succession of such rupturings and healings, the sea floor would spread away from the ridges, and the

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continents would ride away as rafts embedded in the spreading sea floor. But if new sea floor was being created at the ridges, old floors had to be consumed somewhere. A possibility was that they were consumed in the great oceanic trenches, which were also active earthquake areas. Cold, downgoing ocean crust would explain the relatively low heat flow in those regions. But this was conjecture not evidence, and evidence was needed to support so radical an idea. There were problems. Not all oceanic ridges were symmetrical with respect to their ocean basins and adjacent continental margins, as was the mid-Atlantic ridge. Moreover, there did not seem to be enough trenches to take up the consumption of the old crust.

But sea-floor spreading was an idea whose time had come. The evidence was obtained within a few years. The first and strongest piece of evidence came in 1966 from Frederick J. Vine, a bright graduate student at Princeton. Vine reasoned that if new crust was being formed by molten materials rising from depth at the axis of an oceanic ridge, the lavas forming this crust would cool, with their magnetic minerals reflecting the polarity of the earth's magnetic field existing at that time. If the new crust moved away from the ridge at a reasonably steady rate, it would record the magnetic polarity reversals much like a tape recorder. Thus, the bands of low and high magnetic intensity that were observed parallel to the mid-Atlantic ridge south of Iceland could perhaps be explained. If they were due to magnetic reversals whose record was frozen in a spreading sea floor, their distribution with respect to the ridge should be symmetrical, and their breadth and distance from the ridge should be proportional to the length and age of the periods of normal and reversed polarity, starting from the present and extending outward from the ridge and backward through time.

The symmetry and the correlation between the magnetic anomaly patterns and the magnetic reversal time scale was nearly perfect. This evidence suggested that the new sea floor being created at the mid-Atlantic ridge was moving away at the rate of a few centimeters a year. A quick calculation showed that this rate was reasonable for the opening of an Atlantic ocean beginning about 200 million years ago—thus the matched polar wandering curves of that time and the remarkable geographic fit of the Atlantic continental margins

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confirmed by the computers became additional support for Vine's hypothesis. Magnetic anomaly patterns were quickly developed for all of the oceans, and they showed the same characteristics as those of the North Atlantic region—strong and weak magnetic intensity bands parallel to the oceanic ridges and proportional to the spacing of normal and reversed magnetic polarity events.

The revolution now shifted to examination of the consequences of sea-floor spreading. Somewhere, something had to be consumed, because the earth has a continuous outer crust and material was being created and was spreading away from the whole network of the world's oceanic ridges. More evidence was needed.

At this point, reenter the seismologists. As noted, the earthquake belts of the world were found to coincide with mid-ocean ridges, modern mountain belts, or belts of active volcanoes. When earthquake occurrences over a period of a few years were plotted on a world map, they outlined a continuous mosaic of huge polygons encompassing the earth. At least one margin of each polygon was a zone of spreading. It was thus reasonable to suggest that each polygon was a crustal plate that was interacting with its neighbors by either spreading away, sliding past, or colliding. Geological examination of the earthquake belts on land had already produced evidence that in some belts stress release related to movement on great linear fractures was primarily parallel to the fracture—this is, for example, the situation along the San Andreas fault in California —while in other belts the stress release was related to movement largely perpendicular to the fracture and compressional in nature, as in the Himalayas and the Andes. These belts of lateral and compressional movement were in the right places to be consistent with the idea of interacting crustal plates. The observation that earthquakes were related to the oceanic trenches now made sense. The plane dipping into the earth from the trench, along which earthquakes were concentrated, was consistently found at the margin of a plate opposite a spreading zone, and it consistently dipped away from the zone of spreading. Thus, a crustal plate could be consumed by diving beneath an adjacent plate. This also explained the belts of active volcanoes. As a slab plunged beneath the crust, frictional heat, plus the heat normally increasing with depth, would

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be enough to melt parts of the slab or the adjacent rock above it, and this molten material, which would be lighter than the surrounding rock, worked its way to the surface, creating volcanoes.

With the gathering of several more bits of evidence, the revolution was completed. Seismologists not only can determine where an earthquake has occurred, they can also calculate the direction of the initial stress release. The way this is done is somewhat analogous to sliding a wooden bowl of jello over a rough surface; the initial movement of the bowl causes a particular reaction from the jello, which subsequently oscillates in many directions. If the idea of moving crustal plates was correct, then a further strong piece of evidence would come from earthquakes within a plate. There must be some stress along the under surface of a plate as well, and all indications of first motions following stress release should be parallel. This hypothesis was confirmed when the first motions calculated for a large number of earthquakes within the North Pacific plate all had the same orientation. They indicated that the plate was moving away from an oceanic ridge in the eastern Pacific that extends southward from the Gulf of California. This plate was also gliding past western North America, creating the dislocations along the San Andreas fault and moving western California north against the rest of northern America. The consuming margin of this plate was diving beneath the Aleutian and Japanese Islands at the oceanic trenches. The peculiar chain of sea mounts extending westward from Hawaii in the middle of this plate now had an explanation. Currently, the only volcanic activity is on the easternmost Hawaiian Islands. If heat were being generated from a stable hot spot beneath the moving North Pacific plate, then a track would have been "burned" along the slab in a direction opposite to its motion. The orientation of the sea mount chain and the Hawaiian Islands was parallel to the first-motion directions, and hence consistent with this hypothesis. It was confirmed when radiometric dating of lavas along the Hawaiian chain showed that the most recent volcanic activity on each of the islands became progressively older to the West. Thus, the western islands seemed to represent localities that had moved past the hot spot.

Additional supporting evidence for the evolving theory of plate

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tectonics came from marine geologists. Techniques developed for drilling for oil on the shallow continental shelves were refined so that drilling of the deep sea floor became a possibility. In the late 1960s, geologists began a program of sampling the deep sea floor by drilling holes with hollow drills to obtain continuous cylinders of material from the sediment surface to the hard rock of the ocean crust. Previous sampling techniques had provided information only about the upper few meters of sediments. When the program was being planned a few years earlier, the geologists had fully expected to find the entire record of the earth's history preserved in the sediments of the deep ocean floor, in line with the prevailing stabilist view. By the time they began, they had a different hypothesis to test. If sea floor were being generated at mid-ocean ridges and moving away to either side, then the sea floor farthest from the ridges should be the oldest—it should show older sediments on ocean crust than in areas near the ridge, and the total sediment thickness should be greater, assuming a more or less steady rate of sediment accumulation from the overlying water mass.

The sediment ages, however, could not be determined directly by radiometric dating. They had to be established indirectly, using the special knowledge of paleontologists. Many of the sediment particles of the deep sea are skeletons of microscopic marine plants and animals that have rained down on the sea floor from the overlying oceanic waters for millions of years. During the previous several decades, paleontologists had painstakingly collected and identified such microfossils from marine rocks exposed in the young mountain systems or recovered from oil wells drilled around continental margins. In doing so, they had established an empirical succession of evolving forms and thus had considerable information about relative ages of particular suites of microfossils. At a few localities in the world, lavas or volcanic ash beds interbedded with marine sediments bearing microfossils had been radiometrically dated. By this means, the ages of most of the empirically established fossiliferous levels had been estimated.

Studies of the cores from the sea floor were completely in accord with the hypothesis of sea-floor spreading. They showed that the sediments lying on the ocean crust were indeed young near the

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oceanic ridges and older away from the ridges, and the sedimentary pile generally thickened in the same direction as predicted. What is more, nowhere in the oceans of the world were the oldest marine sediments older than about 180 million years. Thus the ocean floors, far from being the oldest features on earth, were relatively young. The continents, with rocks as old as 3.8 billion years, were far older.

With these observations, the revolution was essentially completed. Only the mopping-up operation remains. The data from several generations of independent and often seemingly unrelated and esoteric studies—of various kinds of earth magnetism, seismology, heat flow, paleontology, and geology of mountain systems, together with technologies developed for military purposes, or the search for minerals and mineral fuels—had crystallized in the space of a few years. The almost discredited idea of continental drift, which had been created in part to explain the world's mountain systems, has developed into the present theory of plate tectonics that has united the research activities of all earth scientists.

Today, the implications of plate tectonics influence the search for minerals and mineral fuels that help sustain the world's economy; they help to explain many formerly puzzling aspects of the geology of the continents; and they are essential to studies of the evolutionary development of the world's ecosystems. The problem of the driving force behind the plate movements is still to be resolved, and many detailed rock relationships remain undeciphered. But there is no longer serious doubt that the earth on which we live is truly dynamic on all time scales.

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Why I Keep a Journal

WILLIAM STAFFORD

While I follow the wind
there is no wind. Because
my wings are silent I follow
the coast and find those pines
wrapped in wind, those old believers;
and I know I am alive
and this is the world's trail:
a day, a day, a day,
each on its own track.

Pacemaker sun, persuader,
and heart that wants to beat
my destiny—where do the traces
lead?—the soul's one stride?—
the coast I follow?

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The Convergence of the Law School and the University

PAUL A. SAMUELSON

LAW IS AN OCCUPATION. Although the number of economists in the United States, I am told, only equals the number of chiropractors, there must be ten times as many lawyers. God did not decree this number. Ten years ago, when Dean Griswold gave the Hamlyn Lectures in London, he rather apologized for this abundance of riches. It is not because we are naturally more litigious, he suggested, that we have two and one-half times as many lawyers per capita as the British Isles, but rather because, in addition to the federal legal system, we have some fifty-five other legal systems.

Not only must almost half a million lawyers be fed, they must also be trained. For despite the urgings of Milton Friedman that anyone be allowed to hang up his shingle as a lawyer—or, for that matter, as a brain surgeon—we have retreated from the golden age of a century ago. Then, in my native state of Indiana, the doctrine used to be: "Every person of good moral character, being a voter, shall be entitled to admission to practise law in all courts of justice." As we are beginning to realize, however, women are also persons; but, alas, they were not then voters in Indiana. Hence, with that flexibility for which the Anglo-Saxon common law is so justly famous, the 1893 supreme court of Indiana held that a woman, even though she could not vote, was entitled to practice law in the state, provided she be of good character. Thus,

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along with the Prudent Man doctrine, was born the Good Woman doctrine.

Where are lawyers to be trained? In university law schools, where else? But that was not ordained in heaven. One does not learn plumbing in the university. Universities long were havens of culture and wild oats—not, theology excepted, vocational schools for the establishment. Before and after colonial times, America tended to imitate the eighteenth-century English pattern, which would never dream of regarding Oxford or Cambridge as the proper place to learn to be a barrister or a solicitor. Only if one wanted to be a philosopher about the law or, failing to make the grade in the actual practice of law, determined to teach about it, would one benefit from academic law. Two centuries later, things are not all that different in Britain. It is only recently that one who aspires to be a chartered accountant, or a physician, or a lawyer, or an actuary, would be well advised to waste the most creative years of his life attending a university. Special schools, isolated from the mainstream of college life, dealt with these professional matters.

On the Continent, it was otherwise. In the medieval curriculum of the proper university, law, medicine, and theology do appear, all vocational subjects *par excellence*. This does not seem an odd arrangement only because it has been hallowed by tradition. But just try to introduce into a German university the study of industrial relations, and one may be told that such a vocational study is not proper for a proper university, an argument that collapses once one points to the parallel example of clinical work there in the removal of appendixes.

For better or worse, the American law school has wormed its way into a corner of the university campus. Today one does not apprentice oneself to a practicing lawyer and thereby qualify for the bar. It was only yesterday that night school was an important avenue for legal training; in Boston one could be a legislator during the day, kill the hours of dusk in a handy saloon, later working one's way down Beacon Hill for lectures on contracts and torts. The lights are going out all over the world where night schools

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are concerned. Affluence is killing them off. Economists who study the importance of investing in human capital know how important vocational training—and that includes part-time and on-the-job training—can be. So there may be something lost as well as gained from the changing trends.

We must not be misled by the fact that in this country one goes to a university law school rather than taking a certain number of meals and instruction at Lincoln's or Gray's Inn. Yes, the law school does have the same zip code as the rest of the university; but an anthropologist who has spent forty years, as I have, observing the strange practices of American universities can testify that, until recently, the same zip code often used to be about all the law school and the university had in common.

Thus, though for many years I resided in Leverett House at Harvard, I can hardly remember ever meeting a professor of law at the tutors' table or in the Senior Common Room. The few exceptions tended to be professors of constitutional law, often a euphemism for an overpaid historian. Paul Freund, who *is* a proper law professor, has in recent years been one of the most popular lecturers in Harvard College; just as hard cases are said to make poor law—a doubtful dictum if I ever heard one—so rare exceptions are noticed in the social sciences precisely because they are a deviation from the common run of things and because they may be swallows of a glorious spring to come.

To clinch that law schools were long an alien and unassimilated element in the body politic of the university, I submit the fact that law schools are, with rare exceptions, the only places known to me that put strong emphasis on being a good teacher. Tenure depends on classroom performance. Law professors even make a point of grading their own exams! The enormity of this can only be appreciated if one knows the rest of the university. Until the recent student uprisings—and such special liberal colleges as Amherst and Swarthmore aside—one would never advise a son seeking success in an academic career: "Son, spend your time getting to know your students. Brood about the Socratic method, and the relative merits of true-false or essay tests." Instead, a

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decent respect for the unvarnished truth would compel you to say: "Research performance is what makes the dean move. Einstein couldn't have received tenure on his teaching ability. One can best understand the decisions of appointment committees at the top score of universities in terms of the following criteria: 'Next time the Rosenwald Foundation determines the comparative ratings of biochemistry departments, will this appointment help move us up from rank 7 to rank 57?' "

I don't say this is as it should be. Don't shoot the anthropologist who only reports to you the facts. But let me add, as an aside, that the hardest appointments a college ever has to make are those to be based on teaching performance alone. To be sure, in the realm of research science, there is also many a slip between hope and performance; but nowhere is the standard deviation of appointments greater than in the pure teaching realm, where so often the charmer of age thirty is the bore of age fifty-five.

Apparently one of the reasons why the law schools set so much store on teaching is that teaching is what most good law professors do. This was brought home to me a few years ago when I served on the Commission for the Social Sciences, set up to advise the government and the National Science Foundation on the funding of the social sciences. After a number of solemn consultations, we decided that there was no need to set up a new foundation that would parallel the existing National Science Foundation. We also decreed that, just because a person was in the law school, he should not be deprived of all access to research funds. We consulted a distinguished law scholar—he was, at least, a dean—who pointed out that until recently law professors were not considered eligible to do genuine research; and that, in the short time since such a right had been recognized, the quality of the applications had revealed some uncertainty as to what constituted an appropriate research topic and program.

What, then, do teachers of law do? Until recently, at least, they tended to the law. A Williston or Corbin or Prosser or Wigmore achieves fame for codifying a branch of the subject and for writing

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a successful textbook. When I became a successful textbook writer, I had to live down that fact by producing more and better scientific research. The law reviews tell the same novel story. Shortly after the last World War, I heard a friend order milk in a three-star Paris restaurant. The aggrieved waiter replied, "Madame, in this country we reserve the milk for children." In the law, the best reviews are reserved for the young, apparently being written by, and run by, students. This is so incredible that I had better quote authority, Dean Griswold being as good as anyone else for this purpose. He remarked in those same Hamlyn Lectures, ". . . the achievement is a remarkable one, that in a learned profession the basic periodical commentaries are written and edited by students." And apparently it is good for the students' training that they should edit the *Harvard Law Review* or any of the hundred other law reviews.

The academic mind boggles at the thought of graduate students writing or even soliciting papers for the *Physical Review,* the *Annals of Mathematics,* or *Comptes Rendus.* Even in my comparatively soft subject of economics, not only could graduate students not remotely edit *Econometrica,* they couldn't begin to edit the *American Economic Review,* which is supposed to be the common denominator publication of the official association. Likewise at the other end of the age scale, there is the phenomenon that an excellent law school in California can be staffed exclusively by emeritus professors, some carrying on into their mid-seventies. Can one imagine a distinguished department of physics, microbiology, or economics similarly staffed? C. P. Snow spoke some years ago of the two cultures; apparently it is really a case of the seventeen and one-half different cultures.

A key element of teaching in law schools, at least in the first year or so, is classes that would be deemed large in the faculty of arts and sciences. I refer to classes of, say, something more than a hundred students. Perhaps it was the triumph of the case method, as pioneered at the Harvard Law School, that permitted this to be a useful process. Such a group is large enough to build up tension and affect; yet it is small enough to permit interchange,

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and not all of that voluntary, between student and professor. Contrast this with the few large lectures in Economics I or Sociology A involving as many as a thousand students and, at some universities, even overflow rooms with closed circuit television. Most state and less-than-most-affluent schools have to settle for these monstrosities in the basic courses. These, however, work well only if there is a magnificent lecturer, one who is both showman and sage. Where, these days, does one get that person? And how does one keep him or her in the elementary lecture room? The answer is that generally one does not get a Taussig, or a Keynes, or a Joan Robinson to perform this function. Moreover, the current generation of students has low tolerance levels for the kind of showman who kept their fathers and grandfathers entertained at old Siwash.

As a result, departments, to play safe, do what they try to do in any case at the upperclass levels—proliferate small classes or sections. The best law schools are not immune to this trend either. Such proliferation of courses reaches its polar limit in the concept of education as consisting of Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and the student at the other end. Mark Hopkinses do not come cheap. Professors' wives must eat too, and ours, the teaching profession, is one of those laggard industries in which technological progress is almost nonexistent—teaching machines and TV notwithstanding. That is why the cost of tuition is one of the most steeply rising items in the price index.

Without having made a study of the matter, it is my impression that law schools differ from other parts of the university in the sense that the student's tuition can essentially pay for his own training—at least if that is the standard old-fashioned training. Think how different this is from the medical schools, where the student's tuition goes only a small fraction of the way toward defraying the expenses of his education. As an economist, I must expect these differences in technology to have profound repercussions on the competitive conditions in the two industries: the industry in which physicians work and that in which lawyers work.

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One's predictions are confirmed by the historical facts. When I prepared the first edition of my textbook *Economics,* just after World War II, lawyers and doctors had about the same median earnings, with the lawyers being a bit ahead in the mean. When I come to prepare the tenth edition next summer, I shall find that the doctors have forged well ahead of the lawyers both in the median and in the mean. Not fair, you say? Well, that's the way the supply-and-demand cookie crumbles.

Averages and means, of course, tell only part of the story. The dispersion of lawyers' incomes tends to be greater than that of physicians'. The range between the top lawyers in the large urban firms and those at the bottom, who are really living only in disguised unemployment, is greater than the range between top surgeons and family practitioners. No doctors ever run out of work. Indeed, Parkinson's law does characterize the medical profession: in counties that have a single doctor, he works harder and concentrates on the most important cases. In posh urban areas, when the density of physicians doubles and redoubles, doctors simply work less hard and move down the curve of diminishing returns—but not diminishing incomes—from pneumonia to hay fever and from phlebitis to hangnail, with discretionary hysterectomies and appendectomies being the great budget balancers.

As Adam Smith pointed out years ago, and as the latest Irish sweepstakes will bear out, people are unduly attracted by a few large prizes. Therefore, even when many lawyers are unemployed, people will flock to law schools in the hope of becoming a Charles Evans Hughes. Each overestimates his own chances. As an example, a law student told me recently that of her entering freshman class, only 35 out of 550 would make the law review, but that in a secret poll 75 percent confided their expectation that they would make it.

What are the implications of this? It seems to me that in these postactivist times on the campus, students are flocking to the medical schools and law schools like lemmings swarming toward the cold waters of the Norwegian fjords. The high costs of medical education, the limited number of places in the medical schools, and the restrictive guild-practices of the AMA ensure that physi-

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cians will not be coming out of our ears. I am not so sure that the same safety valves will operate in the field of law. Most of those lemmings will find a friendly law school ready to embrace them and their tuition dollars: it won't be a Columbia, or Stanford, or Yale, but any industry in which the consumer is self-financing of the product he buys is likely to see supply expand to meet enlarged demand.

The Clayton Act says that people are not to be treated as commodities. But I fear that the marketplace answers to a different drummer than the pieties of Congress. Just as there is a corn-hog cycle, in which high price eliciting too much corn at one time eventually leads to too much bacon and farm bankruptcy at another, so should one expect that, after the period of gestation needed to produce a member of the bar, there should be some softening for that commodity. As they say on Wall Street, when the paddy wagon comes, it takes the good girls along with the bad; in time of surfeit, the bell tolls even for graduates of the Ivy League, albeit not so dolefully.

Let us make a deposition that through thick and thin able lawyers will do well. It has been my experience that they will also endeavor to do good. We are used to the academic economists who go back and forth, from university to Washington and back to the university. Their number is as nothing compared to the lawyers: for every Heller and Burns I can cite for you five McCloys, Pattersons, Deans, and Balls. When I had to recruit talent for the Kennedy administration, I found the economists very hard to ensnare. By contrast, the lawyers vied to get back near the seats of power. Galbraiths, Tobins, and Ackleys took prudent leave from their universities; Coxes and Surreys cheerfully gave up tenure at their nation's call. I used to ask myself, why this difference? Can life with Sullivan & Cromwell be all that boring? In desperation I was even driven to a Marxist hypothesis: just as it used to be said that only the very rich and the very poor can afford good medical care in America—little more than a half truth at best—so it may well be that only the rich and the poor can afford to work for the government. Most academics come in between.

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An economist does not better himself much, in the internal revenue sense, from serving a tour of duty in Washington. Lawyers seem to arrange things better; the path from the Department of Justice to IBM or Goldman-Sachs is a short one; every good tax lawyer has done his apprenticeship on the other side of the counter.

I say this not by way of criticism. Thus, the tax bar has been outstanding in serving the public interest. Once the client's private interest has been given its one bite, men like Randolph Paul and Laird Bell have told the Treasury how to close that unintended loophole. I wish I could report the same thing about other branches of the law. I well remember when one leading attorney told me that he had refused to serve on a blue-ribbon commission concerning the antitrust laws so as not to dilute his fervor on behalf of clients. Self-admissions or boasts like that, I understand, have special weight as testimony. Or take the practice of labor law and negotiation. Just as investment banking houses used to divide off into those that were Jewish and those that were not, in this arena a firm too often must choose one side and stick to it, referring a stray would-be client to the fellow down the street.

Just as some cultures are hag-ridden, ours has been counsel-ridden. Our congressional cup runneth over with lawyers. And that has always been the case. Lawyers were strongly represented among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They formed a large bloc at the Constitutional Convention. The predominance of lawyers in American political life is nowhere better summarized than in the oft-quoted words of de Tocqueville:

> In America there are no nobles or literary men, and the people are apt to mistrust the wealthy; lawyers consequently form the highest political class and the most cultivated circle of society. . . . If I were asked where I placed the American aristocracy, I should reply without hesitation, that it is not composed of the rich, who are united by no common tie, but that it occupies the judical bench and the bar.

This dominance of lawyers in politics continues into our own day, though with somewhat reduced virulence. If challenged to

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provide an explanation for this peculiar fact, I should have eclectically to weigh many diverse causal factors. For one thing, lawyers tend to be intelligent. They are even more articulate, displaying a swollen verbalization-to-IQ ratio. I should also have to invoke a Marxist-functionalist argument. Lawyers cannot advertise; that would be bad form. But in an electoral contest it is often better for a lawyer to have run and lost than never to have run at all. And perhaps it is more exciting to be the governor in the State House than the senior partner in Ropes Grey. Leisure time misspent in studying the autobiographies of twenty-fifth-reunion classes gives me the casual impression that doctors and academics generally show greater self-complacency over their choice of vocation than do lawyers and businessmen. I once even heard a former president of Du Pont seriously muse out loud: "Maybe I should have stayed in chemistry and won a Nobel prize."

I am not the one, and this is certainly not the place, to investigate the question of whether lawyers have a disproportionate role in the establishment. I know that economists in the upper ranks of the civil service claim that they do. But we do not require a Marxist cannon to crush so small a peanut. Lawyers have a way of making themselves indispensable. One has to take off one's hat to an industry that coined and forced into circulation the maxim, "He who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client." Charles Darwin would have given higher marks to that one than to Bernard Shaw's gift to the academic world: "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

Much of the foregoing is ancient history. The training for the law used to be a narrow training, and the mind boggles at the prospect of putting the country in the charge of men who had only the legal training typical of the generation before last. In those days one could justly say with Kipling, "What do they know of the law who only the law know?" One had to hope that a Henry Stimson or a Robert Taft or a Dean Acheson received at Yale that general education which he was certainly not going to have deepened at the Harvard Law School. So perhaps it was

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just as well that, being an affluent nation, we early imposed an undergraduate education as a prerequisite for professional training at the bar.

In the last couple of generations, and particularly in the years since World War II, the moat between the law school and the rest of the university has been narrowing. Perhaps it all started with the Yale Law School and its interdisciplinary approach. But now the trend is universal. I seem to remember that while the size of the student body at the Harvard Law School changed but little in the 1950s, the size of the faculty doubled.

The cancer of research is beginning to invade the law schools. And by this I do not mean research *inside* the law itself, the compilation and organization of court decisions and precedents. Just as colleges have poets and painters in residence, gracing the campus to replace the stately trees felled by the Dutch elm disease, so law schools are beginning to have house economists and even sociologists. It all starts innocently—a visiting professorship here, a joint appointment there, even a distinguished lecture series with an interdisciplinary cast. But that is the innocent way cancer so often begins, with nothing worse than a bad pimple.

Like Will Rogers's friend who knew how to spell *banana* but just didn't know when to stop, research never knows when to stop. To deepen understanding of the law of capital gains, one countenances research projects in the law school on the economics of uncertainty. The next thing you know, a Lasswell at the Yale Law School may be investigating the frequency of masturbation among judges over sixty.

Like most amateur futurists, I used to think that the older countries of Europe set the pattern for us in America. What Bismarck and Lloyd George did there for state pensions before World War I, Franklin Roosevelt did here in 1937. So I was amused to be told by the former Danish prime minister, Jens Krag, an economist fallen from grace, that he too had thought America would become like Europe—until actual experience showed him that Europe was increasingly becoming like America.

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If I am right in discerning some convergence between the law schools and the university, who is coming toward whom? Discounting the fact that I live on the university mountain, I must be candid and record the impression that the mountain of the university is not moving closer to the Mohammed of the law school.

Only at the Harvard Business School, where something called the case method is in vogue, can I discern a movement in the universities toward standard law school techniques. And in view of the width of the Charles River that separates it from Harvard Yard, one would scarcely consider the "B School" to be a typical part of the university. Nor am I sure that the famous case method at the Harvard Business School is any more than a pun on the case method used in the law school. After all, legal litigation does come naturally packaged in actual cases: *Marbury v. Madison* is a legitimate atom for taxonomy and study. The case of the crying waitress is another genus altogether, as are, one will also perceive on reflection, Freud's cases of the boy who was bitten by a horse and of the regiment of girls who attested to having been raped by their respective fathers.

Yet the Harvard Business School, and its case method, does enable me to verify by triangulation the distinction between a faculty that superlatively trains its students for a vocation and a faculty that adds to scholarly and scientific knowledge. The B School is tops: its graduates make the most money and run the biggest businesses. Its rivals and critics do not dispute this fact, even though some of them may argue over whether this is attributable to the education acquired there or to the self-fulfilling myth that enables it to attract and select out those who already have the advantages needed to get ahead through energy, ability, and inherited status.

I am prepared to concede that the training given at the Harvard Business School is an important factor in the success of its graduates, and that the case method—which constitutes a kind of role-playing and a simulation of the mixed-upness that in real life characterizes actual managerial decision-making—in all probability provides good training for the command post in the execu-

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tive suite. Still, what toughens the hands of the karate expert may spoil the fingers of the violinist or surgeon. The mixed-upness that characterizes life is the enemy of scientific induction. That is why the natural scientist tries to control his experiments so that he can infer the effects of one thing at a time; and that is why the social scientist (or the meteorologist or astronomer) has to atone by elaborate statistical analysis for his inability to make controlled experiments. The case method by itself is like folk wisdom. There is no wisdom in folk wisdom, for folk wisdom recognizes all the things that can happen—including their opposites. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." How true. "Out of sight, out of mind." How unfalse. Only when case instances, or when the modern elaboration of cases that we term simulations, are accorded some measure of relevant frequency, have we made more than the first step toward scholarly knowledge.

I am overstating my case about the Harvard Business School. But that, after all, is really what the case method was invented for. Those cases don't fall from heaven; they are fabricated in every sense of the word. I admit that Robert Schlaifer and Howard Raiffa and John Pratt and John Lintner have added greatly to the body of economic and statistical knowledge, and yet they have done their work at the Harvard Business School. And I could enumerate still other names. But I also know that when you ask the stars at the other graduate schools of business to rate themselves and their peers as contributors to the corpus of knowledge about managerial economics, finance, industrial organization, and accounting principles, the greatest business school of them all does not come near the top of their lists. Faithful to the case method, I sum up with a story that is not the worse for being true. A student recently went to one of the Harvard Business School deans and said: "Here is the syllabus of the finance taught at Brand X University. See how much better it is than what we are getting." The dean looked over the material—noting, I suppose, how it bristled with the multiple integrals of stochastic processes—and replied judiciously: "Yes, and if you want to be director of research for some New York money management concern, perhaps

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you should go there. But if you want to be president of the company, I think you should stay here."

Out of the mouths of deans comes wisdom. There is a conflict of interest, let us face it, between training people for a career and the creation of scholarly knowledge. The Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton and Rockefeller University are expensive places; one cram school for the bar turns out more product in a year than they do in a century. Although America is an affluent nation, we cannot afford to produce an Oxford in every county. We can't even afford to produce a Berkeley in every state, and in recent years it has become an open question whether we can afford to produce a Berkeley in Berkeley.

If I am right in thinking that the standard law school has been changing in the last generation, rejoining the university or in a sense joining it for the first time, that trend will itself have to be subjected to the economists' cost-benefit analysis. As Walter Heller said in connection with the need for a similar cost-benefit calculus applied to ecological and environmental concern, the Hudson River ought certainly to be made cleaner than it now is; but, given that it flows between two populations as dense as those of Manhattan and Jersey City, it is doubtful that a free and affluent people will opt to spend enough in the way of resources so that Columbia undergraduates may once again swim in the Hudson River.

The law schools have the task not simply of training those who will become president of the company or senior partner in the firm. They have the task of training those who will become presidents of the United States and creators of the law. Throughout most of American history, scholarship has been at a discount among our pragmatic and materialistic citizenry. When I was a boy reading H. L. Mencken in the 1920s, the professor was an object of good-natured derision. Then came the Great Depression and Roosevelt's Brain Trust; then came the Manhattan Project and the atomic bomb. There followed a bull market in science, which filtered down even to sociology and classical studies. That

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movement peaked out some years ago. Physicists feel guilty about what they have wrought; molecular biologists are fearful of what they may conjure out of their black boxes. Economists berate themselves that their juries are hung up on the solution to stagflation.

All the more important if our professional schools are going to rise in relative importance while the universities are shedding some of their bull-market gains—all the more important that the professional schools embody some of those virtues associated with the higher learning. The convergence of the law school and the university that I have hinted at seems to parallel an overdue convergence of the medical school and the university. When chronic student unrest in Mexico City closed down all economic study there for several years, I suddenly had the vision that civilization as we have known it might have to live on in the business schools of the world.

All change—I hesitate to call it progress—is bought at a price. I have already indicated that the case method is likely to be at least a partial casualty in the brave new world of the future. Another casualty, and I am not here thinking about the first few semesters of study, may well be the Socratic method. It is a good method to sharpen up the students' wits in an adversary procedure. But it is a terrible method if Mark Hopkins has a great deal of knowledge and understanding that must be imparted to the new generation of students. Just imagine teaching topological dynamics by the Socratic method: you would scarcely get past Newton's second law before the Thanksgiving vacation intervened, much less impart the intricacies of the Einstein-Lorenz transformations.

The adversary method, I understand, is one method nominated for arriving at truth. Apparently it is a good enough method for all those fifty-odd legal systems that the lawyer has to grapple with. Yet is it not curious that science, which is supposed to be the search for truth pure and simple, does not rely on the adversary method as it is known in a court of law? Or to put it differently:

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All scientists sit in judgment on the work of *any* scientist. Indeed, as Sir Karl Popper has so nicely put the matter, each scientist tries to be his own most devastating critic, committing an abortion here, an infanticide there, and of course an incestuous assassination of the works of his fathers and grandfathers. A lawyer might properly be disbarred for interrupting his eloquent discourse to say, "Oh, I've discovered the *nonsequitur* in my syllogism and would like to alter my client's plea from innocent to guilty." Yet a Galileo achieves immortal fame when he discovers that what he believed thirty years earlier, and what Descartes may have gone to his grave believing, is false—namely, that how far a cannonball has fallen after being released is not proportional to its velocity attained or the time elapsed but rather to the square of those magnitudes, a self-rectification that leads eventually through Newton, Leibnitz, Lagrange, and Helmholtz to the magnificent law of the conservation of energy.

The far-reaching implications of the changes I have discussed go beyond mere methodology. The very economics of producing and reproducing lawyers and judges stands to be significantly altered in ways I do not dare to guess. And as Wittgenstein almost said, of that which we cannot speak it is better to be silent.

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Walden: The Myth and the Mystery

LEON EDEL

The myth created by Henry David Thoreau is circular and cyclical; and it is both impermeable and indestructible—like the watertight box he carpentered to hold his journals. It is circular because he postulated man's flight into the wilderness to live in a hut and simplify his life; the hut itself, however, represented encroachment on the wilderness, from which ultimately there would have to be flight again to another wilderness. One hut and one Walden make a philosopher; a constellation of huts around a pond is a philosophers' convention. The pond or river runs past Eve and Adam's, as Joyce told us, and it returns "by a commodious vicus of recirculations"; the cycles can be enumerated in Viconian terms—gods, nobles, plebeians, and *ricorso*!—the towers topple, civilization starts again. We are always building new huts—new towers.

I have been seeking for some time to unscramble the Thoreauvian myth in the light of *Walden's* history as a classic, in the light cast by the absence of wilderness and the presence of technology, and in the light of the art of biography, that is, the writing of the lives of men whose creation is self-assertion or aggression—a personal myth cast upon the world. Man's myths, as we know, are larger than man, and also more durable. They too have their span. Thoreau's myth has exercised its magic for generations, and most recently for the disenchanted and stoned young. But will it do for inflation? The Thoreauvians might counter with the bean-patch (antidote to the supermarket), the hut as a way of escaping high rent (but can one escape the monthly homage to a bank's largesse?). One can fish, if the fish are still alive in polluted ponds. The Thoreauvians might crow a little over Concord's rooftops, about the simple life as Thoreau did (likening himself to chanticleer); but where find the unmortgaged earth for the bean-patch? Where build the hut? How crow over buildings of steel and glass that reach so high they seem to commune with the jet stream. Oh yes, there are mysteries still in Walden Pond, even if it is now all symbol, beyond the literal. Yet, if symbol, our myths and dreams must still have some relation to living, to life, to fact.

I suggested these mysteries in a pamphlet I wrote some years ago, and while it was read with respect, everyone seemed to want not to listen—the dream was so much more precious, the myth so much more beautiful. One disturbs the myths and the dreams of the world at one's risk. I then embodied my literary-historical inquiry in a lecture which amused and pleased the older generation but disturbed the younger. A long-haired youth, not without talent, came to my side after my discourse and with clenched fists and barely controlled voice whispered (as if he were a timid storm trooper) that he would get me into an

✪ This essay draws on LEON EDEL's pamphlet *Henry D. Thoreau* (University of Minnesota American Writers Series) reprinted in *Six Classic American Writers: An Introduction,* edited by Sherman Paul, University of Minnesota Press, © 1970 by Leon Edel. His materials are drawn from published sources, notably the works on Thoreau by Sanborn, Whicher, Canby, Krutch, Bode, Harding; and on Thoreau's writings, including his journals, poems, and letters. The lecture inaugurated the Citizens Chair of English at the University of Hawaii.

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alley some day and "knock the [four-letter word] out of me." My Thoreauvian explorations had at last aroused a note of passion.

And so I try again. I now revise my lecture into an article; for we *must* talk about this myth, in an age when there are no more desert islands (save those of our own making) and Walden Pond is surrounded by gaping tourists and rock-resounding trailers.

I

The "mystery" of Walden Pond. What mystery was there? It is a fine New England pond just beyond Concord. The town of course has crept around it; and its old quiet is gone, for the tourists penetrate its solitude. There are hundreds of such ponds in New England and on the Cape: this one's only claim to attention is that it has been touched by literary history; literary memory has built invisible dreams around it. In its natural days it was the site of Thoreau's hut. He built it—so he told us—to escape from establishments and systems, to loaf and invite his soul (before Whitman uttered these words). He lived beside the pond for a while and ultimately wrote an inspired book called *Walden.*

Why did he do this? He told us why. He said he did so "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." He spoke of wanting to suck the marrow of life, to live sturdily and Spartan-like, to cut a broad swath and also shave close, and see what life could be like on "its lowest terms." These were noble and important aims. And Thoreau's book poetically describes the pond in all its seasons, the fishing, the cutting of ice, the animals who visited him, and a thousand and one things out of the lore of nature. Each chapter begins with a poetic description; nature and the self merge. Each chapter has its passages of exhortation; Thoreau can scold vigorously; he can also crow about himself, as he said, like a rooster.

Often he tries to take the stance of a Buddha of Concord, for he read the Upanishads, and the Bhagavad-Gita, and the Vedas. Indeed, Robert Louis Stevenson said, "It was his ambition to be an Oriental philosopher; but he was always a very Yankee sort of Oriental." He did not know—for Japan had not yet been opened then to the West—that there existed in Japanese the account of a similar residence in a shanty in the woods. Kamo-No Chōmei's *Hojoki,* almost seven centuries before, described how he lived in a ten-foot square hut, the dimensions of Thoreau's; but the Japanese sage lived there for thirty years and, in the timeless ways of the East, found answers within himself and his religion. Thoreau did not regard his cabin as his permanent home. The *Hojoki* tells of a way of life. *Walden* was a gesture.

It was a gesture, and one that posterity has transformed into a large myth. Who does not say at some moment, "I want to get away from it all"? And usually Thoreau is remembered. "Why don't I go and live in the woods, by a pond, like Thoreau?" Thoreau made much of his frugal economy. He was pleased that he paid no rent. He lived by the work of his hands; that is, by cultivating beans. He caught fish. And by not eating beef and abstaining from coffee, he got along with very little money. Thoreau is never more paradoxical than when he gives us his accounting of his cost of living. He totals it to within half a cent—perhaps tongue in cheek. It is a great show of accuracy; it is his way of demonstrating how finely he has pared things down. Thoreau said most men led lives of "quiet desperation"; and they had mortgages to pay. Of course it was convenient to be a bachelor, which Thoreau was. That is the fascinating outline of *Walden.* It is like Robinson Crusoe—except that Thoreau wasn't on a desert island. Concord was at hand; if he needed help he could get it.

Where, then, is the mystery of all this? Questions, however, do arise, things we do not know, and when one practices literary psychology, stubborn facts intrude. For example, Thoreau got "away from it all," we say. Then we discover that Concord was about two miles from Walden and Thoreau's family house just about one mile

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away. In fact, as we pursue our searches, we come upon curious information: the diary of the Boston hostess, Mrs. J. T. Fields, for example. Thoreau, she records, was a good son; he loved his mother and, she adds, "even when living in his retirement at Walden Pond, he would come home every day." (In the context of our time this makes her sound like the proverbial Jewish mother.) We find confirmation in the first important biography of Thoreau written by his fellow townsman, the abolitionist and educator Frank B. Sanborn, in 1882. He says Thoreau "bivouacked" at Walden, adding that "he really lived at home, where he went every day."

How different is this from the legend of a solitary Thoreau in the wild woods. One finds echoes of his legend everywhere: recently the *Honolulu Advertiser* reported that the Pacific and Asian Affairs Council of the island of Hawaii, at one with the idea of the "noble savage," spent a beautiful Saturday in the Waipio Valley discussing Walden and hiked into the valley on the Hamakua coast "in order to appreciate Thoreau's life." The newspaper added that Thoreau "spent years living alone in the wilderness of Walden Pond, a day's walk from Boston, Mass"—but it forgot to say, twenty minutes' walk from Concord.

One has only to look in the biographies to see the legend at work. Here, for instance, is what the latest and probably most saturated Thoreau biographer, Walter Harding, writes (*The Days of Henry Thoreau,* 1966): Walden Pond, he tells us,

> was not a lonely spot. The well-traveled Concord-Lincoln road was within sight across the field. The Fitchburg Railroad steamed regularly past the opposite end of the pond. Concord village was less than two miles away, and the Texas house (the Thoreau family house) was less than that along the railroad right-of-way. . . . Ellery Channing . . . visited the cabin often. . . . It is true that his mother and sisters made a special trip out to the pond every Saturday, carrying with them each time some delicacy of cookery which he gladly accepted. And it is equally true that he raided the family cookie jar on his *frequent* visits home. . . . The Emersons, too, frequently invited him to dinner as did the Alcotts and the Hosmers. They had all done so before he went to Walden Pond and continued the custom after he left. Rumor had it that every time Mrs. Emerson rang her dinner bell, Thoreau came bounding through the woods and over the fences to be first in line.

Thoreau's newest biographer points out that it was doubtful whether he could hear the dinner bell at such a distance; the joke can be taken as symptomatic of something the town knew—that at Walden Pond Thoreau's ear was cocked to the sounds of Concord. He led neither the solitary nor the Spartan life his book described. His mention in *Walden* of his dinings-out suggests that he did not allow his "experiment" to change his customary social habits. "To meet the objections of some inveterate cavillers," he writes, "I may as well state, that if I dined out occasionally, as I always had done, and I trust shall have opportunities to again, it was frequently to the detriment of my domestic arrangements. But the dining out, being, as I have stated, a constant element, does not in the least affect a comparative statement like this." The "comparative statement" included the sentence, "It was fit that I should live on rice, mainly, who loved so well the philosophy of India."

"Hardly a day went by," Harding comments, "that Thoreau did not visit the village or was not visited at the Pond. . . . Emerson was, of course, a frequent visitor at the cabin. . . . On pleasant summer days Thoreau would often join the Emerson family on a picnic or a blueberrying party. . . . The Alcotts often took their friends out to the pond to see Thoreau. . . . The children of Concord were always happy to go out to Walden Pond and Thoreau was equally happy to have them."

Harding goes on: "Occasionally whole groups of Thoreau's friends came out together to the pond and swarmed into his little cabin. It became quite the fashion to hold picnics on his front doorstep. When it rained, his visitors took refuge inside. He had as many as twenty-five or thirty people inside the tiny cabin at one time. On August 1, 1846, the antislavery women of Concord held their annual commemoration of the freeing of the West Indian slaves on his doorstep, and Emerson, W. H. Channing, and Rev. Caleb Stetson spoke to the

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assembled group. Afterward a picnic lunch was served to all the guests." There was also a Walden Pond Society. This "consisted of those who spent their Sunday mornings out walking around Walden Pond enjoying the beauties of nature. Thoreau was unquestionably the high priest of that sect."

"Despite all the visitors," Thoreau's biographer concludes, "despite all his visits to Concord village and to his parents' home, despite his surveying and fence-building and carpentry, and despite the hours devoted to writing, it must not be forgotten that the experiment at Walden was primarily a period of solitude and of communion with nature for Thoreau." We can only ask, What kind of "experiment" was this—and what kind of "solitude"? By no definition of the word—and certainly not in terms of the traditional isolation and contemplation practiced by philosophers and visionaries throughout history—can Thoreau be said to have lived a solitary or even contemplative life at Walden. He was a sojourner in civilized life; he was an observant suburbanite; he was simply a man who had at last acquired a room of his own, and accomplished this in a way which attracted the town's attention. Young girls found excuses for knocking on his door and asking him for a drink of water; and if he pretended to be indifferent and casually handed them a dipper to drink from the unpolluted pond, nothing could have been more satisfying.

Thoreau is distinctly ambivalent in his chapter on solitude. "I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone." Yet he begins the very next chapter in *Walden*—which is called "Visitors" —by saying: "I think that I love society as much as most, and am ready enough to fasten myself like a bloodsucker for the time to any full-blooded man that comes in my way." By invoking his solitude at Walden, Thoreau cultivated an illusion. To be sure, he spent many hours alone and wandered far afield on rambles, but no more alone than many an individual in his daily life. The real solitude of Thoreau's time was that of the men and women who traveled to America's heartland and who were totally cut off from society and thrown wholly upon their own resources. They faced danger; they learned the meaning of fear. Thoreau's experiment at no time posed for him any question of true aloneness, or of the terrors of the wilderness.

Thoreau, then, lived one kind of life and fancied he lived another; his fancy may have ruled him so completely that he believed he was really a solitary in his little hut showplace. Let us say that he led two lives. There was the life of Walden, which was an experiment to prove something in his fancy; and the life of Concord, which he really wanted to live because he wanted to cut a figure in the world and defy his enemies in the town who did not like eccentricity or individualism. These two lives, we might say, noting his self-preoccupation, were the lives of an individual who perhaps without knowing it was cultivating the myth of Narcissus. Another way of describing the lives of Thoreau is to say he was having his cake and eating it. We may inquire, therefore, what imperious demand of Thoreau's imagination and his inner being was he following? We know today that such behavior does not occur out of the blue. All behavior has a history. If I first asked, Why did Thoreau go to Walden Pond? I will now ask, Why *really* did Thoreau go to Walden Pond?

II

Such questions are not easily answered. The scientific method would be to seek out all available information about the life of Thoreau that led to his decision in 1845 to build his hut and withdraw from Concord. And we must do this in the light of Thoreau's character and personality. Let us therefore think of Thoreau in his family setting. There is the big talkative mother. She puts on grand airs in the town. There is Thoreau's mousy father, the pencil-maker, living on the periphery of Concord in genteel poverty. What we discover in Thoreau's book is one capital statement. Walden, he says, was "the fabulous landscape of my infant dreams." His mother had taken him there very early, to this body

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of water that looked so large to a child; to the woods; and to Fair Haven Hill where the huckleberries were delicious to the childish taste. Is it any wonder that Thoreau even in maturity led the children of Concord on huckleberry parties to Fair Haven like some Pied Piper? Emerson, in his eulogy of Thoreau, said the author of *Walden* was gifted enough to have engineered for a nation, but chose instead to be the captain of a huckleberry party. In this way he underlined Thoreau's want of ambition. "The fabulous landscape of my infant dreams": such landscapes revisit the dreams of our lives; and when they have been associated with some all-enveloping figure, the landscape itself can become a mother, and nature, as we know, is Mother Nature to us all. Nature, Thoreau once remarked, "is my mother at the same time that she is my sister." Perhaps this was why Thoreau could not bear to leave Concord. He was as rooted there as if he were one of its trees. He attended Harvard, for if Walden was but a couple of miles from Concord, Cambridge was but fourteen miles from Walden, and in those days when people walked, Thoreau was a great walker. Later he visited a few places: Cape Cod, Staten Island, where he lived briefly, the Maine Woods, Minnesota; but the essential fact is he was born in Concord, lived in Concord and at Walden, and died in Concord.

It is recorded that when he was about to graduate from Harvard he asked his mother what career he might follow. She replied, "You can buckle on your knapsack and roam around abroad to seek your fortune." In early America, with the frontier near at hand, the remark seemed natural enough. Yet Thoreau had a sudden fit of weeping. He read his mother's remark as if she were sending him away from her. His older sister came to his rescue. "No, Henry, you shall not go, you shall stay at home and live with us." Some time later he said, "Methinks I should be content to sit at the back door in Concord, under the poplar tree henceforth, forever." And this was, in effect, what he did—for life. In his writings he would make a virtue of this embeddedness. He read the great legends and adventures of man into Concord, as James Joyce later read the *Odyssey* into Dublin. One could, with the aid of books, possess an imaginary world in a cabin by a New England pond. "My cottage becomes the universe," said the Japanese Chōmei.

Thoreau clung to Concord; he clung to his mother. When he finally moved from home, after a spell of schoolteaching, it was into Mr. Emerson's house, at the other end of town, to be his handyman. We know Thoreau heard Emerson deliver his lecture on "Nature" at Harvard and how from then on he enrolled himself in the ranks of the transcendentalists—that philosophy which echoed Rousseau and Coleridge and Goethe, and flowered as American romanticism. There was much talk in those days —how familiar it seems—of "spontaneity," the right and duty of acting oneself out, and "following one's genius wherever it might lead." The established citizenry said this doctrine unfitted the young for society "without making them fit for anything else." But the transcendental idea was a lifetime philosophy for Henry David Thoreau, and Emerson began by being his hero. As early as 1838, Lowell, after meeting Thoreau, remarked, "It is exquisitely amusing to see how he imitated Emerson's tone and manner. With my eyes shut I shouldn't know them apart." Seventeen years later it seems to have been the same: Sanborn wrote that in Thoreau's tones and gestures "he seemed to me to imitate Emerson."

Thoreau settled into Emerson's house. And with time one glimpses in Emerson's journals a certain kind of disenchantment. The young man's talk, Emerson writes, is "a continual twining of the present moment into a sentence and offering it to me." Why is he never frank? Emerson asks, and again, "I have no social pleasure with Henry, though more than once the best conversation." After two years, Emerson suggested that Thoreau ought to go out into the world and try to do better than be a handyman. He got him a job on Staten Island—that wooded and lovely island as it was then, across the bay from Manhattan—tutoring the children of a relative. He gave him letters of introduction

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to literary folk in New York. If Emerson was really sincerely trying to push Thoreau into a little more action, he may also have been using this way of uprooting the too-settled handyman.

Thoreau, as may be imagined, was not happy in New York. He had difficulty relating to people, and he missed Concord and its woodlands. We must remember there was also much nature and wildness then around New York. Walt Whitman found it and celebrated it. Thoreau's longing nevertheless was for his familiar place and for Fair Haven Hill. We get a glimpse of the impression he made on a shrewd individual when in Washington Place off the Square he called on old Henry James, the father of the novelist who bore his name, and of the pragmatist William James. Henry, Sr., was skillful at describing his fellow humans. One remembers his sketching Carlyle as "the same old sausage sputtering and fizzling in his own grease." So his verdict on Thoreau was that he was "the most child-like, unconscious and unblushing egotist it has ever been my fortune to encounter in the ranks of mankind." He also described him as having "a sheer and mountainous inward self-esteem." Thoreau didn't stay long away from home. After a few months he was back in Concord. But he was not invited back to his job at Emerson's.

There he was at twenty-seven, in the paternal house in his own room with his botanical specimens, his journals, his books —the room that had always been his. For a little while he tried to help his father with the pencil-making. Ever resourceful, he simply read up in the encyclopedia how the Germans handled their graphite for the excellent pencils they exported to America. With little effort he improved his father's product—so much so that the elder Thoreau went into the more profitable wholesale business of supplying graphite to other pencil-makers. This done, Thoreau resumed his outdoor life as an "inspector," as he put it, of rainstorms and snowstorms. His life with the Emersons had been an extension of his life at home. He had left home and moved as far as a neighbor's. He had attempted to leave Concord but was out of harmony with the wider world.

III

At this moment there occurred a small incident, which all the biographers have told without asking themselves its significance. Thoreau went fishing with a friend at Fair Haven Bay. They got a good catch —the fish seemed to like Thoreau quite as much as the birds and the squirrels. The season had been dry, and with singular unwoodsmanly carelessness Thoreau lit a fire in a tree stump to cook his fish. He was the one man in Concord who should have known better; in a few minutes the brush was in flames. There was no stopping the fire. Thoreau ran two miles to sound the alarm; he returned to half a mile of flame roaring in the beloved woods of his hilltop and across the farmland. While help was coming he climbed to the highest rock of Fair Haven Cliff. "It was a glorious spectacle," the excited fisherman wrote in his journal much later, "and I was the only one there to enjoy it." When the farmers came, Thoreau climbed down and joined in the work. Three hundred acres of woodland were consumed before the fire was brought under control. The local newspaper spoke of "the thoughtlessness of two of our citizens." All Concord knew who the two were. The townsfolk had always considered Thoreau eccentric; now they spoke of him as "that damned rascal." He was not only an idler who could work but didn't, but a polluter, a "woods-burner." The town could not forgive a lapse that threatened life and property. And then for weeks the women complained that their washing was covered with soot. The memory of small towns is long. The women remembered the soot long after Thoreau was dead.

In the year of Thoreau's retreat to Walden we discover that his reputation in town had reached its lowest point. He was *persona non grata* to his fellow citizens. His journal offers us no details. Six years later, however, there is a series of entries that show how the epithet "damned rascal" troubled him.

"Who are these men who are said to be

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the owners of these woods, and how am I related to them? I have set fire to the forest, but I have done no wrong therein, and now it is as if the lightning had done it. These flames are but consuming their natural food." This was written six years after the event. And he also wrote, "It has never troubled me from that day to this more than if the lightning had done it. The trivial fishing was all that disturbed me and disturbs me still." Only a deeply troubled man would write in this way so long afterward, to deceive himself that he wasn't troubled. "I at once ceased to regard the owners' and my fault—if fault there was in the matter—and attended to the phenomenon before me, determined to make the most of it. To be sure I felt a little ashamed when I reflected on what a trivial occasion this had happened, that at the time I was no better employed than my townsmen."

Thoreau's decision to move to Walden Pond seems to have been, on one level then, a way of withdrawing from a Concord hostile to him, while at the same time remaining very close to it; a way also of asserting himself as an active "employed" man by embracing the career of writer and philosopher; an act of defiance which would demonstrate that his was a better way of life than that practiced by his fellows. Deeper still may have been the petulance of the child saying, in effect, to the town and to Emerson, "See how homeless I am; you have forced me to live in a shanty away from all of you." He would arouse pity; he would *also* arouse interest. Some such jumble of motives lay behind his decision to give an impression of "hermiting" while not being a hermit. The epigraph he chose for *Walden* directly addresses the townspeople. It is a quotation from the book itself: "I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up." On a subjective level, *Walden* reflects Thoreau's dejection: in the depths of the epigraph one hears the cry of a man who must vent his rage—and be heard by the entire town! That he was full of spleen during the spring of 1845 just before he built his cabin may be discerned in a letter written to him from New York by the younger William Ellery Channing, who seems to have provided the impulse for Thoreau's principal act: "I see nothing for you in this earth but that field which I once christened 'Briars'; go out upon that, build yourself a hut, and there begin the grand process of devouring yourself alive. I see no alternative, no other hope for you. Eat yourself up; you will eat nobody else, nor anything else." There is a fund of psychological truth in Channing's answer to Thoreau's rage. Thoreau had long been devouring himself; he had said as much in a poem: "Here I bloom for a short hour unseen,/Drinking my juices up."

Briars consisted of a dozen acres beside Walden. They belonged to Emerson, who readily permitted his former handyman to place his hut there. Thoreau therefore paid no rent. He did not build the hut in the way Americans built log cabins. He bought a hut from a shanty Irishman, took it apart —being an expert carpenter—and reassembled it. In other words a prefab, of a sort. For a few dollars, and on property for which Emerson paid the taxes, Thoreau could live and boast that he was free. He was, moreover, as we noted, a bachelor. There was no wife to dress, there were no hungry children to feed. Here he lived not for years like Chōmei but for twenty-six months by his tally, though I would deduct two or three months, including one he spent at home while the plaster in his hut was drying. He plastered and shingled it in the fall of 1845 when he found the hut was too cold for comfort. He combed neighborly attics to furnish his dwelling. And then he didn't emulate Robinson Crusoe. For instance, he took his shoes to the Concord cobbler; he baked bread using purchased rye and Indian meal; he slept not in rough blankets but between sheets. He gave himself creature comforts few Americans in the log cabins of the West enjoyed. Lowell, in a celebrated essay, mercilessly denounced Thoreau's pretensions. The "experiment" presupposes, he wrote, "all that complicated civilization which it theoretically abjured. He squatted on another man's land; he borrows an ax; his boards,

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his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamp, his fishhooks, his plough, his hoe, all turn state's evidence against him as an accomplice in the sin of that artificial civilization which rendered it possible that such a person as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all." But the author of *Walden* discovered that his whim of living in the woods caught the fancy of audiences to whom he lectured. Men and women were willing to listen to the fiction of his rude economy as if he were Robinson Crusoe. It is perhaps to Daniel Defoe that we may turn, then, for a significant literary predecessor. The writer who invented a story of a man confronting the loneliness of life on a desert island may be regarded as the forefather of Thoreau's book. Thoreau blended his wide reading and his purposeful observations to the need of a thesis: in his mind he had proved his "experiment" long before he began it.

IV

Writers create worlds for themselves in their books; they tell parables; they offer allegories of the Self. When they express these in the form of fiction or poetry or drama we have the work of a transfiguring imagination which uses symbolic statement and myth to disguise autobiography. But when a writer like Thoreau pretends to give us actuality, we are justified in examining how actual it was. This does not alter the beauty of the feeling he may have set down, nor the charm of expression, nor the general easy sense of *Walden* —the sense of shedding responsibility at the expense of others and making oneself accountable to the self. The deepest picaresque of *Walden* is the way in which its author, building out of his own insecurity and aggression, tries heroically to make himself powerful and secure; implies that hoeing beans and eating them can be a large sufficiency (even when the menu is supported by that maternal cookie jar and Mrs. Emerson's meals).

Within *Walden* there is also parable and mythic statement and paradox and humor. One small parable particularly catches our eye. It is foreshadowed in Thoreau's earlier book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. In that book he quotes from the Chinese Meng-tsu, "If one loses a fowl or a dog, he knows well how to seek them again; if one loses the sentiments of his heart, he does not know how to seek them again. . . . The duties of practical philosophy consist only in seeking after those sentiments of the heart which we have lost; that is all." In *Walden* this is translated into a personal parable, dropped almost irrelevantly into the book with the remark that the reader must pardon some obscurities, "for there are more secrets in my trade than in most men's." Many have been puzzled by this parable: "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

A hound, a bay horse, a turtle-dove. Thoreau names three members of the animal kingdom close to all mankind; the faithful hound, guide, protector, loyal, lovable. Who does not know how many bonds are established between a man and his dog? And the horse, in older times, in Thoreau's time, plougher of fields, embodiment of strength and thrust and support; animal of sport and chivalry, spirited creature, symbol of our instincts. Who does not know, even today, when the combustion engine has replaced the horse, how many bonds are established between a man and his horse? And finally the turtle-dove —whose soft cooing and swiftness as messenger, symbol of love and of the Holy Ghost, embodies so much of man's association with the creatures of the air and the mysteries of religion. "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away, and be at rest."

A hound, a bay, a turtle-dove. Thoreau had lost them and in his parable he announced that he always searched for them. Is he not proclaiming the loss of things belonging to the deepest part of himself? Without guide, without support, shorn

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of drive, there was no peace, no strength of the spirit, no love. His life was indeed a quest for these lost things of his spirit and of the instinctual life. And if he found other men similarly bereft, this was because Thoreau could not recognize that his very condition of life deprived him of human friendship. A man who decides to be a "loner" must accept the consequences of that decision. Translating into another language we might say that Thoreau's quest for the lost things of his spirit was a quest for the mature experiences of this world: he could not rise above the contemplation of his own visage. He was, to put it in mythic terms, a fragile Narcissus embodied in a rough New Englander. He talked only of himself, in fact he announces this in the opening of *Walden:* "I should not talk so much about myself if there were anyone else whom I knew as well." At that rate we should all talk about ourselves. And he wrote a journal which was the mirror of himself—he wrote in it daily. It fills many volumes. He said that even the echoes of his voice were the only "kindred voices" that he heard. A man who listens only to himself will, of course, never discover other voices.

What does man do when he creates a myth? Often he makes everything the opposite of what it is. If he is puny he thinks himself a giant. Little Tom Thumb killed ogres and rescued his family, and he was as small as a pea. David symbolized the myth of brain over brawn. Samson was all brawn only so long as his hair was uncut. Shorn, he lost his prowess. Thoreau, shut up in his childhood, could not leave home. He created a myth of how he got away from the world in a supposed wilderness. In the first paragraph of *Walden* Thoreau remarks that having stayed in his hut, he is once again a sojourner in civilized society. Had he ever left it? Yes, in the realms of his fancy. He was dependent, insecure, mother-attached, full of longing to be free. He made a myth of self-reliance. But his spiritual helplessness engendered anger and rage; one is conscious of subdued violence in him, for no man wants to think of himself as helpless. And so he vented his rage on his neighbors and looked down on the hard-working farmers. Thoreau was no saint. He preached what he pretended to practice; he preached only what he imagined—he pursued an ideal, a noble, beautiful, and unreal dream. His spiritual immaturity was nowhere more revealed than in his horror of sex. And this in a lover of nature was strange indeed. All his life was a search for a utopia which many of the impoverished farmers he despised had in effect by their own hearth: the warmth of human love, the tenderness and companionship of women and children, that love which Thoreau in his deepest anguish lavished on animals and plants with whom he could commune in his alienation from his fellows. His neighbors knew this well; otherwise we would not have the anecdote Emerson quoted over Thoreau's grave about the individual who said, "I love Henry but I cannot like him; and as for taking his arm, I should as soon think of taking the arm of an elm-tree."

Out of his rage Thoreau could proclaim an ideal of civil disobedience—he gave us that formulation—and in a romantic way went to jail for a night because he hadn't paid his tax—a gesture like his residence at Walden. Gestures can fire men's minds; they can also lead to unreason and anarchy. Thoreau never thought through to the end the meaning of personal freedom gained at the expense of others.

Man lives by myths. In an age of technology there is a danger that we may discard too many of them: they can, when they are not malevolent—as Hitler's myth of the master race was—make for order, and substitute civilization for barbarism. Thoreau gave us an exquisite myth—a myth of some retreat—Walden, a desert island, some refuge, some "great good place" of the mind that in a crowded world has a potent appeal. But it is also a flawed myth. In preaching self-reliance he forgot society, he forgot companionship, he did not understand love. He wanted to be Spartan and Athenian at the same time; he managed a mild simulation of the Spartan but could not allow himself Athens. He would have been a tolerably good medieval monk; even then he would find his cell not sufficient.

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He would leave the order—build his own cell, make his own rules. Of course within easy distance of the brotherhood, say a mile or so down the way from the monastery. And then he might waver in his faith. Two years at Walden sufficed. He said he "left the woods for as good a reason as I went there." He added, "Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one." So Walden was a mood, a fancy, a fleeting dream. Someone who looks for the unattainable must keep on looking as Thoreau did—the hound, the bay horse, the turtle-dove always eluded him. There are no utopias in the real world.

Thoreau once said, in a moment of beautiful insight, that poetry "is a piece of very private history, which unostentatiously lets us into the mystery of a man's life." Instead of accepting Thoreau's own rationalizations, as most biographers have done, we have sought our way to the mystery of Walden Pond by a sequence analysis of our data; and on the principle of literary psychology that there is nothing accidental in human behavior, whether it be the setting down of a poem or the building of a hut in the woods. The idea is uncongenial and even repugnant to many; it uncompromisingly says we are determined creatures and certainly there are more things in our genes than we at present dream on. It won't do to answer when I ask, Why did Thoreau really go to Walden Pond? "Oh, it was an impulse," or "He went because he wanted to," or "He said he wanted to suck the marrow out of life." Nothing is just an impulse. The question is, what prompts it? "As he thinketh in his heart," said the Proverb long ago, "so is he." The ancients knew this very well. We may not always know why certain things are, or what motivated certain kinds of behavior, but we may be sure that behavior is related to our constituted educated selves, it is consistent with the education in our nerve ends and our brain. Thoreau had many choices. He could have continued to live in the family house. He could have stayed on in New York. He could have gone West in a covered wagon. He did none of these things. He moved instead into his hut on a certain day—it coincided with a national holiday, the Fourth of July 1845. And in doing this he did certain characteristic things. He was roughing it, and he wore a beard, but he took a three-by-three-inch mirror with him into the hut. We can pause and speculate about that mirror and what need it fulfilled beside the larger mirror of the pond itself, nature's mirror. Why he needed to carry out what he called his "experiment" is in itself a question. And his experiment took a very special form. We must probe unconscious as well as conscious promptings, recognizing the risks we take and that much of our work is speculative.

But out of all the little things we observe, Thoreau built the myth of himself. Out of his small irritations and cantankerous opinion, he wrote a book for the world. *Walden,* then, is the myth of Thoreau; it *is* Thoreau. We return to it for its exquisite moments of emotion, for its sense of nature, for its poetic moods, for its literary feeling. There is a passage which Joyce may have known, for its rhythms echo many times in *Finnegans Wake.* We must discount some of Thoreau's irritableness and self-righteousness; there are indeed moments when the rooster crows out of tune. *Walden's* half-truths seem superficial and ill-natured: and yet it became, as I said, an impermeable myth. It seems to fit all the stages of our national growth, all the rapacity of our creation; and it becomes more powerful with every foot of cement that covers our soil and every skyscraper that blots out the blue. For a biographer who seeks all his little facts and tries to establish all his tidy little truths, it holds a high cautionary lesson. A legend can be more powerful than the truth—indeed in the end it can become the truth.

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Rabbit

MICHAEL NIFLIS

Old Speedy
making love
with one eye
on everything
that moves.

O he knows
some of us
would like to hug them
when they gather
on evening hillsides
with their tails
and long ears
to feel the blue
of the sky.

But he remembers
rabbits can cry
like children
when shot or dog teeth
lodge in their spines.

So he is not
one for dallying.

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The Operatic Brecht

ROBERT MARX

Of all the trends and accomplishments in twentieth-century theater, none has received such scant critical attention as modern opera. And yet this dramatic form has attracted some of the most creative talents not only in music but in literature as well. The librettist—who is, after all, the operatic playwright—is the most scorned of authors, probably because no other art is so dependent upon collaboration and has had so many mediocre practitioners survive in the theater amid the never-ending revivals of nineteenth-century operas. Even the best of the premodern librettists (Lorenzo da Ponte for Mozart, Arrigo Boito for Verdi) are remembered primarily for the effective dramatic frameworks they provided for the musical scores of their composers. But the past seventy years have seen a major shift as a number of important writers (in some cases tentatively, and in others with fervent enthusiasm) began to work in the opera house. Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Gertrude Stein, and W. H. Auden made influential contributions to operatic literature and theory, and E. M. Forster worked with Benjamin Britten. The English playwright Edward Bond has recently begun a collaboration with German composer Hans Werner Henze (who himself at one time worked with Auden). Clearly, the theatrical power of lyric drama has never lost its hold, and nowhere did it embed itself more surprisingly than in the work of Bertolt Brecht.

Brecht was unquestionably a major librettist. Even in his spoken drama, music always functioned as a major component: defining character, providing dramatic variety, and establishing the mood and ironic contradictions of the Epic Theater. No modern playwright had a better sense of the power of music in the theater, and few ever used music more shrewdly or effectively than Brecht. Most of his *Musiktheater* works fall into one of three categories: operas, plays with music, or *Lehrstücke* (didactic cantatas). These works span most of his life as a poet, playwright, and director: his first collaboration with Kurt Weill came in 1927, shortly after the start of his career in the Weimar Republic, and the last opera (written with the composer Paul Dessau) had its *première* in 1951, five years before Brecht's death in 1956. With few exceptions, however, the majority of Brecht's texts for musical theater were written between 1927 and 1930. This was the period of his great partnership with Weill, and of their most famous creations, *The Threepenny Opera* and *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny.* But even though the finest of Brecht's musical plays and operas appeared during those last years of pre-Hitler Germany, he continued to propose or to begin work on a number of operatic projects throughout his career, which, in exile, took him from Germany to France, Denmark, Russia, the United States (by way of Asia), Switzerland, and finally back to Berlin, where he founded the Berliner Ensemble in 1948.

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Among the projects discussed but never realized were a number of operas with Weill (to have been written when they were both in America during the War—Weill by that time was an established composer on Broadway); a screenplay for Richard Tauber based on *Pagliacci;* and an operetta (music by Hans Eisler) reportedly designed as a vehicle for Mae West.

Brecht was a librettist with a difference —a librettist who refused to think of himself as functioning in that capacity. Certainly, he was never willing to participate in a collaboration that would allow for composer control of the final product (this was the cause of a deep schism between Brecht and Paul Hindemith), and the notion of a librettist-dominated opera was (and remains) a real novelty. In one sense, this arrangement was a return to the atmosphere of the earliest operas in the Italian Renaissance, where the music rarely was preserved, but the librettos were published. This gives some idea of the relative importance of words to music in the minds of those who "invented" opera around 1600. For Brecht, at least in his most dogmatically Marxist period, the composer was obligated to subordinate his desire for lyric expression to the intention of the librettist in making a clear and literal point. It would have been inconceivable for Brecht to say to a composer, as Gertrude Stein said to Virgil Thomson with regard to their opera, *Four Saints in Three Acts*: "Do anything with this you like; cut, repeat, as composers have always done; make it work on a stage." In the Brecht collaborations, whether operas or musical plays, the guiding force in matters of tone, expression, and musical or dramatic organization came from the playwright. Ironically, Brecht is most often remembered in the musical sphere because of the songs composed for him by Kurt Weill. So, in an historical sense, perhaps, the composer remained dominant after all. But what is forgotten in this view is that Brecht's ideas and musical concepts determined the sound of those songs and created what the music critic Patrick Smith has called the "stagily evil" nature of those plays and operas in which he had a hand.

The distinctive nature of Brecht's drama, and his musical works in particular, was original not in its components, but in the specific and unique amalgam of elements already used in the theater of the Weimar period. All his life Brecht worked from source material. He adapted plays of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Molière into his own medium. As a director, he absorbed the visual style of Erwin Piscator: the style that was to originate the Epic Theater with its antinaturalistic "alienation effects" of film projections, stage turntables, and narrators—all used in dramas of social and political import. But if there is a single, all-encompassing pattern to Brecht's writings for musical theater, it is to be discovered in his functioning as a contributor to the anti-Wagnerian movement in modern drama. By the end of World War I, theater and opera had already begun to recoil from the pervasive influence of the Wagnerian "total art work" (*Gesamtkunstwerk*) and the neo-religious spectacle of the Bayreuth Festival with its Perfect Wagnerites. In its early stages, the most notable breaks with the prevailing Germanic fashion took place in France, with the music of *Les Six,* the collaboration of Claudel and Milhaud, the Cocteau/Satie/Picasso cubist ballet *Parade* (1917), and, most famously, the Ramuz/Stravinsky *L'Histoire du Soldat* (1918)—all works designed to refute the cultishness of Bayreuth, and the dramatic structure of Wagnerian operas. Instead of the "unending melody" of Wagner, the opposite form was adapted: short, brief works with separate musical numbers indulging in the sounds of jazz, popular music (especially influenced by the United States), and the circus with its brass and woodwinds maintained by strong rhythm. By the mid-1920s these French stage works were strong influences over avant-garde performances and festivals in Germany, and were to be crucial to the environment—especially the New Music Festival at Baden-Baden—in which the Brecht-Weill collaboration began.

The anti-Wagnerian movement also had its early German manifestations, among

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them the successful first performances of Büchner's terse, antiheroic plays, *Wozzeck* and *Danton's Death* (these had been written in the 1830s, discovered in the 1870s, and not produced until Reinhardt staged them just before World War I), the scenic designs for Adolphe Appia, and, most important for Brecht, the dramas of Frank Wedekind.

Among the best of the German expressionist playwrights, Wedekind served as Brecht's mentor in the few years before his own death in 1918. Trying to convey his own nomadic, bohemian life in the form of numerous "Tragedies of Sex," Wedekind created plays that attacked the moral and political basis of bourgeois German society. These dramas often retain the atmosphere of a circus or cabaret, and Wedekind himself was a cabaret performer of some accomplishment. "No singer ever gave me such a shock, such a thrill," said Brecht of his master. It is Wedekind's song style—harsh, guttural, thriving on the brittle force of the German language, never subverting the personality of the actor in order to prop up the facade of a character—that Brecht adapted into the image of the singing actor in the Epic Theater style. To use a well-known example, imagine the Streetsinger in *Threepenny Opera* when he sings the "Moritat" ("Mack the Knife"). The rolled *R*s, the metallic sound, and diabolical appearance emphasized by a battered cape and walking stick—all this is the heritage of Wedekind's cabaret style. Most important, Brecht realized, through his exposure to Wedekind, that music could play an essential part in drama, not as mere incidental music that mirrored or possibly even subverted the playwright's intentions (as in Grieg's music for *Peer Gynt*), but as a device that helped focus upon the stage event, especially to clarify, define, and restrict emotion.

The role of emotion in the theater was of central importance to Brecht. Because his drama was socially aware and often didactic, the last effect Brecht would try to produce would be unfocused ecstatic emotion—the very essence of Wagnerism. Brechtian drama was not designed to eliminate emotion, as is often thought, but rather to use emotion in conjunction with reason so that the emotions could be checked, limited, and set in reaction to the stage event. Empathy was to be avoided, and audience detachment from the action and plot—alienation—was to permit a reasoned and intelligent response to the drama. In his essay, "On the Use of Music in an Epic Theatre," Brecht describes a concert audience drifting under the Wagnerian spell:

> We see entire rows of human beings transported into a peculiar doped state, wholly passive, sunk without trace, seemingly in the grip of a severe poisoning attack. Their tense, congealed gaze shows that these people are the helpless and involuntary victims of the unchecked lurchings of their emotions.*

For Wagner, feeling and emotion were the highest achievements of the drama. "We must become *knowers* through the *feeling*," he once wrote. "The understanding tells us 'So it is' only when the feeling has told us 'So it must be'." But Wagner did not intend "understanding" to serve the strict political commitment of Brecht. The Wagnerian thesis transcends political motivations (although these are an element of the Ring cycle), reaching its final culmination in the romance of *Liebestod*: love religiously transfigured through death. Wagner's "understanding" is of the depth of emotion and its sensuous power—a power that he attempts to release through music with results that for Brecht were anathema. Brecht's doctrine became a mixture of aesthetics and politics: his anti-Wagnerism was also directed toward the audience, those blind, religious pilgrims at Bayreuth who could not examine the Wagnerian *Gesamtkunstwerk* for whatever meaning it might once have had, and who refused to see value in modern innovations. Much of the parody in Brecht's operatic work reflects this contempt for the audience along with a strong desire to shock. These satiric elements take many forms, of which the

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most accessible are the musical jokes. In the opera *Mahagonny,* the woodsmen's quartet is a jazz version of the bridesmaids' chorus from Weber's *Der Freischütz* (the most revered and holy of early German romantic operas), and the scene of the principal tenor in chains awaiting his execution is strongly reminiscent of *Fidelio.* There are also references to Handel and Mozart. Clearly, Brecht attempted to jolt the secure German burgher, usually content to dream in his opera box, with a series of caricatures of his most cherished moments in lyric theater. In this context of operatic parody and attack, Brecht's loathing of Wagner was not unlike Shaw's hatred of Shakespeare—both saw the development of contemporary art blocked by the popular dominance of older dramatists, and each wrote against an established mode of drama and dramatic presentation widely accepted by the general public.

Especially is this true with regard to Brecht's style of theatrical production. One of the ways that Wagner was influential in all theaters (not just operatic ones) was in the application of the *Gesamtkunstwerk* theory to production—the total unification of the various arts of the theater into a homogeneous, organic whole. Wagner meant opera to satisfy what he termed the "mutual egotism" of all stage arts, and this notion became a central element in the grand romantic style of stage production. Max Reinhardt was the greatest exponent of this style, particularly in his attempt to produce massive emotional effects on a large scale, whether it be with Molière or Sophocles. But for Brecht such integration, nowhere so apparent as in opera, was to be avoided at all costs. In his notes for the "Epic Opera" *Mahagonny,* he writes:

> When the epic theatre's methods penetrate the opera the first result is a *radical separation of the elements.* The great struggle for supremacy between words, music, and production—which always brings up the question "which is the pretext for what": is the music the pretext for the events on stage, or are these the pretext for the music, etc.—can simply be bypassed by radically separating the elements. So long as the expression *Gesamtkunstwerk* means that the integration is a muddle, so long as the arts are supposed to be "fused" together, the various elements will all be equally degraded, and each will act as a mere "feed" to the rest. The process of fusion extends to the spectator who gets thrown into the melting pot too and becomes a passive (suffering) part of the total work of art. Witchcraft of this sort must of course be fought against. Whatever is intended to produce hypnosis, is likely to induce sordid intoxication, or creates fog, has got to be given up. *Words, music, and setting must become more independent of one another.**

Interestingly, Brecht did not reject the elements of the "total art work," but insisted only that they interact in a new way. He understood that music was capable of heightening the text, of pinpointing its ideas and creating irony. An example of this is the glutton scene in *Mahagonny,* where a man eats himself to death while singing a sentimental Viennese waltz. Here the music purposely works against the text in order to define mood and characterization simultaneously for both the audience watching the play and the actor investigating a role. Music was exceptionally useful in defining what Brecht called the *Gestus* of a situation on stage. The term, which means more than the approximate English word "gesture," was used in the Brecht lexicon to mean a physical gesture, posture, or stance taken by the actor in order to visualize a social or political relationship. John Willett, the Brecht scholar, has defined *Gestus* as "gesture and gist, attitude and point: one aspect of the relationship between two people, studied singly, cut to essentials, and physically or verbally expressed." Music functioned here as a guide for the actor, showing not how to imitate, but how to define characterization as it clarified personality and externalized relationships. For Brecht, no music was better suited to these purposes than the cabaret material he absorbed from Wedekind, and the use of this music in the Epic Theater became more and more

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prominent as Brecht progressed from writing plays with "incidental" music to full-length operas constructed in the gestic style.

The use of symbolic physical gesture in opera did not originate entirely with Brecht. The major German librettist of the preceding generation, Hugo von Hofmannsthal (whose collaboration with Richard Strauss produced six operas and additional musical projects), often used symbols and gestures to define onstage relationships. In a love triangle, for example, the movement of one character across the stage to meet another would be symbolic of the passing of love from one end of the emotional spectrum to the other. Brecht, who was not unaware of Hofmannsthal's work, lifted this device out of the naturalistic context of Hofmannsthal's domestic comedies and exaggerated its use to the point where it became expressionistic.

The relationship between Brecht and Hofmannsthal is noteworthy. Hofmannsthal was a lyric poet of conservative instinct who successfully tried to recreate the grand style of the traditional opera libretto while applying a patina of Freudian psychology in both his domestic works (*Der Rosenkavalier, Arabella*) and the mythic operas (*Elektra, Die Frau ohne Schatten*). Brecht, however, was a radical in both politics and art, who used opera not as a vehicle for poetic fulfillment but as a device to try to bore from underneath into the realm of bourgeois culture and radically alter it. Hofmannsthal died in 1927, just as the Brecht-Weill partnership began, but he was already aware of Brecht's early plays and had helped to sponsor the initial Berlin showing of the younger man's first play, *Baal*. Hofmannsthal also wrote a special prologue for these performances, in which he praised Brecht's writing as showing the direction of future dramatic growth. Hofmannsthal's legacy to Brecht as a librettist was twofold: first, Hofmannsthal legitimatized the presence of important modern poets in the opera house. Most librettists who have worked after him have had to struggle beneath his, Hofmannsthal's, shadow (particularly was this true of W. H. Auden), but Hofmannsthal made the poet's role valuable in lyric drama. He showed what could be done in a conservative poetic manner, yet still away from the Wagnerian ethic and toward a new form of chamber effects, clarity, and comprehension. As such, Hofmannsthal was very much a part of the anti-Wagner movement, railing against what he called the "interminable erotic screaming" of Wagner's Teutonic heroes.

But Hofmannsthal also adapted one essential element of the Wagnerian theater, and this was to become his second legacy to Brecht: the use of stage myths. As Wagner had followed operatic tradition in adapting legends (generally Nordic sagas) for his own purposes, so Hofmannsthal was to take Greek myths and convert them into reflections of modern thought and social dilemmas. Brecht was to carry this further in his vision of an American Gold Coast city in the opera *Mahagonny*. Instead of adapting myths, Brecht created his own, modeled after the golden calf of modern capitalism—another instance of Brecht adapting traditional forms and converting them for his own purposes. Hofmannsthal used myth for social reflection, for delicate and melancholy examinations of love and its after-effects. Brecht used myths for social change within an acidic environment, and the real world of Weimar Berlin viewed itself, in his work, dissolving into a thinly disguised and decadent American boom town.

The full opera, *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*, is the focal point of the Brecht musical canon. It had the longest gestation period of any Brecht musical project, and was strongly to influence many works written by him afterwards. As early as 1926 Brecht had included five "Mahagonny Songs" in a collection of his poetry. These had Brecht's own gestic musical scores written along with the text in the fashion of Wedekind and combined such diverse elements as English folk songs and Puccini arias. The following year, Kurt Weill—at that time still a student of Ferrucio Busoni, but already an accomplished composer in his own right—was asked to write a one-act opera for the

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1927 New Music Festival at Baden-Baden organized by Paul Hindemith. By this time, Weill had completed four operas, two symphonies, and some chamber music, but he was reluctant to work again in a one-act format that had not been especially satisfactory for him in the past. Weill approached Brecht, and asked if the poet might have something that would be effective in a musical setting. Brecht at first rejected Weill's idea, but then offered him the set of five "Mahagonny Songs." Each could be recomposed by Weill, and then performed in sequence with musical interludes so as to give a plotless, characterless portrait of this "city of nets"—a town so evil in its immorality that God cannot damn it, for the city is already in Hell. Brecht added a final verse to the previously published poems, and the "Ur-*Mahagonny*," called the *Mahagonny Songspiel,* was performed at Baden-Baden in May of 1927.

The word *Songspiel* is a play on the German musical term *Singspiel:* an opera that does not have continuous music (as in Wagner) but instead consists of a series of separate musical numbers connected by spoken dialogue (as in *The Magic Flute*). The use of *Songspiel* at an avant-garde music festival represented a two-pronged attack for both composer and librettist: the term was an outright parody of a basic operatic and musicological label, but it also helped to emphasize the American locale of the text, and indicate the use of a novel jazz concept in the score.

The *Mahagonny Songspiel*—performed in a bogus boxing ring with immense Caspar Neher projections flashed behind it—provoked a strong reaction, both pro and con, and its two creators immediately began work on expanding the six songs into a full-length opera. The complete libretto, which took Brecht only a few months to write, is in three acts. Act One shows the founding of the city by three escaped criminals, the arrival of various underworld types, and the town's near-destruction during a typhoon. Act Two (structurally the most interesting) is a series of tableaux demonstrating the indulgent tastes of the men and women in Mahagonny. Each scene is prefaced with a title ("Eating," "Loving," "Boxing," "Drinking") and a raunchy, guttural male chorus that sings the motto of the town:

First, don't forget, comes greedy eating;
Second, we turn to love;
Third, don't forget the boxing matches;
Fourth, swill your booze as long as you can.
But above all else observe closely
That here you may do anything at all.*

A woodsman from Alaska (the tenor) is arrested because he has committed the greatest of all sins in Mahagonny: he cannot pay his bill. The third act shows his condemnation in a kangaroo court, his death, and the eventual destruction of the town in a *Götterdämmerung* of burning fire and social protest.

Under Brecht's influence, Weill continued to write music for the opera in the style of the earlier *Songspiel,* but everything was now enlarged to opera house proportions. Where the *Songspiel* needed only six singers and a stage band of ten, the full opera required a pit orchestra of forty, a stage band of twenty-one, nine soloists, and a mixed chorus. The expanded score is a masterful combination of satire, politics, and also homage to the operatic form. This last was part of Weill's contribution to the project—showing the real possibilities of a jazz opera amid the transformation of what might have been a piece of musical graffitti into a lasting and valuable stage work. With the exception of Alban Berg's atonal operas, no other operatic work reflects such deep-felt pain on the part of its authors, and this personal conviction transcends the text's cartoon-like aspects.

While writing *Mahagonny,* Brecht and Weill took two months off in the summer of 1928 to devise the *Threepenny Opera,* itself adapted from another operatic parody, John Gay's *Beggar's Opera* (1728). While this is a play with music, there is no mistaking the operatic elements in an "opera" in which heroes are replaced by

* From the Guy Stern translation which appears with the Columbia Records recording of *Mahagonny* K3L 243.

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highwaymen and so standard a convention as the *deus-ex-machina* finale is brutally mocked. With the *Threepenny Opera* embarked on its long run in Berlin, Weill returned to work on the complete *Mahagonny*. It had its première at the Leipzig Opera on March 9, 1930, and, because of Nazi agitation, caused a major theater riot. The second performance was given with the house lights on and police lined along the theater aisles.

In the years between its conception and completion, the opera *Mahagonny* had become part of a genre in lyric drama classified as the *Zeitoper,* or opera reflecting the spirit of the times. In its day, the most popular and internationally successful example of this was Ernst Krenek's *Jonny Spielt Auf,* which dealt with a black jazz singer and had its première at Leipzig three years before *Mahagonny*. By the time the Brecht/Weill opera was finished, the German atmosphere had become too censorious and destructive for a similar success. Negotiations for a production at one of Berlin's three opera houses were never made final, and under Nazi pressure the work was virtually banned from provincial stages, though not until it had been seen in at least half a dozen different productions. (One in Frankfurt was directed by Herbert Graf and conducted by William Steinberg.) In December 1931 a Berlin production of the opera finally opened, but not in an opera house or with opera singers. In order to arrange a commercial run with cabaret and musical comedy actors, Weill made a new edition of the score, cutting some material and rewriting long passages so that untrained singers (one of whom was his wife, Lotte Lenya) could handle the music. This "Berlin Version" has been recorded, which has made it the most famous edition of the opera, but it remains a compromise not only in sound but in effect as well, for much of the satire is lost outside the opera-house environment.

The switch from trained voices to cabaret singers was more upsetting to Weill than to Brecht, who was probably content to see the work return to something like its original *Songspiel* sound. Strains arose in the collaboration at this point (Brecht is said to have referred to Weill as a "phoney Richard Strauss") and Brecht, now a confirmed Marxist, clearly had had enough even of unconventional musical forms that related to traditional bourgeois opera. In 1929 (before the original *Mahagonny* première at Leipzig) he had already produced his first *Lehrstück,* or didactic cantata at the Baden-Baden New Music Festival. With music composed by both Weill and Hindemith, this was called *Lindbergh's Flight,* a cantata for chorus and soloist in which the numerous participants (as well as the audience) were supposed to be politically educated by the subject matter of the performance (the triumph of the individual over nature). Brecht referred to this and other such works as "art for the producer, not the consumer"—meaning that the *Lehrstück* was written for the benefit of the performers and not exclusively for the audience. Under Hindemith's sponsorship, Brecht continued to work in this genre, but a collaboration between them ended as soon as Hindemith began to insist upon the composer's traditional right of supremacy over the libretto.

Brecht's most successful *Lehrstück* was written with Weill in 1930. Called *Der Jasager* (literally translated as *The Yes-Sayer*), it was taken from a Japanese Nō drama about a boy who consents to his own execution when, on a voyage with fellow students to obtain medicine for his mother, he takes sick and thereby threatens the continuation of the group's pilgrimage. Designed as a school opera to be performed by students, it was an immediate success and by 1932 had had more than one hundred productions in Germany. The excessively strong and disciplinarian theme (*too* attractive to the German temperament) eventually caused Brecht to alter the work to *Der Neinsager,* in which the boy successfully fights the custom that determines his death and insists upon the need for new traditions. This new ending was never set to music by Weill, for after the Berlin *Mahagonny* in 1931 he and Brecht amicably drifted away from each other, working together only once more, in 1933, when as

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exiles in Paris they wrote the ballet-cantata *The Seven Deadly Sins* as a vehicle for Lotte Lenya.

Traveling through Europe and America, Brecht now began to concentrate once more on writing plays with supplementary music (usually composed by either Hans Eisler or Paul Dessau). This was the period of Brecht's major "late" plays, *Mother Courage and her Children, Galileo,* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle,* but it also saw Brecht's last script for an opera, *The Trial of Lucullus.* A minor Brecht work in fourteen brief scenes, it deals with a court in which the ghosts of common men act as a jury over the spirit of the Roman general Lucullus. After the testimony of witnesses, the general is condemned to Hades because of his murderous triumphs in war. The opera was originally written in 1939 as a radio play, but Brecht attached a page specifying how it was to be adapted as an opera: which roles were to be sung, which spoken, the vocal range for specific characters, and a list of musical numbers (songs, choruses, duets, trios, et cetera). In California, Brecht hoped to persuade Stravinsky to accept the libretto, but the Russian composer claimed he was too busy to take on another project. The manuscript then went to Roger Sessions (who set an English translation, which was produced at U.C.L.A. in 1947) and finally became the property of Paul Dessau, whose version of the German text was staged with alterations (due to East German censorship) in 1951 at the State Opera in East Berlin.

In 1947 Brecht returned to Europe, and although there was much discussion about his becoming an artistic director of the revived Salzburg Festival (which, presumably, meant that Brecht would stage Mozart as well as *Mahagonny*) nothing ever came of the plan. In 1948, he directed *Mother Courage* in Berlin with the group that would eventually become the Berliner Ensemble. Like Stanislavsky and Meyerhold (and Wagner!) Brecht finally had his own theater in which, as a director, he could stage his works to his own specifications.

Those last years produced nothing in operatic form except the revisions of *Lucullus.* Brecht's major contribution had been made years earlier, in the 1920s, and his cessation of activity in truly operatic spheres does not negate the value of his contribution to opera or its variety of form and presentation: the deep attack from within tradition amid an exploration of sight and sound in the theater which, more than anything else, is the hallmark of opera as we know it today.

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TEACHING

Yvor Winters of Stanford

GERALD GRAFF

The young are quick of speech.
Grown middle-aged I teach
Corrosion and distrust,
Exacting what I must.
—Yvor Winters,
"On Teaching the Young"

I first met Yvor Winters in 1959, the year I began graduate school at Stanford. Since I was planning to concentrate on American literature, I was told that Winters would act as my adviser. Seated at the desk in his office, Winters was formidable in appearance: in his fifties, short and squat with a very large head, the face sunburned and the hair topped by a cowlick. His eyes looked coldly at and into you, as if to cut straight through your pretensions to your essential superficiality. His appearance, combined with bits of information (and misinformation) I had had of him before coming West, thoroughly cowed me, but I tried not to show it. I inquired casually about the course in the English lyric he was scheduled to teach the coming term, and when he asked me about my preparation for it, I did my best to convey that I was not to be dismissed as a typically callow first-year graduate student. After all, had I not, in my senior undergraduate year, taken a course in poetry taught by a poet-critic and man of letters no less distinguished than Winters himself? Was I not therefore *au courant* on the essentials of the subject? So I thought, and I began to describe this course and to expound some of Professor So-and-So's ideas. But Winters was unimpressed. "Mr. Graff," he sighed with a kind of weary patience, "I teach my course according to certain fixed critical rules. . . . And Professor So-and-So's rules are not *my* rules."

Although this incident had the initial effect of cowing me further, it also stimulated my curiosity. I ended up enrolling in Winters's course that term and other courses in subsequent terms. Soon I was reading and rereading Winters's writings, talking and arguing about Winters with other students, and in general, over the four years I spent at Stanford, finding my intellectual life pervaded by Winters and his concerns. I became, in short, a committed "Wintersian"—perhaps too much so for my own good, as will be seen later. But I want to talk about the qualities that made Winters a great teacher.

I had had enough contact with the professional intellectual world before coming to Stanford to know that Winters's remark about operating by "fixed critical rules" was an unusual one to make. Certainly none of my previous teachers had tied their hands by a set of "rules," much

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less "fixed" ones. Flexibility, adaptability, and a pragmatic readiness to regard all approaches and points of view as potentially valid responses to a text or a situation were the qualities of mind most of these teachers had seemed to exemplify. "Insights," as they were called, rather than anything so formulaic and systematic as rules or principles, were the constituents of which literary-critical intelligence seemed to be made. Each work of literature, you were given to understand, organized itself according to intrinsic norms peculiar to it. Insight was the faculty by which you intuited these norms in each unique instance, and gave some account of them in critical language. Questions about whether the work was good or bad, how it fit into any larger system of values or ideas, or why you were reading the work and what you were expected to get out of it did not often arise. Above all, you were not supposed to argue with a work of literature. In general, literary discussions seemed to take for granted some undefined set of assumptions that everybody present was presumed to understand and share. To ask what these assumptions were, to ask what literature was *for,* was to risk exposing your naïveté. There was a tacit understanding that you knew what literature was for—otherwise, what were you doing here studying it?

Working within these limits, I felt I had learned a good deal about literature in my undergraduate years, but they had left me with a sense of uncertainty about what I was doing—something beyond the necessary and healthy uncertainty that is a part of any education. Looking back, I can see that this feeling was a reflection of the growing confusion about literary study itself, and that my very personality mirrored the intellectual diffuseness and indeterminacy of both the social and the educational system. I was still in search of a point of view—some framework of ideas more substantial than a collection of insights with reference to which I might locate myself. Winters's talk of "fixed critical rules" sounded rigid, all right, but honest and straightforward. Here, clearly, was someone who took a position—someone who told you where he stood, so that you had a chance to figure out where *you* stood.

Winters's best courses (in literature, that is; I did not take any of his courses in the writing of poetry) were his surveys of the English lyric and American poetry. These were lecture courses in which both undergraduate and graduate students enrolled, usually in large numbers. In both courses the poetry was read and discussed in chronological sequence, permitting Winters to illustrate a theory of historical development. According to his theory, English poetry had reached a high point of excellence in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, with such masters of the plain style as Gascoigne, Raleigh, Jonson, Greville, the Elizabethan song-writers, and certain poems of Donne such as the Holy Sonnet that begins "Thou hast made me." Then a great degeneration had set in, due chiefly to the influence of the associationism of Locke, the sentimentalism of Shaftesbury, and, in America, the pantheistic romanticism of Emerson. These influences had led to an overemphasis on sensory imagery and emotion in poetry at the expense of the rational "motivation" of emotion. With some notable exceptions, such as Charles Churchill's "Dedication" to Warburton, F. G. Tuckerman's "The Cricket," and the best poems of Emily Dickinson, the period from Milton to Swinburne was largely a poetic disaster area. The dissolution had reached its extreme point in the French symbolists and their imitators, who sought to do away with almost all rational content in order to intensify suggestion and nuance—a self-defeating enterprise in Winters's view. Nevertheless, the romantics and the symbolists had enriched the resources of poetry by extending the possibilities of imagery, suggestion, and connotation in new ways. In certain twentieth-century poets, who employed these romantic techniques while restoring rational philosophic content, Winters saw a poetic recovery. This poetry, which Winters called "Post-Symbolist," was best exemplified in certain poems of Bridges, Valéry, and Stevens. In Winters's view, it surpassed even the best work of the Renaissance plain style in its

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richness, complexity, and depth of awareness.

Although formulated independently, this theory has certain affinities with Eliot's theory of "dissociation of sensibility," which, in turn, has affinities with earlier theories of romantic degeneration such as those of Schiller, Hegel, and other romantics. "Antiromanticism," which defines the romantic period as a kind of sickness of the soul, was an invention of the romantic movement itself. Winters's theory has the advantage over these others in being worked out more clearly and in greater detail, and it gave his courses an overall coherence and cumulative drive that deepened their effect. These courses rehabilitated the study of literary history, which by that time had degenerated into such lifeless fact-mongering that many departments gave up even trying to teach it. History as Winters presented it had a shape and a dramatic plot focusing on key issues of ethics, philosophy, and epistemology. For the first time in my experience, all my disparate information about various works, writers, and periods began to arrange itself within an "overview." What I had previously known as a mass of discrete data, a series of isolated events succeeding one another in the gratuitous and inexplicable "revolutions" of which literary history seemed to consist, I now began to understand as a process of development that operated according to a logic which could at least be discovered after the fact. I even noticed that my reading now began to stick in my memory, whereas previously, having no scheme that could give things significance, I had quickly forgotten most of what I read. The fact that Winters's theory of history was highly debatable—indeed, for many students, wholly unconvincing—did not destroy its value: if you were not convinced by it, you were stimulated to try to correct and improve on it. If you rejected the valuations Winters placed on the historical phases, you might still find his description of them and his account of historical change extremely useful. And even if you rejected both the valuations and the descriptions, you were forced to become aware that a historical process existed, that it had a determinate propulsion, and that certain issues gave it coherence. Moreover, this historical process was a living thing that would condition your own development for better or worse, depending on your ability to understand it.

On the other hand, Winters stressed that a grasp of historical generalizations was useless if you lacked intuitive sensitivity to the concrete texture of the work. It became clear at the outset that Winters respected the primacy of "insights" no less than any of my previous teachers, and that his "fixed critical rules" were no substitute for them. Donald E. Stanford, who studied in Winters's poetry-writing classes, has said that Winters "was *the* poet-critic of our time who combined an understanding of general philosophical ideas with a sensibility almost hypersensitive in its awareness of the most minute particulars of poetic style." This combination was grounded in Winters's theory of the unity of form and content in a literary work. "Unity of form and content" has long been a commonplace of modern criticism, but Winters managed to give the phrase an exceptionally precise interpretation. To him every literary work necessarily advances or presupposes some "rational understanding," plausible or not, of its subject, and this understanding "motivates" the emotions and valuations that the work communicates through style and technique. Thus such devices as poetic meter, rhythm, and syntax are more than mere technical apparatus; they are a kind of spiritual grammar which, like a person's characteristic gestures and facial expressions, reflects his world-view. It followed from this that literary form is "moral," in Winters's sense—a judgment as to how the world ought to be understood and reacted to. It also followed that the teaching and study of literature are exemplary acts through which your own personal "unity of form and content" is tested.

All this is a rather complicated way of saying that Winters as a teacher presented a model of intense, almost priestly, seriousness about literature. That trait in itself connected him with many of the modernist

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writers and critics with whom he was so frequently at odds—and with what has come to be called the modernist religion of literature. But Winters's seriousness—free of the incense-burning and posturing that sometimes marked the more cultish precincts of modernism—was distinguished by the passion with which it sought to discover a rational justification for itself and by the stringent moral and intellectual demands under which Winters placed the creative imagination. The New Critics and many others in their wake have interpreted the unity of literary form and content in such a way as to divorce literature from belief, or at least to set up highly equivocal relations between the two. The truth or falsity of the work's meaning, considered with respect to some reality outside it, is said to be irrelevant to its literary value. A poem, it is said in a bit of folk wisdom which does not seem to have declined in popularity, "should not mean but be": it may "mean," but the meaning is "intrinsic" and does not apply to empirical reality. Winters, too, held that literature is a great deal more than mere statement, and he was more interested in meanings that are communicated through suggestion than those that are explicitly asserted. Yet for him the fact that literary meaning was embodied in complexities and indirections did not allow you to evade questions about the validity of this meaning as a view of life.

Thus Winters took the tough position that if you professed to admire a poet while being wholly out of sympathy with his ideas, you were either deceiving yourself—that is, bringing your beliefs into play without owning up to it—or else failing to take the poetry seriously. I now disagree with some of Winters's practical applications of this position, but I think in principle he was right. Literature appeals to its readers not merely as a series of intense experiences, mythical hypotheses, or adventures on the frontiers of the psyche, but as a mode of belief that solicits conviction. This is as true of the literature of the Absurd and the Irrational as of the literature of traditional humanistic wisdom. The new wisdom may hold that experience is all conflict, ambiguity, and irresolution, but that is itself a view of the way things are and must accept responsibility as such. To issue the creative writer a certificate of limited liability for the view he presents may appear to express deep respect for literature, but it is actually patronizing. There is a kind of poetolatry pervading many areas of contemporary culture, both popular and academic, that rests on the condescending assumption that the poet and his productions are terribly fragile things, like the mechanical butterfly devised by the artist in the Hawthorne tale, which may shatter at the touch of criticism. This patronizing of creativity—in reality a patronizing of the self, which our world consoles for its miseries by making it unanswerable to external controls—only betrays the trivial position to which creativity has sunk. Winters, by making demands on writers, even to the point of holding what they *say* to a test of philosophic credibility, felt he was merely acknowledging the importance of the craft. If making such demands necessarily reduced the number of works you could admire, something which to many minds will always seem a needless spoiling of the fun, there were more fundamental things at stake.

Winters's view was liberating because it showed how, without descending to philistinism, the stubborn common sense of the plain man might stand up against flashy but untenable literary ideas. For example, Winters had little use for the theory—which has become even more popular recently—that one of the functions of literature is to supply "fictions" that make tolerable the inherent senselessness of life by imposing a humanly agreeable meaning on things. In his book, *The Sense of an Ending,* Frank Kermode speaks of literature as giving "fictions of concord" which, if only momentarily and precariously, reconcile us to the otherwise unbearable pointlessness of reality. We understand these fictional "paradigms" to be purely imaginary constructions, Kermode implies, yet we "make use of them" somehow as a means of ordering our experience—as if

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the usefulness of these paradigms were not vitiated by our awareness of their arbitrariness. Winters was at once too shrewd and too naïve for such sophisticated credulity. He was shrewd enough to see the futility of trying to satisfy a hunger for metaphysics through ideas admitted to be fictional—a recognition that underlies his critique of the later poetry of Wallace Stevens. Winters would have agreed with the observation of the contemporary philosopher E. M. Cioran that "a value we know to be arbitrary ceases to be a value and sinks into a fiction. With fictions there is no way of instituting a morality, still less rules of behavior in the present." On the other hand, Winters was naïve enough to be shocked by the desperate lengths to which the longing for consolatory fictions could go. I recall one class in which he was lecturing on Hart Crane's *The Bridge* and came to the following lines:

> . . . Medicine-man, relent, restore—
> Lie to us,—dance us back the tribal morn!

Although he had certainly read these lines hundreds of times, Winters's face expressed genuine astonishment as he looked up from his text. "What a terrible thing to say!" he said. He meant that not only was it wrong to ask to be lied to, but it was terrifying that one should be driven to surrender one's intellectual integrity.

Winters's own poetics of rationality afforded little comfort. For him, reason, far from presupposing a tidy universe of neoclassical certainties, was a precarious standpoint, always in danger of being overwhelmed by unreason. He never went in for the literary *machismo* that measures writers by the amount of disorientation with which they can claim acquaintance. Nor did he speak in what Theodor Adorno has called "the jargon of authenticity," the pretentious vocabulary of anguish perfected by those who, while achieving academic tenure, often specialize in transactions with the Abyss. Nevertheless, the dissolution of the ego, the encroachment of solipsism, and the inhuman indifference of the natural world are recurrent themes in his poetry. Winters's emphasis on reason, order, and control of the emotions was a counterforce which he set against his own powerfully romantic temperament. In the rough-and-ready differentiation of American writers into Redskins and Palefaces, Winters lines up more closely with the Redskins than a cursory understanding of him suggests.

Winters followed the formal style of teaching—the written-out lecture delivered from an elevated podium and frequently consisting of lengthy passages from his own critical works. This way of teaching has come under fire recently—and often for good reasons. But it can be effective if the lecturer's reading of his material is clearly alive rather than simply a mechanical process. And it helps if he has the gift of departing from his text at intervals with pertinent and lively illustrations, anecdotes, and ad-libs. Despite Winters's low estimation of the dramatic and performing skills ("Actors," he once wrote, "are always unimportant and their qualities are unimportant, and it seems foolish to devote so much attention to them."), he was himself an excellent performer. He could hardly be unaware that the "corrosion and distrust" he was directing at established opinions and reputations shocked and discomfited a sizable proportion of his audience, and his style was calculated for such provocation. One of his most memorable performances for me was his polemical lecture on Emerson's philosophy in his course on American poetry. He had a stack of Emerson quotations on large file-cards, which he read and proceeded to demolish in sequence. The effect was devastating. However strong your admiration for Emerson, it could never be quite the same after hearing Winters's lecture. But the climax was when Winters stopped his demolition momentarily and looked out at his listeners, as if anticipating their response. "Oh, by the way," he said, "please don't tell me that I'm taking Emerson's statements out of context. . . . In an Emerson essay, there *is* no context."

But I do not wish to put too much stress on the negative in talking about Winters

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as a performer. What made his lectures remarkable occasions were his readings of poems. All the intensity and passion of his commitment to the art of poetry came across in these readings, most especially when he read certain favorite passages, such as the final stanza of Stevens's "Sunday Morning." The first time I heard him read this stanza was in response to a student who had challenged him to give some example of poetry that passed his test. He recited it from memory, achieving an effect of extraordinary profundity:

She hears, upon that water without sound,
A voice that cries, "The tomb in Palestine
Is not the porch of spirits lingering.
It is the grave of Jesus, where he lay."
We live in an old chaos of the sun,
Or old dependency of day and night,
Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,
Of that wide water, inescapable.
Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail
Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;
And, in the isolation of the sky,
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.*

In an appreciation of Winters's poetry, Robert Lowell wrote that his poetry passed Housman's test—if you think of it while shaving you will cut yourself. This was the sensation Winters's reading of verse inspired. Even those whose ears at that time were attuned to the jazz-accompanied rhythms of the coffeehouses up in San Francisco were amazed at Winters's power.

Winters described his style of reading as a kind of "restrained but formal chant," a method he defended against more histrionic styles of "dramatic declamation." This defense of formal reading reflected the good dialectical principle on which Winters based his call for strict forms in literature: without a discoverable norm, deviations from the norm become meaningless. The self-conscious violence and disjunctiveness in much modern experimental verse fails in its effect, he argued, since it establishes no norm from which its departures would have significance. Winters stated his arguments in an essay called "The Audible Reading of Poetry" in his *The Function of Criticism*:

> I have been told that this method of reading makes all poems sound alike, but this can be true only for those persons to whom all poems sound alike in any event, or for whom essential differences are meaningless. The virtue of the method, on the contrary, is that it gives each poem its precise identity, and no other method will do this. . . . The kind of reading which I defend is equally appropriate to a song by Campion or to an epic by Milton. Any poem which cannot bear the impersonal illumination of such a reading or which requires the assistance, whether expert or clumsy, of shouting, whispering, or other dramatic improvement, is to that extent bad poetry, though it may or may not be a good scenario for a vaudeville performance.

This stress on impersonality, which is fundamental to Winters's conception of proper reading, is another characteristic that links him, despite himself, to the literary generation of Eliot, Valéry, and Joyce. The disdain of high modernist writers for personal self-expression has come to be viewed as a kind of frigidity. But at its best, the attitude represented a kind of heroism, a transcendence of triviality. The paradox of these strategies of impersonality lies in the force and pungency of individual personality that they permitted to appear. Winters, in achieving his ideal of impersonal reading, read poetry like nobody else.

Those who got to know Winters personally—as I did to an extent in my last year—found him willing to set aside the authoritative manner he presented to his classes and to the readers of his criticism. This suggests an element of playacting in his public gruffness. He was often playful about his formidable reputation as a literary pugilist and outlaw. I use these terms advisedly, for Winters was a close follower of boxing, fond of analogies between the art of the ring and the art of poetry, and some people perceived a resemblance be-

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tween his critical intransigence and the swagger of the western hero—or villain, depending on your point of view. This latter association was made more plausible by Winters's love of the American West. There was certainly a trace of the cowboy myth in many of the folk tales then circulating among Winters's students. According to one of the best of these stories, a crazed student, driven to a frenzy by a series of Wintersian dismissals of his literary idols, went to Winters's home and, on being admitted, produced a pistol and announced his intention of doing away with his tormentor. Winters, so the story goes, stared at the man coldly from his armchair, then said quietly, "Go ahead and shoot." Instead, the student launched a stream of insults and profanity. "Winters," he said, "you're the rottenest, lousiest, meanest, most inhuman son-of-a-bitch ever to hold a job in an American university," or words to that effect. Winters's glare never wavered. "I've known that for the last twenty-five years," he is said to have replied, draining his adversary of whatever may have been left of his resolve. I do not know if this incident actually took place, but the self-judgment is characteristic. I would like to think that Winters relished the drama of the showdown.

But finally, I believe, Winters would have preferred to forgo his role of the stern moral conscience of American literature. He paid for the rigor of his judgments with much bitter isolation from the centers of literary prestige—no laughing matter to him. And there was a basic gentleness in his nature that went against his penchant for antagonism and contention. If he seemed eager for them, it was not because they gave him pleasure but because he thought it his obligation to live up to the standards he had set himself, standards he believed to be impersonal. As the lines I have used as my epigraph suggest, Winters exacted his "corrosion and distrust" because he "must," not because it gratified him to do so. This invocation of an impersonal imperative, which many of his enemies assumed to be merely self-indulgent fanaticism, was grounded in his view that only by aspiring to such an imperative can judgment rescue itself from self-indulgence. The point is, Winters accepted the consequences of his choice.

I do not want to imply that Winters had no defects as a teacher. Like many powerful minds, he tended to overwhelm a student's resistance, turning him into a duplicate of himself. I do not mean to say that he permitted no disagreements, which would be untrue; but you had to be tough to disagree with him, and to do so successfully you had to think through the issues as carefully as he had—a requirement few students could meet. When I began to have my own classes at Stanford, I found myself not only repeating Winters's theories and opinions, but aping his mannerisms, safe in the assumption that freshman students would not be likely to recognize their source. I copied the tone of studied weariness with which Winters introduced an adverse judgment, and the formula, "I confess I am just a bit *tired* of hearing, . . ." et cetera. Outside class, I made myself insufferable by detecting "the fallacy of imitative form" in my friends' literary tastes and behavior, and by making triumphant predictions of eventual oblivion for their favorite contemporary writers. In my writing, too, I copied all the master's strokes, affecting a tone of authority without bothering to earn it and mistaking solemnity for seriousness. I recall coming home to the Midwest one summer with a long essay I had written, which I showed to an old friend. He was appreciative, but he could not help remarking that, judging from the tone of the piece, it might be entitled "Reflections at Sixty."

Winters's intense passion for paring things down to the essentials, his impatience with what seemed of merely transitory interest, set an example of nobility that every student should experience but will imitate at his peril. "The important thing is not action in itself," Winters wrote in *The Function of Criticism,* "but the understanding of action. . . . Life is full of action; we can see it about us and read of it in the newspapers; we are too much involved in it ourselves. It is the raw material of gen-

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eralization." This must be seen in context: a defense of the use of generalized language in poetry against the prevailing taste for a poetry of "immediate experience." But these statements do reflect a weariness with the concrete level of experience, a wish to get on to the loftier plane of the universals: "There comes a time in the lives of some men," Winters continued in the same passage, "when the spectacle is no longer informative but the theory is packed with meaning." Whether this attitude represents classic wisdom or a deadening embrace of finality depends on the use that is made of it. In Winters's defense, it can be noted that he was by no means alone among writers of his generation in disdaining the messy, confusing distraction of modern life—although he too, in his poetry, appreciated the necessity of dramatizing the contingent and inessential realm that he wished to transcend. But whatever the validity of the attitude, there has to "come a time for it," as Winters's own statement implies. It is an attitude, in other words, that no young person can adopt without succumbing to the most hollow posturing.

Edmund Wilson, in his dedication of *Axel's Castle* to Christian Gauss, paid tribute to his former teacher as "a master of criticism who has taught much in insisting little." Yvor Winters, it might be said, was a master of criticism—and of poetry—who taught much in insisting a great deal. Obviously, to regard Winters as a great teacher is not to suggest that his way of going about the job is the only good way. But I think that in our increasingly more scrambled intellectual environment, teaching according to the mode of "insistence," without reduction or vulgarization, is going to be more and more necessary. The fact that students no longer acquire the rudiments of an intellectual identity and a point of view from family, church, and other local institutions may initially stimulate them to intellectual rebellion, but the long-run effect is docility—docility to the fashionable intellectual pieties. A teacher like Winters provides a model of critical dissent enabling the student to gain a perspective on the ideas that surround him.

Of course, a university or a department in which everybody was an Yvor Winters would probably be unbearable. But a university or a department without a Winters, without somebody who stands for the type of demands for which Winters stood, is certain to be sterile.

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PORTRAIT

The Babe on Balance

MARSHALL SMELSER

Babe Ruth's success depended on his constitution and his temperament, but it also owed much to the accident of timing. If he had come to New York before the First World War he would have played with a weakly financed team much less able and popular than the Giants. He came to New York when the Yankees had rich, ambitious owners who were able to make the most of the interest he stirred. The result was a rising zest for public spectacles, and Ruth rose with the flood, in just the right place. From 1920 to 1932 there was a stormy excitement over baseball unknown before or since. The only rival idols of baseball heroes were college football players and, occasionally, boxers. A career like Ruth's is no longer possible. Today baseball has the lively competition of professional football, hockey, golf, and basketball, which split the popular interest. Imagine concentrating the popular feeling for the darlings of basketball, hockey, and football entirely on baseball heroes, and mostly on Babe Ruth. That's the way it was in the 1920s. Where Ruth stood was the center of the world of games. As the most cursory reading of the 1920 sports pages shows, his feat of hitting fifty-four home runs in 1920 was deliriously exciting.

No one was more persistently popular, not even Lindbergh. The press used hundreds of tons of extra newsprint to tell of Lindbergh, but the story ran out in a few years. Babe Ruth's story went on and on. He met an elemental need of the crowd. Every hero must have his human flaw which he shares with his followers. In Ruth it was hedonism, as exaggerated in folklore and fable. If he had been nothing more than an exceptional batter, he would have been respected, but he attracted more than respect. The public love of Ruth approached idolatry, and his reputed carnality was necessary to the folk-hero pattern. As Waite Hoyt said, he was "the kind of bad boy it is easy to forgive." He fit the public image of what a highly paid ballplayer *ought* to be, and, if he didn't really fit, the people wished to believe any legend that would shape the image. (They still do.) The combination of great skill on the field and a shared flaw off the field made him the most admired and theatrical man in the game.

He made money. Salaries, plus a bonus in the early twenties, and a percentage of club exhibition games paid him about a million dollars. World Series shares and barnstorming profits made him perhaps another half million. Many kinds of what we might call celebrity income also brought in about a half million. In real purchasing power, the only athletic heroes who have done better are a few heavyweight boxing champions and Pele, the Brazilian soccer player.

It is hard to think of him as doing anything else with his life. If he could have started earlier in golf, say as a caddie, he

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might have made as much as twenty-five thousand dollars a year, which was a high annual income for a golf professional in his time. With his nearly perfect physical coordination, he could no doubt have become a mechanically excellent pianist, but he showed no artistic tastes. Boxing had no money-ceiling at the time, but the company and the game itself were dangerous, and he did not have the kind of killer spirit necessary. Football was not then profitable. It had to be baseball.

People like to think he would have played even better if he were playing today, but the only advantage today's batters have is that American League fences, according to a calculation suggested by Cleveland Amory, are closer, on the average, by about twenty-four feet. This advantage is offset by all-night flying, less regular hours, the creation of the specialized relief pitcher, and the inferiority of the lighting for night games. Furthermore, Ruth didn't have to compete with blacks.

Ruth's last photographs have made him seem a freak carved out of blubber with no ability except to hit the ball a long way. Red Smith said what most expert witnesses felt: "The truth is that he was the complete ball player, certainly one of the greatest and maybe the one best of all time." Ruth seems almost to have been tailored to the game. We can list very few serious rivals for the adjective "best." Smith's word "complete" is the key word. Ruth could have been in the big leagues a long time at every position except second base, shortstop, and third base, positions in which left-handed throwers are handicapped. For example, only two pitchers in the Hall of Fame (Whitey Ford and Lefty Grove) have better won-lost percentages than Ruth's. His manysidedness was so dazzling that if it were supported only by oral tradition, apart from baseball's great heap of numbers called statistics, young people would snicker at the Ruth stories of their elders. Every art form has its greatest practitioner. Every art form also has able men who say there is *one* way to perform (the one way changes from time to time) and set down the rules. In each case the greatest practitioner first excelled according to the rules, then threw them away and soared higher. Ruth pitched conventionally, and as peer of the best, in 1915, 1916, and 1917, but found one position too confining. He went on to prove he could do almost everything else better than almost everybody else. The collaboration of Ed Barrow and Babe Ruth in converting a pitcher to a master of the whole game was the most influential single act in baseball history since the decision to pitch overhand instead of underhand.

To rate one player as the best is, of course, to place a high value on opinion. True, the pitching strategy of managers in Ruth's day differed from today's, and for the worse. But we can fairly contrast him with his contemporaries. After 1919, while in his prime, he was incomparable. There is no doubt at all that he was the best in his own time.

Ty Cobb's name naturally comes to mind, but Ruth could have done anything Cobb did, if he chose to do it, except steal as many bases. Branch Rickey, perhaps baseball's only true intellectual, saw Ruth as "a rational conservative in play as compared to Cobb." Cobb would often risk games in order to shine, but Ruth never. Ruth's risks were risks to snatch victory. We don't much dwell on Ruth as man thinking, but thinking is not some kind of juggler's trick or a special exercise of the consciously literate. A man thinking is a man completely attending to something he is doing. In the ball game (although almost nowhere else) Ruth qualified as Homo sapiens.

He was, even more, an instinctive player. The leaping spirit of life that animated Ruth's play can solve many a game puzzle which reason is too slow to solve.

Hercules, the Greek patron of athletes, was usually pictured as a man carrying a club. Whether civilized man is man the tool-user, or man the time-keeper, or man the fuel-burner (as anthropologists debate), the oldest graphic symbol of civilization

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is said to be the club-carrying man. That is what Ruth was. Despite his pitching and fielding records, we remember him as the man with the club, primitive but successful, the fundamental man who was victor over everything. Like Hercules, he satisfied the feeling of the people of his time that there was practically nothing a man couldn't do if he was strong enough and had a big enough stick.

There is an old saw that says, "You can't win 'em all." Babe Ruth at bat seemed to be asking, "Why not?"

*

Ruth filled the parks by developing the home run into a hit of exciting elegance. For almost two decades he battered fences with such regularity that baseball's basic structure was eventually pounded into a different shape.

—Lee Allen

The explosive popularity of Babe Ruth in 1919 and 1920 marked the division between quite different styles of play. The characteristic elements of the earlier style were the bunt, the hit-and-run play, and the stolen base. In 1911 the total of stolen bases in both leagues was 3,394; in 1951 it was 863. The new idea was to clutter the bases with runners who waited for a long hit to bring them home in a group. But not only batting and running changed. Pitchers had to work more carefully, pitching to alleged weaknesses, preferring to walk batters rather than to chance the home run.

The earlier game was consciously dedicated to the nineteenth-century god Science. To bunt, to steal, to hit-and-run were explicitly called "scientific" baseball in the first decade of this century, by which time the religion of Science had trickled down to the popular culture. Babe Ruth, the iconoclast, showed the fans they need not believe in the old god—that baseball was for fun, not for a moral duty.

Ruth and those who tried to play as he played prompted changes in the rules, equipment, and strategy. If one Ruth could fill a park, wouldn't sixteen Ruths fill sixteen parks? The ball became livelier and the pitcher was forbidden to spit on it. Even welterweight infielders now had bats with heavy barrels and thin handles. The successors of those pitchers who were kings of diamonds from 1900 to 1920 faced the painful fact that slight .220 hitters could wreck winning games in late innings by swinging for the fences.

The change was not universally welcomed. For those who liked baseball as a game played with a sphere and a cylinder, blending the sport of gymnastics with geometry, it made the game much too dependent on strength. The new game has also somewhat lowered the standard of outfield play, since almost none of the annual three thousand home runs requires any response on the field. But the people, by buying tickets in greater proportion, showed they liked what had happened. It is still true that an advertised duel between two leading pitchers may sell an extra ten thousand tickets. Nevertheless, a 1–0 loss for the home team, pitched by a pair of journeymen, will please the crowd less than a 16–15 win.

You can't keep Ty Cobb's name out of this kind of discussion. It is only fair to the intelligent, flexible, and neurotic Cobb to say that if he had first appeared in 1925 instead of 1905, he would have been as great a player, but a different kind.

As it was, the earlier game was the Cobb game; the later was the Ruth game. Cobb hit roughly as many home runs as Ruth stole bases, which is the simple formula of the change. Their value to their teams, on the scoreboard, was about equal. Cobb was worth 170 runs per season, Ruth 167 (based on runs scored, plus runs batted in, minus home runs, divided by seasons of play). But Cobb did his work coldly and craftily while Ruth played loosely and joyously, and the happy big bang sold a lot more tickets than Cobb's foxiness did. Ruth was the first man who seemed capable of breaking up the ball game every day he played. "Did he hit one today?" became a national household question.

We often read that Babe Ruth "saved baseball" at the time of the 1919 Black Sox

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scandal (exposed in 1920) by reviving interest in the game. That is not quite accurate. His twenty-nine home runs of 1919 and his fifty-four of 1920 eclipsed the scandal, blocked it out of the minds of the *Volk,* so that the miscreants got about a tenth of the attention they would have had in, say, 1910. What he did for baseball was to enliven it so that the trend of attendance was reversed. From 1910 to 1918 baseball attendance did not increase as rapidly as the population. From 1919 to 1930 attendance increased at a much greater rate than did the population. Until we know some other cause we may credit the Ruth game with turning the figures around.

Despite his relatively high salaries, Ruth was a bargain for the Yankees. At his peak he was worth from a third of a million to half a million dollars to the franchise. To baseball as an industry, his value was simply incalculable. We can only say that every club benefited from the greater popularity of the game. His presence with the Yankees, according to their ablest scout, Paul Krichell, also had a good deal to do with the success of the Yankees in winning twenty-two pennants after Ruth left the team. In the days when the recruiting of beginners was an auction and not a kind of lottery, the Yankees found it easier to sign promising rookies because they all wanted to be Yankees. The American League profited in the same way. By outdrawing the National League, every American League club was better off, and therefore better able to outbid National League rivals for young talent. (This advantage lasted until the National League earned the gratitude of blacks by breaking down the skin-color barrier.)

Babe Ruth is better remembered than his contemporary presidents Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, better than his contemporary ethical hero Lindbergh, better than the foxy hero Cobb. He needs no rescue from oblivion. Proofs of his lasting fame are everywhere, as a few instances will show:

—An organized baseball program for boys too old for Little League and too young for American Legion junior baseball, called the Little Bigger League, changed its name in 1953 to the Babe Ruth League and, with Claire Ruth's help, has been flourishing ever since.

—As of this writing, the city of Baltimore is renovating Pius Shamberger's house, where George Ruth was born and lived for a few days, in order to make it a Babe Ruth shrine.

—The National Commemorative Society, which commissions souvenir silver medals, polled its members in 1968, asking whose memory should be perpetuated on the 1969 medal. Babe Ruth won over Alexander Hamilton by a score of 760 to 724.

—*Der Sport Brockhaus; alles vom Sport von A-Z* (Wiesbaden, 1971) gave Ruth seven lines (with three errors of fact) and a portrait.

—In the part of Israel's "youth woodland" called the "freedom forest for Soviet Jewry," an ex–New Yorker named Jeff Shaya planted a tree in 1972 to memorialize Babe Ruth.

This list could be much longer.

Another kind of evidence is the interest of collectors. Dr. Helen Cripe of the American Antiquarian Society, studying the public sales of Americana, found in the catalogs of well-known dealers seventeen pieces of Ruthiana listed in the years 1963–1973, at prices from $6.50 to $250.00. Advertisements in the *Antique Trader* (Summer 1973) give us a relative evaluation: three Mickey Mouse watches of 1931, from $95 to $135, and one Babe Ruth watch at $110.

Babe Ruth's fame is grounded on firm achievement. A baseball player can't hide mistakes or clumsiness; he stands alone and naked. There is no way to build up an ordinary player artificially into a great player for very long. A few hot dogs become well known, but their days of true popularity are few. Ruth was even more than a great player, he was a folk hero. He didn't have all the qualities Thomas Carlyle insisted a hero must have (nor has Mickey Mouse), but he still gets from ordinary people most of the homage Carlyle said was due a hero.

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His fame will last. Once a living legend persists from the first generation into the third generation, that legend is secure and durable. Captain John Smith made it; John Rolfe is rarely spoken of. Abraham Lincoln is remembered; Douglas is recalled, if ever, only as Lincoln's foil. Babe Ruth's name draws crowds of small boys to the Ruth exhibit at Cooperstown. Do many small boys beg to visit Lindbergh's trophies in St. Louis or Grant's tomb in New York?

*

A man may be very imperfect and yet worth a good deal.

—Anthony Trollope, *Framley Parsonage*

Babe Ruth could not know the real world as obscure people know it. After living his formative years in a kind of monastery for boys, he leaped into a heroic place as a winner on winning teams. He never saw anything anonymously; it was all shown to him from where he stood on his pedestal. The ordinary person's world, how it worked, what it looked like, what it did to people, he couldn't know. Which may explain his fellow feeling for people institutionalized in artificial worlds—orphanages, hospitals, prisons.

He became a normal person by working to be normal. It was a hard struggle for him to become an acceptable member of society, partly because of his physical endowment. His appetites were strong, and his muscular urges even stronger. Driven by his make-up to satisfy his gut and to use his muscles more than he used his mental powers, he was initially out of balance. With effort he became what we call normal by the age of thirty. If he had had less human sympathy and even greater physical strength, he might have been in a state of permanent emotional disturbance. But his generosity and affections were as large as his hungers and his need to use his muscles.

It is rather sad that he never learned how typical a man he was. A reading of his memoirs and a study of his behavior raise the suspicion that he thought of himself as a kind of freak. Yet in every American cigar store, pool hall, barber shop, bar and grill, during his glory times, were specimens much like him—lacking only the ability to play baseball well.

Ruth had all of our faults, yet had the material success most Americans would like to have. Never did he try to be anything he was not; he never spoke on a subject he was unqualified to speak on, except in reply to interviewers' questions, and rarely even then. The ballplayer was larger than the man. His mind was empty of practically everything but baseball, and packed tight with baseball. He never said a banal thing about baseball except in situations contrived by press agents, where he echoed the puritan bosh about the uplifting gifts of sport—platitudes he had heard others use, *pro forma,* with apparent success. Except when cornered in that way, he was intellectually honest.

Did his manner of life hurt his play? The matter of keeping in shape for baseball has in it a deal of superstition. Inborn ability to make catlike movements is far more important than precise weight. Only in long games and double-headers does overweight take its price. He may have neglected to keep in condition, but that wasn't what killed him. Up to the age of thirty he tried hard to support the deathless belief of so many, that pleasure is happiness. Stories of the sins of popular heroes certainly grasp the attention of readers; so much has been written about Ruth's very ordinary and rather tiresome hedonism (but never with names, places, dates) that one is convinced there must be a real need to believe him a glutton who played best with a hangover. It reduces him to a smaller moral size so that some people can feel superior in some way to the otherwise titanic figure. And, as John McCabe well noted in his life of George M. Cohan, America sees itself as "Peck's Bad Boy," rough and hard to rule but instinctively doing good because it knows what is right. Ruth *had* to be a bad boy to be the paramount American. As Tristram Coffin said, "The hero must have a bit of the fool in him."

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The record contradicts Ruth's reputation for self-destructive gluttony. As of 1972, only sixty-one out of ten thousand ballplayers had played twenty full seasons in the major leagues. Ruth was one who played twenty full seasons, and parts of two others. Whatever he did, it didn't destroy him as a player or a person.

Babe Ruth was driven by ambition and love. The ambition was to be the most successful baseball player, and the standard of success was the salary. Having money, he saw no reason not to enjoy it. He was driven by love in the sense of an urge to do good, which he saw in two ways—as being kind to the helpless and as not hurting people on purpose. He was good at both. The home runs and the dollars are famous, but we overlook the absence of permanent enemies and the number of people who knew him well and loved him.

With most professional athletes, play is work. With Ruth, play was play. And it was his life. Was his life trivial? Because the Greeks taught us that what is universally popular is literally vulgar and ignoble, we think the business leader, the statesman, and the soldier are really living, while the athlete is wasting his and our time. (Euripides, for one, was very rough on athletes on this point; he had competing theaters to fill.) But there is a certain nobility in uniting mind and body in acts that need their perfect harmony. There is no need to apologize for athletes. The body has disorganized stimuli, gnawing hungers, and some unsystematic goals. The athlete makes it over into something controlled and directed toward its own excellence. If the mind merely lives in the body as a fish lives in a bowl, it would be folly to spend much time and effort to perfect the bowl. But man is mind and body in one, and the great athlete is a complete man who has found the limits of adventure within the bounds of the rules of his kind of play. That is not trivial.

*

Only in constant action was his constant certainty found. He will throw a longer shadow as time recedes.

—John Cornford, *A Memoir*

Babe Ruth lived only fifty-three years, but not all shortened lives are unfinished lives. Some are well rounded off, and end at a proper time. Since we have no reason to think he could have been a successful manager, and he had no other serious interest than baseball, we may say his was a finished, complete life. He was born at precisely the right time; it is hard to see how he could have been eminent if born earlier, or unique if born later. In the judgment of the people, no ballplayer has succeeded him. More than that, all others have diminished while he has grown. At the first election to the Hall of Fame in 1936, he ranked third. At mid-century, the Associated Press poll ranked him first over Cobb as the greatest ballplayer in the previous fifty years. In 1969, the centennial year of professional baseball, the Baseball Writers Association of America and the baseball broadcasters voted him the best player in the history of the game. They were nearly *all* strangers to him personally. Somehow that fact seems to add credibility to Babe Ruth's history; one feels like saying it really *did* happen.

A puzzled dramatic critic, in 1948, asked Babe Ruth's close friend, the sportswriter Dan Daniel, why Ruth should have a funeral unlike any before in New York (or, one may add, since) and more obituary space than any New Yorker ever had, more memorializing than proposed for presidents, or scientists, or warriors. "Why all this? What did this man Ruth do? What did he have, to merit this?"

To answer, a generation later: he is our Hercules, our Samson, Beowulf, Siegfried. No other person outside public life so stirred our imaginations and captured our affections.

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The 1974 Phi Beta Kappa Book Awards

The Ralph Waldo Emerson Award

VENICE: A MARITIME REPUBLIC. *By Frederic C. Lane. Johns Hopkins University Press. $17.50.*

Citation: "Professor Frederic C. Lane's scholarship and his catholic intelligence focusing on a subject of importance to an understanding of the history of the Western world has culminated in *Venice: A Maritime Republic.* Although the author's chief concern is with maritime affairs and economic enterprise, which were at the very center of the rise and decline of the Venetian state, Professor Lane is far from neglectful of interstate affairs, and the wars they precipitated, the internal politics, the culture and the people. In short, *Venice: A Maritime Republic* covers all that needs to be covered to produce a work that commands the attention of the professional scholar and engages the interest of the literate layman."

The Christian Gauss Award

MANDELSTAM. *By Clarence Brown. Cambridge University Press. $13.95.*

Citation: "Professor Brown's book is that rare achievement, an introduction worthy of the attention of the informed specialist as well as the intelligent general reader. Mandelstam is a major poet, whose work transcends cultural boundaries but until recently has been too little known. In this book his career is beautifully and movingly described with an unfailing eye for significant detail, an unforced sense of the dramatic, and a distinctive feel for the uses of biography for literary criticism. Professor Brown's conversations with Mandelstam's widow and his contemporaries add importantly to the information available to us, and his sensitive readings illuminate not only individual poems but the poetic process, revealing the connections among poems, their contexts, and the astonishing interweavings of echoes from the poet's readings. *Mandelstam* is a superb accomplishment by a translator, scholar, and critic of impeccable scholarship and deep feeling."

The Phi Beta Kappa Award in Science

DARWIN ON MAN: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF SCIENTIFIC CREATIVITY. *By Howard E. Gruber.* Together with DARWIN'S EARLY AND UNPUBLISHED NOTEBOOKS. *Transcribed and annotated by Paul H. Barrett. E. P. Dutton & Co. $20.*

Citation: "Scientists are more likely than are nonscientists to worship at the altar dedicated to the cult of immediacy; yet this book is about a discovery which took place more than a century ago. This anomaly is readily explained: the volume represents an eminently new perspective on a distant but frequently-recounted event. The book is founded on Darwin's early notebooks, here transcribed and annotated, some for the first time; and, equally significantly, these documents are made the occasion for a fresh analysis of that elusive problem, the nature of the creative process in science. In a sense, then, we have here the best of both worlds in the Republic of Letters—an instance of the manner in which, through the coordinated efforts of a biologist and a psychologist, research on a discovery of the past leads us to a clearer understanding of the present."

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The Revolving Bookstand

Love-Hate Relation

GEORGE KATEB

THE POWER BROKER: ROBERT MOSES AND THE FALL OF NEW YORK.
By Robert A. Caro, Knopf. $17.95

I too must begin a review of this book by mentioning its size. Almost three quarters of a million words about Robert Moses! The subtitle refers to the fall of New York. If in truth New York has or is fallen, three quarters of a million words would not be too many about anyone that might have given it a push. But New York has not and is not fallen; and besides, Caro, except now and then, does not pretend or even suggest that such is the truth. The book is only about Robert Moses and his place in the life of New York. Yet it does not, in the reading, seem too long. The book is a wonder. The source of the wonder is that, precisely, it does not seem too long. Not merely is it not ever boring; by the time it is finished it has (at least in my judgment) earned its length. The book is a successful creation. How can that be?

Difficult to say. One easy point to make is that *The Power Broker* is a work of energy, versatile, prodigal energy. Its surface is wholly unlike that of Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test,* but its energy is of the same kind. Caro, just like Wolfe, never rests. The writer and the subject are dissolved into each other so that a remarkable effect of impersonal intimacy is produced. The author of each book sustains one unmistakable voice throughout; the voice is mannered, not at all conventional; yet our only interest is in the subject. The writer's personality is vacant. Still, one feels that the subject is indebted to the writer: he has given it life by giving it his life. Caro and Moses are one, even more than Wolfe and Kesey are one. They are one as penitent and confessor are one, or as unforgiving, former lovers. There is of course no simple reciprocity. It is Caro working on Moses, pursuing Moses, creating him by and in the course of pursuing him, making him be consistent and hence worthy of prolonged attention, making him large enough to be worthy of a large book. Caro does to Moses what Moses did to New York: he has cleared away and rebuilt, ruthlessly, creatively, self-projectingly. The energy of Moses gives energy to Caro. In that sense there is a sort of reciprocity after all. Moses is responsible for Caro.

The book is severely critical of Moses' policies. That is a flat way of saying what is least important about the book. There is more to Caro's Moses than policies. Caro tries to show that in the matter of parks, Moses was sometimes inattentive to the needs of those who were to use them; that in the matter of parkways and highways, Moses "generated" traffic by building so many and by denying funds to mass transportation; that in the matter of housing, Moses was guilty of dislocating tens of thousands of people without making provision for their relocation; that in the matter of bridges, Moses once or twice tried to have a bridge where a tunnel would be better; and that in the matter

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Words of praise for the "guidebook to a colorful country fair of faiths."*

"Thirty scientific observers of the American religious scene have combined their efforts and the result, amazingly enough, is rich and readable, a guidebook to a colorful country fair of faiths. Along the midway we can sample spiritualist sermons, Afro-American rituals, urban witches, black Jehovah's Witnesses (yes, there are many), tongue speaking, Hare Krishnas, scientology (where the occult, psychoanalysis and science fiction meet), Mormons, Pentecostals and many more. Do not be misled by the claim of the writers that they have restricted the study to 'marginal' movements. Such groups are always important as well as interesting. Not only do 'marginals' give clues about future developments in religion, they also help us see where the whole society may be heading."

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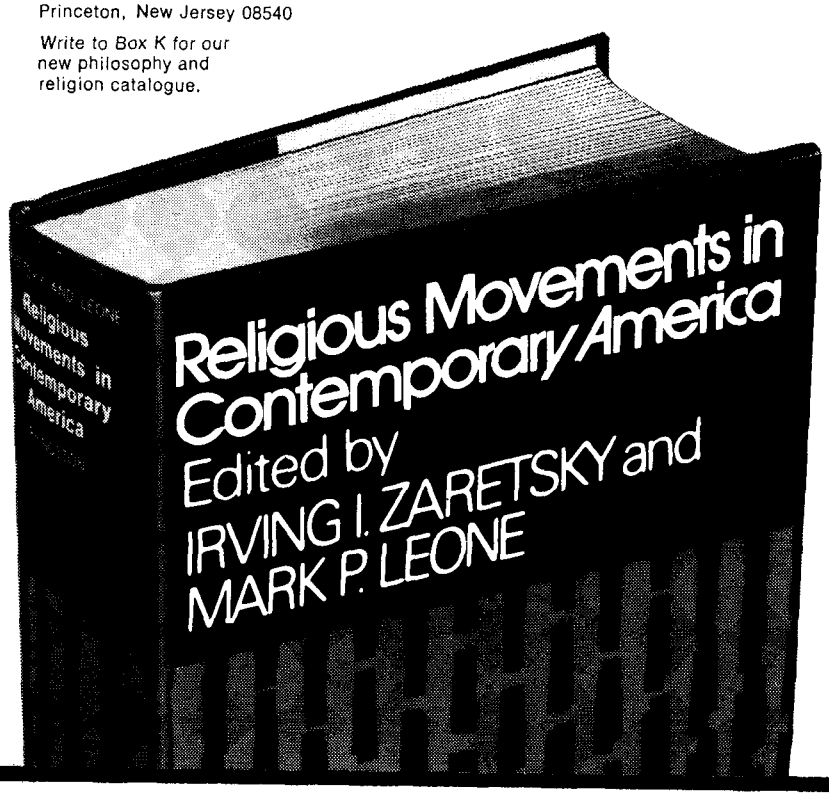

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of New York's racial minorities Moses was sometimes insensitive or indifferent. All this is not really much of an indictment. You do not come away from the book thinking that Moses ruined the city. To the contrary, Caro's admiration for Moses' works is considerable, as well it should be. In any case, policies are only policies. And when they do not involve, for example, sending thousands of young men far away to die for obscure reasons, policies are, doubly so, only policies. I don't think Moses has the loss of a single life on his conscience. Certainly, Moses' policies affected the life of New York. But the great change in New York's life is the change in the composition of its races and classes. Caro does not and could not believe that Moses' highways meant the difference between staying in or leaving New York. Two million whites left to lead an all-white life or a suburban life or both. They would have left without Moses' highways.

No, we are fascinated by Caro's book because Caro is obsessed by Moses; Caro is merely interested in Moses' policies; and so are we, even if we are New Yorkers, merely interested. No one would wish to read three-quarters of a million words on policies. The real subject is nemesis. The fall is not New York's, but Robert Moses'. We would not have known Moses fell, or much cared, until Caro appeared. Caro knows and insists on telling. Caro is Moses' last fury, the one who publicizes disaster, and thus makes it unforgettable. The pattern of the career is irresistibly fascinating to Caro; and because he is bright and cunning, Caro imposes his fascination on us. We are not glad, but we are satisfied, when "Nelson" levels Moses, just because Moses has been so victorious, time after time. His greatest crime is forty years of near immunity to failure. The prosperity of his endeavors is intolerable. The people may respect or even idolize him. But those who see close up, those who have failed in what they have tried, or been bested by Moses in some contest with him, those who are close students of power—all these are righteously and democratically envious. Caro makes us resent Moses' achievements, as one follows another and always after a hard struggle. Moses' early failures do not atone for his later triumphs. We keep on reading the book, excited by Moses and impatient for his rebuff or demise. *The Power Broker* is, I think, a novel about ambition written by an ambitious novelist who realizes his ambition by defaming ambition. Caro bests Moses.

Yet not entirely. It would be inappropriate for Caro to succeed entirely. We ratify Moses' final defeat, but Caro tells us enough about the world in which Moses kept on winning so that we also feel some shame at his fall. (What was his fall? In 1968, in his eightieth year, he lost his last official position.) What dilutes our envy, though not Caro's, is that Moses himself was an instrument of nemesis. Caro is too hung up with Moses to dwell on that consideration; but he is too good a scholar to withhold the raw material out of which such a judgment can be made.

Caro is consumed by Moses' vices; especially by Moses' hyperaesthetic impulse to transform the environment according to his own canons of taste, and by his readiness to use all means, including those that were improper or of doubtful legality, to serve that impulse. Caro is horrified that such presumption and such unscrupulousness should have gone unchecked for forty years. No one person should make such a difference, Caro is saying. Leave aside the utility or the sanity or the beauty of the projects. And, in an ostensible democracy, no one should command such power in contravention of the electoral process and its effort to make power visible, accountable, temporary, fragmentary, and guilty. Moses never won an election; he was appointed to all his posts. Unelected, Moses played God, and did not meet a force equal to his until he was very old; and then that force happened simply to be the richest man in the world, also governor, whose family owned one of the largest banks in the world, a bank involved in the main transaction that removed Moses from power. The details Caro supplies of Moses' manipulation of people are the very heart of the book. Few books are as instructive as Caro's

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about the techniques of getting your way. Like most books about power, though, even the very greatest, Caro's does not fully uncover the mystery of power. At the end we can't say what Moses' supreme pleasure was: getting his way or getting things done? Did he enjoy, more than many others do, the feeling of superiority to others, or bending them to his will? Or was he extraordinarily paternalist, sure that he knew better than others what was good for them? Was he possessed of a mission, and would tolerate no interference with its accomplishment? Or was he pleased that in order to get things done he had first to fight like a subtle savage to get his way? Was getting things done—building bridges, highways, houses, playgrounds, parks, dams, an arts center and a stadium—primarily another expression of getting his way in spite of the resistance of obdurate nature? Or was he appalled by waste, inefficiency, and unseized opportunity for betterment? Whence, in any case, the ferocity of the will? Since the mystery of motivation is irreducible we content ourselves with the play. Caro is our guide: his art is to see Moses' art, to tell the story of his heroic and sometimes cruel excesses, and of his ever deepening and disfiguring addiction to success.

Power is, however, relational. There is not enough emphasis of this fact in the book. Caro does say, ". . . selfishness was one of Moses' greatest assets in New York." Nevertheless, Caro is too enthralled by Moses' giantism to see fully that most of the people Moses pushed around tended to be weak or corrupt or unintelligent. To be great in such a world is to be less weak and less corrupt and more intelligent. Moses was strong by any standard; he was incorruptible in the money sense; he was brilliant. More important, though, Moses had no equals among those opposed to him or those he used, not at least during the forty years of his prominence. There was no one—no mayor or governor or state or city official—who combined Moses' strength of character and intelligence and single-minded dedication to getting his way and getting things done. Moses was a better man than any of his political adversaries or confederates: he had more Machiavellian *virtù*. But they had so little. They were creatures of appetite. The vices of others made the contrasting vices of Moses possible. The deficiencies of others made the excesses of Moses possible. Moses' greatness came out of the smallness of others.

If, further, one were to take a crude utilitarian line, one could plausibly say that the vices and deficiencies of others made the vices and excesses of Moses necessary—necessary to the overall welfare of the city (and state). Moses employed or overcame the shortcomings of others, especially their greed and vanity, to achieve a result that could be achieved in no other way, a result that is rarely achieved when there are such shortcomings present. That Moses was lustful for power, that he was at once an emperor and a force of nature, that he soiled the spirit of democracy, that he got at the end what he deserved (to lose power, because of too much pride, at the age of almost eighty)—all these concessions should be granted. The end does not justify the means; except where the end is the cure or avoidance of some evil and the means are less evil than the evil cured or avoided. Could we say that Moses stood for the lesser evil? Of course he deserved to fall: he had a very good time doing the lesser evil (if that is what he did).

All of which is to say that Caro thinks a little too much of Moses and a little too ill. If Moses is Moses he should love this book.

This Old "ism"

ALL GOD'S DANGERS: THE LIFE OF NATE SHAW. *By Theodore Rosengarten. Knopf. $10.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM NICHOLS

"Yes," Nate Shaw says midway through an intricate description of the boll weevil and its ways, "all God's dangers aint a

WILLIAM NICHOLS is associated professor of English at Denison University.

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white man." The phrase with which Theodore Rosengarten titled the autobiography of this heroic black Alabama tenant farmer is well chosen. Shaw's life story is an account of his continuing fight against a world of forces that would steal dignity and pleasure from him, his family, and the people in his rural community. Racism is just the most malignant and ubiquitous danger, what Shaw calls "this old 'ism' that's been plunderin me and plunderin the colored race of people ever since I got big enough to know, and before that, before that—old mothers and fathers before I come into this world was treated the same, knuckled under."

When he first met the eighty-four-year-old Shaw in January 1969, Theodore Rosengarten was accompanying a friend in search of information about the Alabama Sharecroppers Union, of which Shaw was a member in the 1930s. Rosengarten soon realized he had found a master story-teller, and he returned to interview Shaw in thirty-one sessions taking up some 120 hours. The word "interview" perhaps misses the spirit of their meetings. In a fascinating preface Rosengarten tells of having prepared many questions that he never got to ask because Nate Shaw took the initiative. He was ready to tell his story when Rosengarten arrived, as Shaw himself suggests near the end of *All God's Dangers*: "I've kept a record of a heap of things and it gives me a right to speak it." Shaw kept no record in the literary sense; he could neither read nor write. But he remembered and reenacted his life in interconnected narratives, and with the concrete specificity and moral vision of great literature.

The vision at the center of *All God's Dangers* is complex, ironic, ultimately tragic; it has, moreover, an awesome clarity. What Shaw understands most clearly is himself, his strengths and limitations, his own black past and his goals. His story is a modern exemplum of the Emersonian doctrine that all knowledge begins with self-knowledge. Shaw's powerful sense of identity is apparent, for example, as he explains his decision to join the Sharecroppers Union and to remain on the land in Alabama when other families were going north:

> I wanted to stay and work for better conditions. I knowed I was in a bad way of life here but I didn't intend to get out—*that* never come in my mind. I thought somehow, some way, I'd overcome it. I was a farmin man at that time and I knowed more about this country than I knowed about the northern states. I've always been man enough to stick up for my family, and love them, and try to support em, and I just thought definitely I could keep it up. In other words, I was determined to try.

It is probably this kind of clarity about himself that allowed Nate Shaw to recognize complexity and contradiction in the world around him without surrendering to it.

The central event in Nate Shaw's life was a violent one: one day in December 1932 he resisted four armed white men who meant to dispossess his neighbor. Shaw was certain his own belongings would be next, so his act was not entirely selfless; nevertheless, he stood alone when several of his friends had run away. As a result, he was wounded and packed off for twelve years in prison. Shaw knew he was heroic during that brief moment in 1932, and there is nothing self-effacing about his account of it. At the same time, he understands and accepts the motives of those who ran from the violence. He can accept even the necessity that led his son to give away Shaw's hiding place after the shooting incident in order to save his own life: "I said, 'You done right, son, you done right. Tell em where I'm at every time and save yourself. I'd rather go down than for them to harm one of my boys'."

Shaw explicity affirms the communal values among his black neighbors who tried to help each other survive in the violent aftermath of his rebellion. It was a difficult balancing act, his assertion of self while working for the survival of an oppressed family and community. Shaw recognizes that his own children believe he risked a kind of hubris: his wife's health failed during his twelve years in prison, and the family paid a high price for his

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courageous act. An element of rigidity is present in his view of himself: "I come into the world with this against me: that if a man comes to take away what I have and he don't have a fair claim against me, I'll die before I stand quiet as a fence post and let him do it." Not everyone can draw that line, Shaw acknowledges; and he speaks well of his brother, Peter, who chose never to acquire goods he might have to protect: "He made up his mind that he weren't goin to have anything and after that, why, nothin could hurt him." But Shaw fully accepts himself, too. The sense of regret, of failed possibility, scarcely enters into his long story. In fact, the story itself is his final act of self-affirmation. "Don't nobody try to tell me to keep quiet and undo my history," he cautions.

All God's Dangers contributes to a rich narrative tradition that includes slave narratives, more recent black autobiographies, and a novel as important as *Invisible Man.* Shaw's rendering of black experience warrants comparison with the works of Frederick Douglass, W. E. B. Du Bois, Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, Malcolm X, James Baldwin, John A. Williams, and Ernest J. Gaines. Like these works, Shaw's story implicitly challenges the hollow simplicity of the American success dream. Shaw views himself as, above all, a relentlessly hard worker; and he tells of having achieved a measure of economic success. But *All God's Dangers,* like other black narratives, ironically voices the fragility and fortuity of such achievement in a world of monstrous social injustice. Shaw prefaces the story of his fall from a brief and hard-earned prosperity with this simile: "I was climbin up in the world like a boy climbin a tree. And I fell just as easy, too." Bitterness, not surprise, plays much of a part in his self-directed irony; there is poise and self-acceptance, because Shaw came to judge his own worth in terms quite different from those of the American doctrine of success. Shaw's sense of integrity and hope grew from his faith that he had taught his children to live with dignity, that he had participated in an historical process that would ultimately improve the condition of black people. He could imagine a future altered by people like himself. "It won't come easy," he says.

> Somebody got to move and remove and it may take—how do I know how many it's goin to take?—I just realize in my mind, it's goin to take thousands and millions of words, thousands and millions of steps, to complete this business.

If we have a tragic literature in America, I think it is in the tradition of black narrative, where a terribly grim sense of the forces that work to destroy men and women is fused with a powerful faith in humanity's potential for good. *All God's Dangers* works just such a fusion.

Varieties of Greed

GREEDY INSTITUTIONS. *By Lewis Coser. The Free Press. $7.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT COLES

Greed is, of course, no rare thing. In the West we tend to be familiar with the material kind—that lust for money and possessions that, in fact, helps keep a particular economic system working. Anthropologists are quick to tell us that we ought to watch our generalizations; the greed that some regard as a sin to which all men are heir may actually be the response of men and women to a given culture and its power. Other persons, brought up under different circumstances, may turn out to be comparatively altruistic, generous, and without acquisitiveness, at least the kind we know. One adds that last qualification out of skepticism. As Professor Coser argues rather convincingly in this brief but suggestive and learned book, greed can take many forms: it can be directed at ideas as well as cash, at salvation as well as possessions. Ironically, greed can be institutionalized in

ROBERT COLES is a child psychiatrist on the staff of the Harvard University Health Services, and author of the multivolume *Children of Crisis.* His most recent books include *The Buses Roll* and *Irony in the Mind's Life: Essays on Novels by James Agee, Elizabeth Bowen, and George Eliot.*

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such a way that large numbers of people demonstrate self-sacrifice in their everyday actions—in order that an organization (a household, a "community," a religious sect, a whole nation-state) may have its consuming, demanding requirements satisfied, its greed indulged. Put differently, cultural relativism has its limits. So often the obscure African tribe or the unknown island culture—not to mention the large and well-known social or religious "system" that is held up in contrast to our own world (as a lesson that we should be wary of mistaking our own habits and inclinations for anyone else's)—is not all that different. Rather it has found a distinctive form of expression for psychological tendencies which, if not inevitable, are surely to be found in all centuries, it seems, and on all continents, too.

This book nicely straddles the social sciences. Professor Coser wants to show that at various points in history, and with various purposes in mind, political rulers, or ordinary husbands, or certain so-called "collectives" have managed to make almost total demands upon certain human beings: eunuchs, Jews, or mistresses, in the case of a number of kings; wives in the case of millions of husbands; and priests or avowedly atheistic revolutionaries in the case of a number of Catholic orders, as well as a number of secular, messianic political movements. The author draws intelligently on historical sources, upon not only European royalty but upon the Near East and Asia. He shows that Christianity has been able to make utterly unqualified demands upon certain human beings, but indicates that the Ottoman Empire could be similarly insistent. Then there are those who, in the name of Utopia here and now, ask much more than casual compliance from people who would join up—our own Shakers, for example, and across the seas those who took the Long March with Mao, or those who gave themselves to revolution the way Lenin asked.

These days, readers will be especially interested in Professor Coser's analysis of the so-called patriarchal family that many of us from middle-class America used to consider the only normal one. From a discussion of the (now) old-fashioned servant, who lived with, and gave his or her life (virtually) to the master and mistress, Coser moves to what he and his wife, Rose Laub Coser (collaborator in this one chapter), refer to as "the greedy family." Writing in 1974, the Cosers assert that "the modern family, just like its traditional predecessors, is a 'greedy' institution." They go on to assert that "it is headed by a fully employed male." They point out that "not he, however, but his wife is expected to devote most of her time, as well as her emotional energies to their family." They acknowledge that there is indeed "an exchange of services," but they emphasize that such "reciprocity is skewed in the male direction; it is asymmetrical in the sense that benefits flow unequally to these two role partners."

No doubt some critics will object to the Cosers' failure to mention significant shifts in family life—at least among the kind of people who are likely to study with them and read their articles and books. I speak of the middle-class college-educated Americans, among whom it is no longer quite considered abnormal to be a single parent, or for the woman to be the fully employed head of the household. But beyond that, one has to raise a less sociological objection—to the assumption that "benefits flow unequally." A long essay, perhaps a book, would be required to deal with the complexities, ironies, and ambiguities that such an assertion simply fails to respect. And, arguably, the authors' assumption that their description of the role of religious and political communicants (lackeys and slaves of several kinds) applies as well to the family, needs much more spelling-out than it receives. Some women are not heard very often these days because they aren't the kind to speak out, or write, or appear on television. But these women actually view themselves as lucky to be in the home, have time to be with their children, be able to use their thoughtfulness and good judgment in the household. These women, without the least rationalizing, do not envy

(Continued on page 327)

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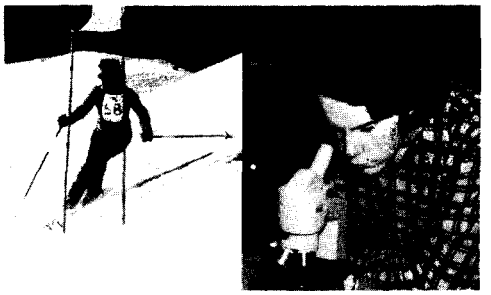

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(Continued from page 316)

their husbands the "outside" life they must live or the energies they expend as breadwinners.

Expend for what? For greedy economic institutions, which, rather surprisingly, this book does not approach and analyze with as much devotion as it gives to the court of Louis XIV and Louis XV of France. Not only royal mistresses and servants have been caught up in greedy institutions. Children of nine and ten, as Dickens taught us, were sacrificed to England's "destiny"—her brute industrial greed. In this rich America of ours, migrant farm families, hundreds of thousands of them, are still moving here, there, and everywhere because of greed: the greed of agribusiness, of an entire economic system, a kind of greed which has indeed found institutional expression—the way such "outsiders" as politically defenseless, near-starving Mexicans or blacks from the Caribbean are brought in to maintain a supply of subservient, vulnerable, "cheap" labor.

I am sure the valuable theoretical point of view given us by Lewis Coser can be developed much more extensively than he has chosen to do (there is no real discussion of slavery, for instance). We can only hope he will do so in the future, as he pursues this particular line of analytic discussion.

On the Ice

EDGE OF THE WORLD. *By Charles Neider. Doubleday. $14.95.*

Reviewed by LAURENCE M. GOULD

"God, how beautiful! How I love this place, these mountains, that ice, that sky,

✪ LAURENCE M. GOULD, professor of geosciences at the University of Arizona, has made five trips to Antarctica. He was second-in-command and senior scientist of the first Byrd Antarctic Expedition 1928-30, and was also director of the United States Antarctic Program for the International Geophysical Year 1957-58, and chairman of the Committee on Polar Research of the National Academy of Sciences from 1958 to 1972.

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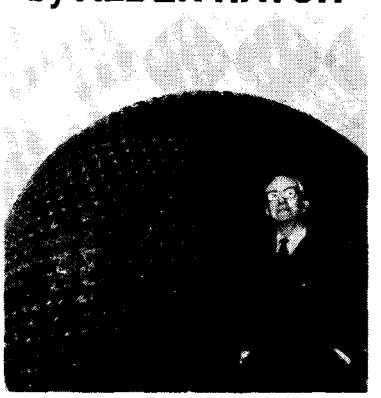

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the air that's so dry it cracks your fingers to the quick out in the field." Charles Neider wrote these lines near the end of his second journey to Antarctica and shortly after the experience of a near-fatal helicopter crash. Antarctica is grim, inhospitable, and dangerous. Some see it as an icy hell, while others respond to its magnificent desolation and stark beauty. Neider does the latter in *Edge of the World,* one of the most absorbing and informative books yet written about the white continent.

Neider's interest in Antarctica was stimulated early in his life, when he heard Admiral Byrd tell of his first expedition on his return to the United States in 1930. Over the following years, until his own first journey in 1969, Neider steeped himself in the lore of Antarctic exploration in preparation for the journey he knew he would some day make. Perhaps no traveler to Antarctica was so ready for the experiences that lay ahead of him as Neider. Not only is Neider a graceful writer, he is a keen observer who knows how to look and listen and record what he sees and hears. His superb photographs and maps handsomely illuminate his fascinating narrative.

Antarctica is unique among all the landmasses of the earth. It is the most isolated of all continents, being completely surrounded by oceanic waters noted for their stormy weather and hazardous navigation. It is the only continent that has never been the home of man. It is the highest, the coldest, and the driest of all the continents. Quite rightly, it has been called the "Sahara of Snow." Ninety-eight percent of its landmass is covered with ice, but protected places on the bare rocks support a few primitive forms of plant and animal life, which are of great biological interest for the fact of their survival under the harshest environmental conditions on earth.

Antarctica came into its own as the world's greatest laboratory during the International Geophysical Year, July 1, 1957-December 31, 1958. The brilliant success of that cooperative enterprise by the twelve participating nations led to a continuation and extension of I.G.Y. programs. Not only does Antarctica provide a unique laboratory for biological and geological research, there is no discipline in geophysics that does not demand data that can come only from Antarctica.

Neider visited various laboratories at McMurdo, the main United States station, and several of its satellite stations as well as Scott Base, the center of New Zealand scientific activities. Having familiarized himself with the various scientific programs, Neider's account is accurate and lucid.

Neider was in Antarctica at the right time to share the excitement of the discovery of the first reptilian fossil ever found on the continent (December 4, 1969), one of the great fossil finds of all time. The find was part of the jawbone of Lystrosaurus, a small reptile whose fossil remains are widely distributed in Triassic rocks of India and the major southern landmasses. The occurrence of Lystrosaurus remains in these same Triassic rocks in Antarctica provides the missing geological link which proves that Antarctica, together with Africa, Australia, South America, and India, were all once parts of a great southern super continent that began breaking up more than 200 millions of years ago. Over the millennia the fragments have drifted into their present positions.

Inevitably, Neider is fascinated by the history of Antarctic exploration and research, but for his narrative he takes special account of only three early expeditions that made their headquarters on Ross Island and that had as their major goal the discovery of the South Pole.

Neider skillfully weaves his own comments with excerpts from the diaries of the two great expedition leaders, Captain R. F. Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton, and Edward Wilson, who was a member of Scott's two expeditions. On his first, or Discovery, expedition in 1901-04, Scott, with Shackleton and Wilson, pioneered the use of dogs and sledged farther south than man had ever been.

Although Shackleton had become so ill on Scott's expedition that he was invalided home at the end of the first season out, the lure of the quest for the South Pole had gotten into his blood. Once back in excel-

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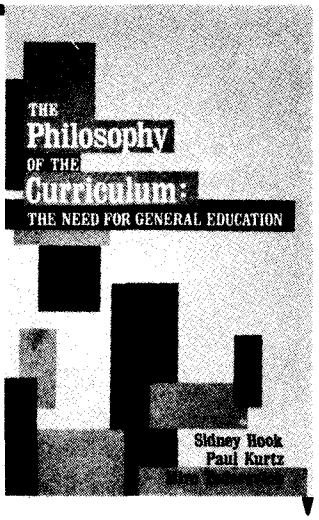

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lent health, he returned to Ross Island in 1907 with his own expedition (the Nimrod), determined to be first at the Pole. On one of the greatest of all sledge journeys he came within 100 miles of his goal, but turned back on January 9, 1909. Shackleton might well have achieved the Pole, but he realized that he could not do so and bring his men safely back.

Scott returned to Ross Island in 1910 with his second, or Terra Nova, expedition, this time to achieve his life's ambition. He and four companions arrived at the Pole on January 17, 1912, but to find the remains of a camp, which could only have been left by Roald Amundsen who had reached the Pole on December 10, 1911.

Neider gives proper credit to the Norwegian Amundsen, a superior polar traveler whose skill with sledge dogs made his great trek relatively easy. Neither Scott nor Shackleton ever got over a deep-seated prejudice against the use of dogs. Had Shackleton used sledge dogs as efficiently as the Norwegians did—he preferred instead Icelandic ponies—he would undoubtedly have beaten Amundsen to the Pole. Frustrated, hungry, cold and weary, Scott and his companions began their long homeward trek, which none of them ever completed. Scott's diary recording their fearful journey is one of the great documents in the literature of polar exploration.

Neider had planned to end his second visit to Antarctica with several days camping at Cape Byrd, the northernmost tip of Ross Island. But the helicopter in which he and three companions were flying crashed near the summit of Mount Erebus. No one was injured in the crash, but the end would have been tragic for all except for the personal survival gear that Neider alone brought with him and for their rescue some twelve hours after the crash.

If I were to recommend but a single book to the uninitiated reader to acquaint him with Antarctica right now, it would be Neider's *Edge of the World*. No one has more precisely or more poetically caught the meaning of Antarctica in all its varied mystery and magnificance.

The Science of Mythography

THE RISE OF MODERN MYTHOLOGY, 1680-1860. *By Burton Feldman and Robert D. Richardson, Jr. Indiana University Press. $12.50.*

Reviewed by RICHARD SLOTKIN

The Rise of Modern Mythology is an original, compendious, and highly useful contribution to historical and mythographical scholarship. The authors combine carefully selected primary texts—drawn from the works of "mythologists" (or mythographers) as diverse as Vico and Wagner, "Ossian" Macpherson and Marx—with perceptive and detailed commentary, and supplement these with a detailed bibliography and a good index. The result is a work indispensable to anyone engaged in the study of myths, or of the literary or intellectual history of Western Europe and America. Although the commentary is fairly sophisticated, it is generally clear enough to suggest the book's possible use by advanced undergraduates and graduate students, for whom the anthologized materials will be invaluable.

Part of the authors' intent is to demonstrate that most modern theories of myth originated in the period between 1680 and 1860, emerging as Western thinkers grappled with the peculiar material of myth. The science of myth-study is thus seen in a dual aspect: as a genuine attempt to approach mythic materials scientifically; and as an occasion for rationalizing certain tendencies within Western thought and Western social history. Finally, the study of myth is seen as merging with the creation of myth: the mythic materials generated by the mythographers were used by artists (and propagandists) seeking a new, revivifying principle for the demythified and "materialistic" one of a supposedly decadent West.

The science of mythography began as

RICHARD SLOTKIN teaches English and American Studies at Wesleyan University, and is the author of *Regeneration Through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1600-1860.*

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an attempt to understand or to recover the wisdom and knowledge of ancient classical cultures—Greek, Roman, Egyptian. Since there was a direct ancestral connection binding the existing society to these classical societies, the quest had the character of an exploration of the origins of Western Europe. As Europe expanded, acquiring colonies in both the ancient civilizations of Asia and the supposedly uncivilized parts of Africa and America, the quest for myth expanded beyond the bounds of classical studies. Indeed the mythologies of primitive cultures presented an intellectual puzzle that paralleled the political/social dilemmas of colonization. On the one hand, these mythologies were elemental, unsophisticated, drenched in explicit eroticism and blood ritual; on the other, there were obvious parallels between these primitive mythologies and those of both the classical and the Christian West. To account for both similarities and differences, it was necessary to develop a theory of human historical (and psychological) evolution that would go back further, and deal with a more fundamental level of cultural activity, than had been necessary to account for Aristotle and Paul.

Feldman and Richardson trace the course of the philosophical debate by examining particular thinkers and works. Their book is organized biographically. Individual mythographers are introduced in essays that summarize their main contributions and set both the writer and his ideas within the context of their time and place. These introductions are generally excellent, clear without being oversimplified, and supported by ample bibliographical references. On the other hand, this mode of organization makes for a certain discontinuity, despite the attempt to organize the book according to periods and phases. As a result, the reader's sense of the larger pattern of development is weakened and diffused, and a number of interesting and suggestive insights are allowed to pass without the intensive examination they seem to deserve.

In particular, two subthemes of the book seem to me to call for a more direct treat-

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ment than is accorded them here. The first is the tendency for mythography to merge with mythopoesis toward the end of the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth. The German Romantics and their fellows in Europe and America used primitive mythologies in their own attempts to create a mythology for the modern world—one that would reduce the despair, complexities, alienation, and conflicts of industrial society to a religious harmony. Although the emergence of this mythopoetic tendency is clearly documented, Feldman and Richardson do not account for its rise in any very systematic way. Here their data seem to call for a closer integration of the history of an idea with the social history of the first phase of industrialism and nationalism.

The second subtheme is the transformation of the role and character of mythography with the expansion of European power into the "primitive" areas of Asia, Africa, and America. Early views of the colonized "races" were conditioned by European racial myths, which in turn were derived from European mythology and from European experience of class tensions and conflicts. The mythographer Père Joseph Lafitau suggests something of the role of mythography in the intellectual dynamics of colonialism in his dictum, "One should study manners only to form manners." The mythology and culture of the colonized primitives did in fact serve as a symbolic (or mythic) reference point against which the threatened values of European traditional culture and the newer theories of class and "quality" could be measured. Theories of primitive mythology became the starting point for racialistic theories of history in the nineteenth century, some of which are touched on in this book —notably in the chapters on Teutonic mythology (from the German Romantics and Jakob Grimm to Wagner) and the excerpt from Gobineau's essay on human inequality and racial traits. Again, we need more of the social-historical context to grasp fully the significance of these tendencies within the mythographic disciplines.

A measure of this book's quality is that it presents its diverse and broadly ranging materials in such a way as to raise fundamental and important questions, although the necessary limitations of space, time, and the chosen form of organization prevent a full working out of the answers. If *The Rise of Modern Mythology* is not the last word on the subject, it is a useful first step which opens a new line of inquiry.

Dutiful Daughter

NATALIE HERZEN: DAUGHTER OF A REVOLUTIONARY. *Edited with an Introduction by Michael Confino. Open Court. $10.95.*

Reviewed by SIR WILLIAM HALEY

Although presented as primarily the confrontation between a relatively inexperienced young woman and a completely unscrupulous man, the essential theme of *Daughter of a Revolutionary* is the still-continuing battle over the nature of revolution. Ironically, the Guards' mutiny of 1825 led to Russia's being one of the quietest countries in Europe in the years 1848 and 1849. There were a number of reasons for this: most obviously Nicholas I's iron hand, and the profitless squabblings among Eastern and Western intellectuals. But it is not fanciful to see as decisive the fact that while, as Camus pointed out, the Decembrists were idealists and men of virtue, their disciples also had little else to equip them as revolutionaries. Of the two boys who picked up the torch of the five men who were hanged as the price of their failure on that historic December 14, one was destined to become a great writer, the other a poet. Incompetent men of action had opened the way for a generation of ineffectual theorists.

Through all the banalities and tragic irrelevancies of their later lives, Alexander

✪ SIR WILLIAM HALEY, former editor of the London *Times* and director-general of the BBC, has been chairman of the Times Newspapers Ltd. since 1967.

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Herzen and Nicolay Ogaryov remained dedicated to the commitment they had solemnly sworn when thirteen and twelve. First in Russia, among such men as Belinsky, Tchaadayev, Granovsky, and Galahov, and then with Bakunin in the long years of exile, they dreamed of the overthrow of despotism. But they were men of the pen, not of the bomb or the barricades. Not even Bakunin was an Orsini. After reading Herzen's books, Petcherin gently rebuked their author with the observation that "You and your friends rest your hopes exclusively on philosophy and *belles lettres.* Can you imagine that it is their vocation to reform society as it is?" Petcherin had become a priest, and wished Herzen to base the new social order on religion. Instead, Herzen added science. He did not deny the main charge. Today Herzen's memory lives because of *My Past and Thoughts,* one of Russia's literary masterpieces. Ogaryov is not widely remembered for anything.

That they failed in their purpose, that they had many faults, some great, most petty, does not lessen their innate nobility. Revolutionary ardor did not preclude Herzen seeing the masses through the eyes of a *grand seigneur.* He regarded his family in much the same way. He had shrewdness, but not a wider judgment. In personal relations he was febrile. His rantings about the contemptible Herwegh, who had a liaison with his wife, demeaned him. Ogaryov, the most saddening and most attractive of all the motley assembly, after some organizational achievements in the 1860s, succumbed entirely to alcohol, became hopelessly inefficient, a passenger in the revolutionary movement. Yet both men, through every vicissitude, public and private, held true to the cause: Herzen a hectoring idealist; Ogaryov, in the words of Herzen's daughter, Natalie, "a gentle, kind, affectionate old bear."

Daughter of a Revolutionary embodies Natalie's story. Its climax came swiftly within six months of Herzen's death. That story will be understood only if the artificial lives the exiles led are fully appreciated. Herzen was rich. Ogaryov was poor. Bak-

GEORGE DARGO

JEFFERSON'S LOUISIANA Politics and the Clash of Legal Traditions

The acquisition of Louisiana in 1803 brought the new American nation into contact with the largely French population of the lower Mississippi basin. Thomas Jefferson, reflecting contemporary American opinion, did not believe that the United States could incorporate Lower Louisiana into the Union as an independent state until the very character of the people and the institutional foundation of their culture had been thoroughly Americanized. The pivotal issue that came to symbolize this conflict was the struggle between Louisiana civil law and Anglo-American common law.

Which system of law would prevail in a distant and strategically vulnerable territory of the United States? Mr. Dargo shows how this important question was partially resolved by events outside the strict confines of legal controversy. The book attempts to reconnect legal history and general history, for its major contention is that the Louisiana Digest of 1808 was as much a political effort to forestall wholesale cultural transformation as it was a decision responsive to legal problems. $15.00

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unin was penniless. Long out of Russia, and unable to return there, they were all rootless. Rome, Paris, London, Geneva, Florence, the Herzens moved from place to place. During his wife's fatal illness they were planning to go to Seville or Cadiz. When Natalie, who had had art lessons, was asked to draw a muzhik to illustrate some revolutionary propaganda, she replied that she had never seen a Russian peasant. She had been just two when her father took them all into exile. Wherever they went, in whatever revolutionary circles they moved—Russian, French, Italian, Polish—one fact stood out. The Herzens were rich; almost everyone else was poor.

Words being these revolutionaries' weapons, they had an itch to write. Professor Confino's book is a masterly compilation of Natalie Herzen's letters, diaries, and reminiscences, interspersed with letters by her father, by Bakunin, by Ogaryov, and others who advance the story. Professor Confino introduces the documents with a good conspectus. The notes give a maximum of relevant information in a minimum of space. Sources are listed. Most useful is a "who's who," not only of names, but also of nicknames, *noms de plume,* and *noms de guerre* in which conspirators delight. An intricate and at times emotional drama is lucidly produced.

One name remains to be added to the cast—Nechayev. He was, in the exact sense of the word, the catalyst. Unchanging himself, he changed the lives of the others. Sergei Gennadievich Nechayev is one of the most striking figures in revolutionary history. His time upon the stage was brief. A rebel at nineteen, he first attracted attention toward the end of 1869 by assassinating one of his own band, a student named Ivanov. Three years later he was arrested in Zurich, extradited to Russia, and spent the rest of his life in the Peter and Paul Fortress in St. Petersburg.

Murderer, liar, blackmailer, crook, Nechayev was the antithesis of the great revolutionaries of his time. Unlike Herzen, Mazzini, Orsini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, he had not a grain of honesty in him. Yet he besotted Bakunin. His extermination of Ivanov gave Dostoevsky one of the themes of *The Possessed.* He was the new man. Beside him Bazarov seems old-fashioned. In *L'Homme rèvolté* Camus has studied him as the *ne plus ultra* of nihilism, the man who excluded nothing from the armory of revolution, not even the deception, robbing, and murder of one's own brothers-in-arms. Nechayev's creed was that the revolutionary must have

> broken every tie with the civil order and the entire cultured world, with all its laws, proprieties, social conventions, and its ethical rules. He is an implacable enemy of this world, and if he continues to live in it, that is only to destroy it the more effectively.

(Professor E. H. Carr wrote an excellent chapter on Nechayev in *The Romantic Exiles* forty years ago.)

This was the man whom Natalie Herzen first met in February 1870. Nechayev was twenty-two, she was twenty-five. Her father had died three weeks earlier. She was still recovering from a mental collapse, verging on madness, brought on by the pestering and threats of a young Sicilian nobleman, Count Penisi. (Professor Confino says Natalie was never sure that the men who courted her were not after her wealth.) She had lost whatever moorings she had had. She should have been an easy prey for a man as ruthless as Nechayev.

Nechayev came to her, moreover, by way of her father's friends, Ogaryov and Bakunin. At first she listened to him. She acted as courier to him. She helped to hide him for some days. But, as Natalie's mother had said when dying, Natalie had "a deep and reserved character." No sooner had Nechayev begun to make love to her—within a month of their first meeting—than her instinctive doubts flared up. She increasingly disliked Nechayev's "repulsive Jesuitical system." By mid-June 1870 she was writing to Bakunin that she did not wish "to participate in any Russian affairs whatsoever." It was all over.

The episode would hardly rate a book were it not for two factors. One is that

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from beginning to end everything is presented in the participants' own words. It is a wholly subjective drama. The other is the duping of Bakunin. True, he had always been a credulous optimist. But he was long experienced. Compared with him Nechayev was a neophyte. Unfortunately Bakunin was also a largely frustrated activist. His various forays had achieved little. He hailed Nechayev as the man who did things. He committed himself to Nechayev with wholehearted fervor. Even after he knew about the lies and the trickery, and the harm done to himself, he appealed to Nechayev to reform, as a father would to an erring son. He drew up a set of rules to supersede Nechayev's *Catechism of the Revolutionist* (which, Professor Confino persuasively argues, Bakunin had had no hand in). He urged his friends to give Nechayev a second chance. Confessing to Alfred Talandier that Nechayev had "betrayed the trust of all of us, stolen our letters, compromised us terribly," Bakunin still writes of him as a "naïve child" from whom he has broken "with great sorrow." Two years later, when the news came in October 1872 that the Swiss government had handed Nechayev over to the Russians, Bakunin mourned him as "a man of rare energy."

Four years later Bakunin was dead. Ogaryov died in 1877. Natalie lived on, resolutely aloof from political contacts, keeping in touch with her multiplying relations, going to Bayreuth for "The Ring," retaining her canniness about money. If Henry James had been told her story at some dinner party, and had used it as one of his famous *données,* then what became *The Princess Casamassima* and *Washington Square* might have been merged into one of his international novels. She died in 1936.

Nechayev lived—survived would give the wrong impression; he corrupted and dominated his jailers like some Stendhalian hero—in the Peter and Paul Fortress for ten years, dying in 1882. Natalie outlasted him by half a century. Yet his is the spirit that is increasingly active. Herzenism is dead. Destruction is all. Nechayevs are seeking to terrorize people in many countries today.

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ON LIBERTY AND LIBERALISM: The Case of John Stuart Mill. *By Gertrude Himmelfarb. Knopf. $8.95.*

Reviewed by LEON WIESELTIER

Victorianism, all too often regarded as a unitary culture and society, was in fact anything but monolithic. The richness of Victorian intellectual life was matched only by its complex social and economic realities. Challenged by these realities, the Victorian intellectual was a moralist, philosopher, political scientist, man of letters, art and literary historian. He helped to produce what we now call the "politics of culture," for which mind and society were precariously but successfully balanced. John Stuart Mill was among the first to discover the political character of culture in a competitive, democratic society. His most urgent political observations speak not of legitimacies and institutions but of the quality and dynamics of popular cultural life.

It may be hard to accept Professor Himmelfarb's contention that Mill was intellectually "perhaps the most eminent of the Victorians." Nonetheless, Mill must be located at the center of the general cultural fury, because his deepest and most painful conflicts were those of his age. In his own person he fought the much-vaunted battle of Bentham with Coleridge: rational manipulative thought versus spontaneous expressive feeling. Only after two debilitating breakdowns did he finally come to subsist joylessly between the two positions—as a Utilitarian, still, but with a difference.

Mill is a seminal figure, a kind of "strategic research site" for the study of Victorian culture, because in him flowed all the significant currents of thought in his time. Moreover, his *Autobiography* has made him accessible to us in a way that the more striking and more eccentric savants of that age are not. Here we learn that, far from being a mystery to himself, he could reckon the high emotional costs of his own self-development; here, in fact, is a view of Victorian culture through the eyes of its most knowing victim as well as victor.

Variety was the keynote of Mill's mental life. In his attempt to live by a standard fuller than that which Carlyle described as "the completeness of limited men," he produced signal contributions to diverse disciplines. Isaiah Berlin has claimed that "all he did was of a piece," but his own sensibility did not partake of such unity, and historians have always treated Mill in the same way that he treated himself—as the product of many influences. Now Professor Himmelfarb introduces a new differentiation into Mill's life and work. After scrupulous consideration of his political thought, she concludes that all he did was in fact *not* of a piece; that there were two Mills, epitomizing two very different varieties of liberalism; and that this internal ideological tension reflects and perhaps even resolves the dilemmas in which contemporary liberal thinking finds itself deadlocked. A consistently clear and intelligent investigation of text, biography, and ideas, Professor Himmelfarb's book is a gem of intellectual history.

There is, first, the Mill of *On Liberty,* the Mill of "a single very simple principle," who champions liberty as an absolute of politics and philosophy. He is deeply concerned with reducing governmental control to a minimum; for him society is of itself the bane of individuality. The impact of *On Liberty* upon modern Anglo-American thought hardly needs recounting; its terms have provided the central concepts, and central clichés, of our political life. Professor Himmelfarb suggestively remarks, "Mill represents in the Anglo-American world what Nietzsche does in the continental tradition: the apogee of 'modernity'." (Which, of course, says something about the temper of our own tradition.) But, as it turns out, Mill's thought in *On Liberty* was for him the exception rather than the rule. Professor Himmelfarb, surveying his other writings (notably the early essay on "Civilization," his neglected masterpiece), finds another and more subtle Mill for whom liberty is only one value

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among many. This Mill admits the validity of tradition, community, fraternity, and even communism, and is acutely aware of the striking relationship between the unchecked liberty of a democracy and the ensuing conformity that is characteristic of its popular culture. Professor Himmelfarb's explications of Mill's texts are of a Talmudic thoroughness, and her evidence is, at least to this reviewer, impressively convincing. (It should be noted that her thesis has come under criticism from those who would prefer to see *three* John Stuart Mills.)

Having delineated this schizophrenia of theory, Professor Himmelfarb asks the logical next question: What accounts for the sudden appearance (and sudden disappearance) of the ferocious individualism of *On Liberty*? One would, after all, have expected such a manifesto from a victim of a truly totalitarian regime, not of the multifaceted reality of Victorian life. Professor Himmelfarb notes that Mill invokes this radical liberalism in only one other connection: the subjection of women. Furthermore, the period in his life during which Mill took this position coincided precisely with his marriage to, and intellectual collaboration with, Harriet Taylor. And so, having shown that there can be no other explanation, Professor Himmelfarb can only *chercher la femme. On Liberty,* she maintains, represents a classic case of the woman behind the man. Of course the pertinence of this to the contemporary women's liberation movement does not escape her, and she occasionally afflicts her lucid scholarly text with a "relevance" that is awkward and annoying.

Still, Harriet Taylor herself, for all her domination of one of the last century's most significant thinkers, should add little fuel to the feminist fire. She emerges from her writings as petty, self-righteous, and of decidedly mediocre intellectual capacity. Like the heroine of a vulgar Romantic novel, she aimlessly speculates that "eccentricity should be prima facie evidence for the existence of principle" (she practiced what she preached) and oracularly hints of such things as "all visions wild and strange." Harriet Taylor really be-

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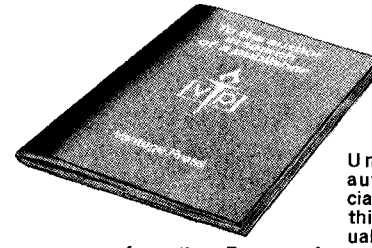

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1974, 446 pp., illus. $19.50

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lieved that she and Mill alone possessed the understanding and sensitivity that their age desperately needed. To her, as Professor Himmelfarb puts it, they were "two beleaguered souls, the only remnants of virtue and wisdom in a corrupt and philistine world." And what is more, she apparently persuaded Mill to believe the same.

This "portrait of a marriage" is, to say the least, startling. We watch Mill relinquish all the subtleties he has so laboriously won to become the obsequious amanuensis to his wife's simplistic theories. (The pathos of his deep need for love is not overlooked in Professor Himmelfarb's very humane account.) Logical prowess gives way to Comtean sentimentality, independence of mind to blind and doting adulation. He is slavishly influenced by Harriet's confused preaching of both individualism and communism. The two believe they have a mission, so they write and rewrite, examining each word and phrase as if they were creating a sacred text—"it was the ultimate in intellectual narcissism." They remain aloof in their proud mutual admiration until Harriet's death in 1858. Then, quite suddenly, Mill snaps out of it, and the "other" Mill, the admirer of Tocqueville, again appears. The biographical passages of the book are its most engaging parts; they are pointed reminders of the conditioned nature of intellectual life—and of how often the thought that aspires to the most unimpeachable philosophical necessity is born of contingent, even pathetic, circumstances.

The book concludes with a consideration of contemporary liberalism, and a call for liberals to avoid the pitfalls of ideological absolutism by reconsidering the more sober and realistic liberalism of the "other" Mill. (But if this Mill was a liberal, then so, too, was Burke.) Although Professor Himmelfarb's analysis of the failings of contemporary liberalism is both timely and interesting, her arguments here have not been worked out quite so thoroughly as their historical and scholarly counterparts. One has the feeling that this is another shot at relevance, but it barely makes its mark.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

In the review of *The Palace Guard* by Dan Rather and Paul Gates, that appeared in the winter issue, the reviewer refers to Jefferson's remark that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

If Mr. Jefferson did so remark, he was probably quoting from John Philpot Curran's Speech upon the Right of Election made in 1790.

The words of Curran used to be familiar to every schoolchild:

> The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilence; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.

The popular summarization has become "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance" in which the true force and intent of the original statement is lost.

CAROLINE ENGLE
Phoenix, Arizona

* * *

In general I make it a rule not to answer reviews unfavorable to my books, but it seems to me that Martin Stevens's review of my recent would-be scholarly study *The Construction of the Wakefield Cycle* (THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Winter 1974/75) contains such gross distortions of my work that I ought to say a word in the book's defense. Needless to say, much of what Stevens says is true, some of his objections are legitimate, and some of his objections are matters of opinion, that is, points on which I willingly grant him his right to his mistaken opinion. But much of what he says—in fact the whole tendency of his review—seems to me a result of slipshod reading, perhaps irritation at my taking a position not exactly like his own. Permit me to elaborate.

He correctly describes my general purpose as an attempt "to demonstrate that the Wakefield Cycle is a unified work that brings to fruition the art of the medieval English mystery play." He then begins his attack. First he attacks the jacket blurb (a curious thing to do), denying that my study is in fact original. In breadth, he says, my book takes on no more than Walter Meyer's recent *A Figure Given: Typology in the Wakefield Plays.* He may feel this is true, but Meyer, in footnotes citing articles which later became, in revised form, chapters of my book, writes that his study of the plays has nowhere near the detail of my study of particular plays. I would be the last to deny the brilliance of Meyer's study (which I cite as an inspiration), but comparison of a broad work of scholarship like his and a close analysis like mine seems absurd. Stevens next remarks that in depth my study does not approach the meticulous detail that one finds in Millicent Carey's study, *The Wakefield Group in the Towneley Cycle,* published in the thirties. In a detail-by-detail count, Carey wins; but there are more details in a 1920 typewriter than in an IBM selectric of 1975, yet surely the selectric works better. Granted, that's not always true: I vastly prefer my minimal 1920 Essex to a modern Ford. Nevertheless, Steven's argument is prejudicial, misleading, and ill-mannered. Stevens also claims that my work lacks "the intellectual excitement of interpretation and scholarship in V. A. Kolve's more general critical study, *A Play Called Corpus Christi.*" I admire Kolve's book, but intellectual excitement is, for one thing, a matter

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of opinion, and, for another, not the business of my book, which is intended to present a compelling reading of the plays. The game of *Go* is intellectually more exciting than either Kolve's book or mine, but it's less helpful as an introduction to the order of the Wakefield plays.

Stevens's next strategy is an argument that I like new things and dislike old things. This is a tricky distortion to deal with, but distortion it is. He rightly quotes me as saying of the Abraham pageant that "the general superiority of the Wakefield version to all others strongly suggests that it came late," and he remarks that to make early-late comparisons "is rather more the result of the critic's imagination than a matter of historical record." In my Abraham chapter I point out pretty clear evidence that the Wakefield Abraham play borrows from older, simpler plays. Certainly a work comes later than the works it borrows from, and certainly an artist profits from the work of the past—unless, of course, he's a bad artist (which I think Stevens does not argue of the Wakefield poets). Stevens then claims that "for Gardner, early is invariably equated with primitive or dull and late with complex and interesting;" and he rightly quotes me as saying, "It becomes worthwhile to ask again just what the mystery pageant was in its earlier, simpler form—or more bluntly, why a thing so dull to us was so appealing to the public of its day, . . ." and "It was once a commonplace that the mystery pageants are primitive art. Perhaps so in their earliest form, but surely they were not by the fifteenth century." Here Stevens has read not what I say but, perhaps, what he *expected* me to say. What he drops from the first quotation above is my answer, that the seemingly dull plays were *not* in fact dull—our modern arrogance merely makes them seem so (their greatness, I claim, was not verbal but theatrical). And what he forgets to mention about the second quotation (or anywhere else in his review) is my elaborate argument that there were aesthetic reasons for a fifteenth-century poet's keeping the simplicity of certain older (as we know because they were borrowed) plays.

Direct—I might almost have said malevolent—distortions of what I say abound in Stevens's review. He quotes me as remarking that the mystery play is "a closed evolutionary line, a culmination" which can no more lead to the Renaissance drama than the woodblock can lead to painting in oils (this last part, by the way, he drops). He fails to mention that I say this in *defense* of the mystery play—that my argument, in fact, is that we're wrong to see the mystery play as a crude parent of the Shakespearean drama, because it was, itself, a fully developed, magnificent art form, one as different from Renaissance drama as, say, ballet is different from dramatic theater. Stevens may be annoyed because, in his opinion, the medieval mystery does influence Shakespeare. I doubt this, obviously. Stevens is quite right that "the English history play, for example, directly depends upon the mystery play universe"—but the mystery play universe, a pictorial representation of the medieval world picture in general, is too shadowy a creature, it seems to me, to be called a parent of the Renaissance-play universe. Whether or not Stevens is right here, the fact remains that he directly reversed my argument, saying that I say exactly the opposite of what I say.

As a kind of aside in his long, harsh review, Stevens takes on a short novel of mine, *Grendel*, of which he writes: "the critics have justly praised it as a "revisionist" fiction for its bold, inventive, and keenly humorous perspective of the Anglo-Saxon heroic ideal. But what works in the area of literary satire does not work in straight-forward criticism. Even *Beowulf* scholars have lately concerned themselves with the more somber implications of Beowulf's exploits, and they have argued, persuasively, that the poet himself supplied that angle of vision. The critic who accepts as his basic tenet that the work upon which he is concentrating is primitive, simple-minded, and essentially alien to his own aesthetic can do no more than belabor the obvious or dismiss the unfamiliar." Those who have read *Grendel* will recognize, I hope, that he's quite wrong about the book. My monstrous central character, Grendel, will believe in nothing he cannot logically justify. Scorning

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the Anglo-Saxon *scop* who reshapes grim reality into noble ideals, scorning the great Anglo-Saxon values, he grows more and more vicious, more and more helpless, more and more existential until he commits a kind of suicide, his weapon being, in effect, Beowulf himself—who sometimes seems to Grendel to be a dragon (an old-time Christ figure, among other things). I have been as faithful as possible to the Christian spirit of the epic. Moreover, as Martin Stevens knows—because he was there at Kalamazoo, Michigan, when I delivered the oral draft of my discovery—I am one of those people ("even *Beowulf* scholars") who concern themselves with the more somber implications of Beowulf's exploits. I read *Beowulf* as a poem grounded in the Fulgentian reading of the *Aenead* and claim Grendel is, in the Old English epic, a symbol of cosmic irrationality (the perverted rational soul), and that Grendel is beaten in part by Beowulf's faith. I'm not sure what critics mean when they praise my novel as revisionist, but it is certainly not keenly humorous in the sense Martin Stevens apparently means, and it is certainly not literary satire.

The distortions in Stevens's review continue, but I've said enough, I think, to make my point. The review is not as fair as it ought to be and might even strike a less high-minded person than myself as slightly malicious. At some points Stevens makes interesting points of his own and complains that I failed to make them. He writes, for instance, "One looks in vain for any recognition of recurrent situations such as the gift giving of three shepherds followed by three kings, or the comedy of Joseph and Mary in the *Annunciation* followed by the comedy of Mak and Gyll in the *Second Shepherd's Play*." I frankly confess that I missed these things, and I'm glad to have them pointed out. But I do make several rather interesting points, or so it seems to me and to Stevens's collaborator on the eagerly-awaited new edition of the plays, A. C. Cawley, whose balanced and honest (and not totally favorable) review of my work appeared a while ago in the London *Times Literary Supplement*. Stevens in his slipshod haste and irritation apparently caught not one of them.

JOHN GARDNER
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Bennington, Vermont

MR. STEVENS replies: Book reviewing in this jet age is unfortunately a parlous business. Too often in times when experts all over the world convene at meetings and become friends or good acquaintances their judgment, for good reason or ill, about each other's work becomes suspect on purely personal or subjective grounds. John Gardner and I are passing acquaintances; we have met, as he indicates, at medieval conferences, and we have had pleasant conversation together over coffee or beer at various times in the past six or seven years. When, therefore, I had to write a less than favorable review of his book, I felt bad. But I did so without malice and without any vested interest. This I want to declare at the very outset, for he somehow has convinced himself that I am passing judgment on him rather than his book. In the foregoing letter, he makes several tentative suggestions (which gain more force because of their tentativeness) that my review was either "malevolent" or "malicious." Well, let me set the record straight: my intent was to review the book and not the man. I like John Gardner and have found him on every occasion a stimulating and agreeable man. But even after his refutation of my review, I still don't like his book.

In the remarks that follow, I will therefore disregard all innuendo about my motives and simply ascribe that view to John Gardner's understandable distaste and even anger for being reviewed harshly. I will, however, defend myself against the charge of being a slipshod reader and of distorting Mr. Gardner's viewpoints and arguments. As a matter of fact, I read his book with extreme care (my copy of it is heavily annotated from beginning to end), and I believe I never once distorted a single thing he said. Let me answer the particulars he raises:

(1) I never say that John Gardner's study is not "original." What I did say is that it lacks the detail and insight of several previously published books. Far from bewailing the lack of "originality" in Gardner's study, I am distressed by most of its original ideas—including the tentative ascription of the *Abraham* play to the Wakefield Master. I will refrain from commenting about the intellectual excitement of the game *Go*, but I do maintain, perhaps perversely, that "literary analysis," which Gardner's book professes in its first sentence to be, ought to excite the intellect or not be written.

(2) Gardner claims that I say he "likes new things and dislikes old things." If anything said in this unfortunate controversy is a distortion, I think that sentence is. What I did say was the following: "The impulse to see in the records of civilization an evolutionary progres-

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sion from simple to complex is in some fundamental ways to disparage the early in favor of the late. Medievalists who hold that view must ultimately regard their subject with a measure of condescension, and Gardner is no exception even when he finds much to admire in the Wakefield Cycle." The fact is that Gardner throughout the book, perhaps unconsciously, subscribes to a theory of aesthetic progress. Whatever Mr. Gardner thinks of the Wakefield Cycle as a whole, and I did say that he finds much to admire in it, he holds an underlying critical viewpoint which does regard the early as primitive, and I think this attitude gets in his way of appreciating the complexity of the cycle play as drama. This is a problem that has plagued the criticism of the medieval drama for years and years, and I thought it had been laid to rest by the powerful first chapter in O. B. Hardison's book on *Christian Rite and Christian Drama*. But I was wrong in that assumption, and I was sorry to see it crop up again in a book bearing a 1974 copyright.

(3) Gardner says that in the quotation about the mystery play being a "thing so dull" I stop short of quoting the entire sentence and what he says to complete his thought is that "the seemingly dull plays were not in fact dull—our modern arrogance merely makes them so (their greatness, I claim, was not verbal but theatrical)." Let me give the full sentence to clear up the dispute: "It becomes worthwhile to ask again just what the mystery pageant was in its earlier, simpler form—or, more bluntly, why a thing so dull to us was so appealing to the people of its day, *uneducated people, generally speaking, but presumably people not completely wanting in sense*" (I have italicized the words omitted by my ellipsis dots). I leave it to any fair-minded reader whether in fact I have dropped what Mr. Gardner says I dropped from the first quotation. It is true that later in the chapter he tries to find an answer for the question "how are we to account for the manifest dullness and simplicity of so many of the pageants?" (p. 8), and he offers a tentative explanation that they were rescued by their theatricality. But notice the question-begging terms of his statements and notice also that he really doesn't believe in his own solution when later he devotes a full chapter to what he calls the "insipid pageants" and when he refers to such functionally crucial plays as *The Doctors* and *John the Baptist*, among many others, as static and dull. The point is that Gardner, his protestations notwithstanding, does consider a large part of the Wakefield Cycle as "a dull thing." But even that is not the main point to be challenged. I quoted this sentence and the one about the qualitative evolution from "primitive" mystery plays to those of the fifteenth century to raise an important question about genealogy. We do not, in fact, have any cycle texts that predate the fifteenth century, and I attack Mr. Gardner centrally in this part of my review for his outdated, unqualified, and unprovable assertion that in the mystery play we see an evolution over several centuries that culminates in the art of those Wakefield pageants which escape the charge of dullness. I invite Mr. Gardner to reread the original paragraph of my review and to determine who is distorting whom.

(4) I am frankly confounded by Gardner's comments about my alleged misrepresentation concerning the mystery play as a "closed evolutionary line." I never challenge whether he makes this argument "in defense" of the mystery play as an art form. The fact is, however, that he considers the mystery play a "culmination," and he seems to think that the opposite view—namely, that the mystery play was a profound influence on the drama of the Renaissance—is an idiosyncratic opinion of mine. The work of Glynne Wyckham, O. B. Hardison, David Bevington, Richard Hosley, John Elliott, Alan Nelson, and numerous other scholars would indicate that there is virtual concensus on this question. In any case, I deny categorically that I reverse Gardner's argument; I repeat, with direct quotation, his exact premise, and I argue that it is wrong.

I will yield to Mr. Gardner in what he says about *Grendel;* after all, he ought to know what he intended. But I must confess that I saw much sensible criticism in Grendel's ravings against the values held by a heroic society, and I therefore regarded the book as illuminating the dark side of *Beowulf* (just as Stoppard's play illuminates the dark side of *Hamlet*). As for my remarks about the recurrent dramatic plots in the Wakefield plays, I am pleased that Mr. Gardner finds them interesting and worth noting. But surely one who argues for the artistic unity of the cycle should not have missed some of the more obvious devices by which such unity asserts itself.

I will agree that John Gardner makes "several interesting points" (and I said so in the review), but that, as a summary remark of its virtues, may in itself indicate the book's larger failing. It lacks a sustaining critical overview. It parses the great Wakefield Cycle pageant by pageant without any real attention to its "construction," and it does so against an outdated scholarly background and some highly ques-

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tionable critical premises. I am sorry that John Gardner took offense at my review. Admittedly, I spoke my mind in it about his book, as an honest reviewer must. But it was not written in malice.

* * *

Stanley Kauffmann's article on Joseph Papp (Winter 1974/75) reminds me sharply of Rabbi Milton Steinberg's rhetorical question, "how do you define a sneer?" I would have had more respect for Kauffmann if he had had the guts to simply come out and admit he had an ax to grind. Instead, under a hypocritical guise of pretended objectivity, he selects only facts that suit him.

For starters, his whole article is riddled with inaccuracies. I would need pages to list all of them, but let me at least mention some of the more glaring ones. Papp did not "whisk MacGowran downtown" from Broadway; he had negotiated with MacGowran about the Beckett show in Paris half a year before the actor even came to America. Papp doesn't operate "some mobile theaters"; there is only one. CBS did not shorten Papp's name "for him"; he made that decision himself. Papp did not turn to the theater because he became "dissatisfied" with television; he had always used his job at CBS as a base to support himself, just as a waiter or cabbie, while he pursued his constant devotion to theater.

CBS did not engage Papp's theater to do shows "at high wages"; there was in fact no money for the theater at all, simply an investment in quality television. *Hair* was not "one of the first" shows at the Public, it was *the* first. Papp never planned to "edit" his new plays "to accommodate differing attitudes."

There are other errors of fact in Kauffmann's article, but the denigrating tone is equally disturbing. To say, as he does, that Papp manages to "appear selfless and dedicated" clearly implies that Papp isn't. Kauffmann consistently refers to Papp's "bad taste," citing, among other works, Rabe's "Boom-Boom Room." Kauffmann is entitled to find it "one more sophomoric exercise," but one hopes his readers are aware that this show was nominated for Best Play in both the Tony and Critics Awards. What's more, in an article that assumes the tone of a comprehensive survey of Papp's recent work, there is no mention whatsoever of *That Championship Season,* winner of an Obie, a Tony, and a Pulitzer. Why this incredible oversight? Because it didn't fit comfortably with Kauffmann's dismissal of Papp's "poor taste?" Kauffmann's own judgment is suspect: he calls Papp elitist, conventional, and pandering to popular tastes at times, but how could Papp be all these contradictory things at once? Kauffmann dismisses Papp's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* as "not Shakespeare." According to whom? Papp's production is a lot closer to the spirit of the Globe Theatre than is Kauffmann's apparent conception of the play.

Kauffmann's most misleading jibe is his conclusion about Papp's move of *Short Eyes* from downtown to Lincoln Center. Kauffmann states that a) downtown has become a tryout center for uptown, and b) Papp's claim of many good new plays is specious. If he read the papers at the time, Kauffmann must be aware that *Short Eyes* was not scheduled for uptown, but was moved there when *Black Picture Show,* the planned new production, had technical problems and was rescheduled for this season (it just opened, very successfully), leaving Papp with a choice of either moving *Short Eyes* uptown or tossing one of his many new plays together in two weeks. Not unreasonably, he chose to shift the finished production. No play—none—Papp has ever produced at Lincoln Center was "tried out" downtown first, and Kauffmann knows it. His implication that Papp's priorities are uptown, that his "heart is in the highlands," is either arrant nonsense or a snide lie. And if Kauffmann genuinely doubts that Papp really does have a lot of new scripts to produce, he is welcome to stop by my office at the Shakespeare Festival, where I will glady show him our production schedule at the Public Theater, where we stage at least one play and two readings every month (Papp's office, by the way, remains downtown, not at Lincoln Center). When Kauffmann says that Papp cares more about his more glamorous uptown shows than about his more experimental downtown work, he is being either dense or untruthful.

Kauffmann notes plaintively that there is no heritage of great American plays for a national rep company to draw upon. But how does he suggest we create such a heritage without producing new work, as Papp is doing? Kauffmann seems amazed that a man with "as little talent" as Papp is having such a profound effect on the American theater; but did it ever occur to him that being a brilliant producer was as much a talent as being an actor, a designer, or even a critic?

There are some well-taken points in Kauffmann's article; and it seems a pity that what could have been a thoughtful piece on Papp's relation to the American theater is so deformed

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by inaccuracies, misleading statements, and the general tone of a masked sneer.

MEIR ZVI RIBALOW
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MR. KAUFFMANN replies: Well, I guess you can't always trust your sources. Take the tower-ingly important matter of who shortened Papp's name from Papirofsky. Here is a quotation from his testimony before HUAC in 1958 (*Thirty Years of Treason,* edited by Eric Bentley, p. 852):

MR. ARENS: When did you begin the use of the name Papp?

MR. PAPIROFSKY: *It was not my doing.* [Italics added.] It began at CBS. They have a very small type schedule and my name was too long, and they condensed it, they began to call me Papp, and I began to use the name. Now Ribalow tells us that Papp was mistaken.

Or take Ribalow's contention that "Papp never planned to 'edit' his new plays 'to accommodate differing attitudes'." One of Papp's manifestos, in regard to the national theater agency he envisioned, said that the content of his productions would be "popularized so it does not become a vehicle only for college professors and small college dramatic societies." (Quoted in the *New York Times Magazine,* June 16, 1974, p. 45.) Again Ribalow says Papp misrepresented himself.

Obviously I don't have space here to deal with all Ribalow's items. I did make some small slips. For instance, I mistook a mention of five or six trucks to mean more than one mobile theater; all the trucks composed one mobile unit.

Yes, I omitted mention of the various prizes that Papp productions have won. If I were writing a critical analysis of a film director's career, I would feel free to disregard his Oscars and his rave reviews in the popular press. In Papp's case I was at pains to specify what I consider his virtues and achievements (I suppose that these are the points Ribalow considers "well-taken"), but I was concentrating on qualitative judgment, not complete chronicle. On this matter of qualitative judgment, here's Ribalow (misquoting me, incidentally) on my opinion that Papp's *Two Gentlemen* was "not Shakespeare": "According to whom? Papp's production is (*sic*) a lot closer to the spirit of the Globe Theater . . ." Yes? According to whom?

I appreciate Ribalow's invitation to look at Papp's production schedule. I prefer to look at the productions. Since writing my article, I've seen five new plays at various Papp theaters. If these works are going to be the smallest part of this country's dramatic heritage, I'm further reconciled to my middle age. Ribalow calls Papp a "brilliant producer." Surely a brilliant producer is one who does brilliant productions, not one who merely does a great number of shows. Of all the dozens of Papp productions I have seen in sixteen years, not one in my view could remotely be called brilliant.

I certainly did have an "ax to grind" in my article. I wrote it because, though I greatly respect Papp's courage and energy and good will, I deplore the effect that his career has had on standards and taste. I wanted to point out that the very bulk and busyness of that career have—in grossest American fashion—raised him to an artistic status for which he does not have the artistic qualifications or accomplishments. This is a subjective view, naturally, like all criticism; but then how much objectivity can his zealous employee claim?

* * *

I read with genuine interest and mixed feelings, "The New American Scholarship Boy" by Richard Rodriguez in the winter issue of the SCHOLAR. I was quite enthralled to see Mr. Rodriguez make his experiences known—experiences I personally have had welling inside me (though superficially) for the past three years. Yet it typifies my sad state of muddled emotions.

The past few years have seen me becoming divorced from my community—the "street culture"—that I had been a part of for all my seventeen years, and for which I still hold a deep respect and love for. But I am also a budding intellectual on the threshold of a college career. College seems to be the only sane choice—but it promotes feelings of guilt and regret that I had previously hoped would disappear as my imminent academic career envelopes me. Mr. Rodriguez has proven to me that such feelings will probably continue through life, and thus the community I am leaving will reject me if and when I return with the knowledge of the academy.

It should be pointed out as a closing remark that I am neither Chicano nor Black. I am white, middle-class, half-Jewish; the community I will leave is also white and middle class, but their actions, speech, dress, et cetera, are parts of a culture in its own right.

BOB RICHMAN
Paterson, New Jersey

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